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OF
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OF

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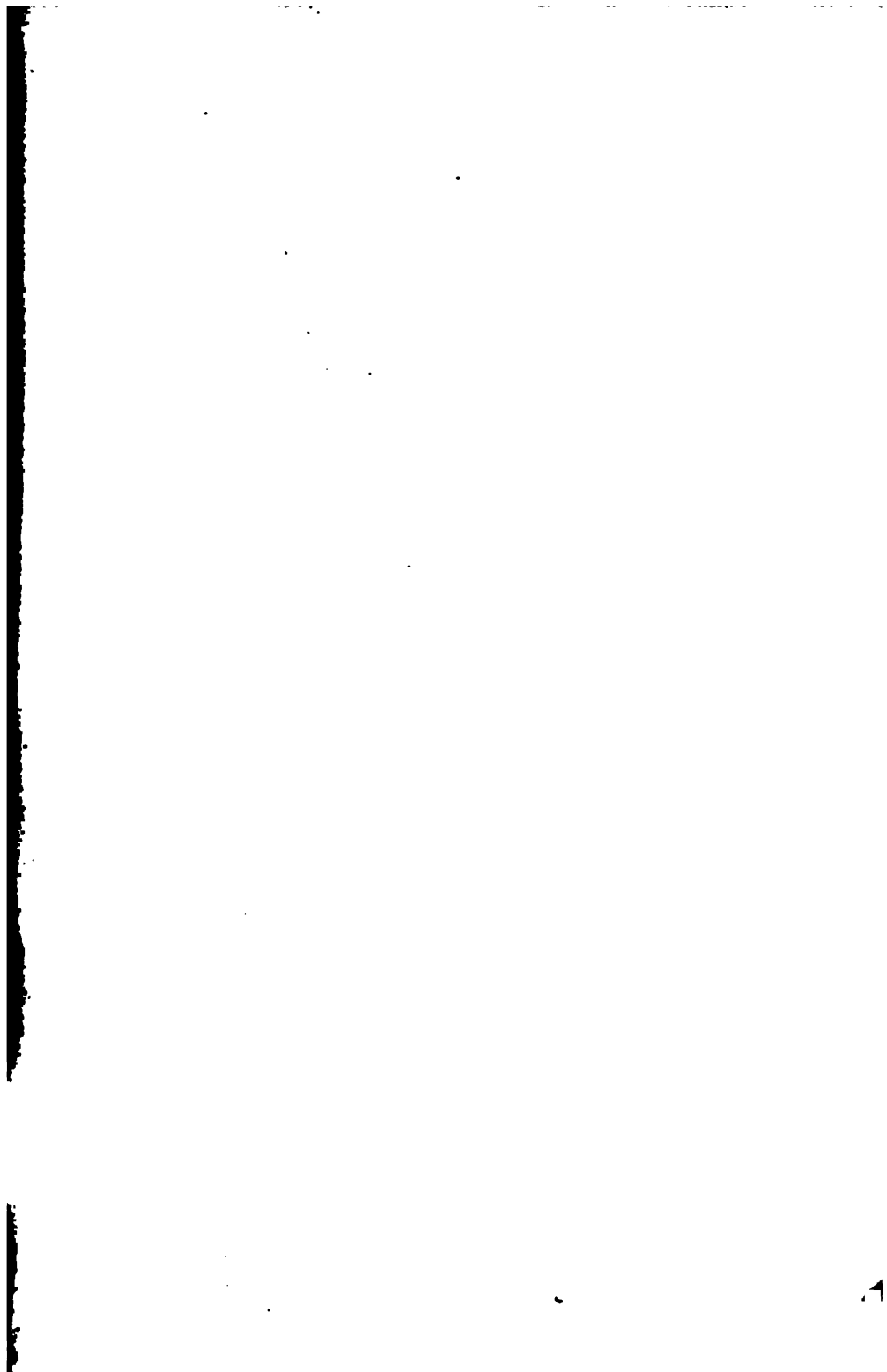
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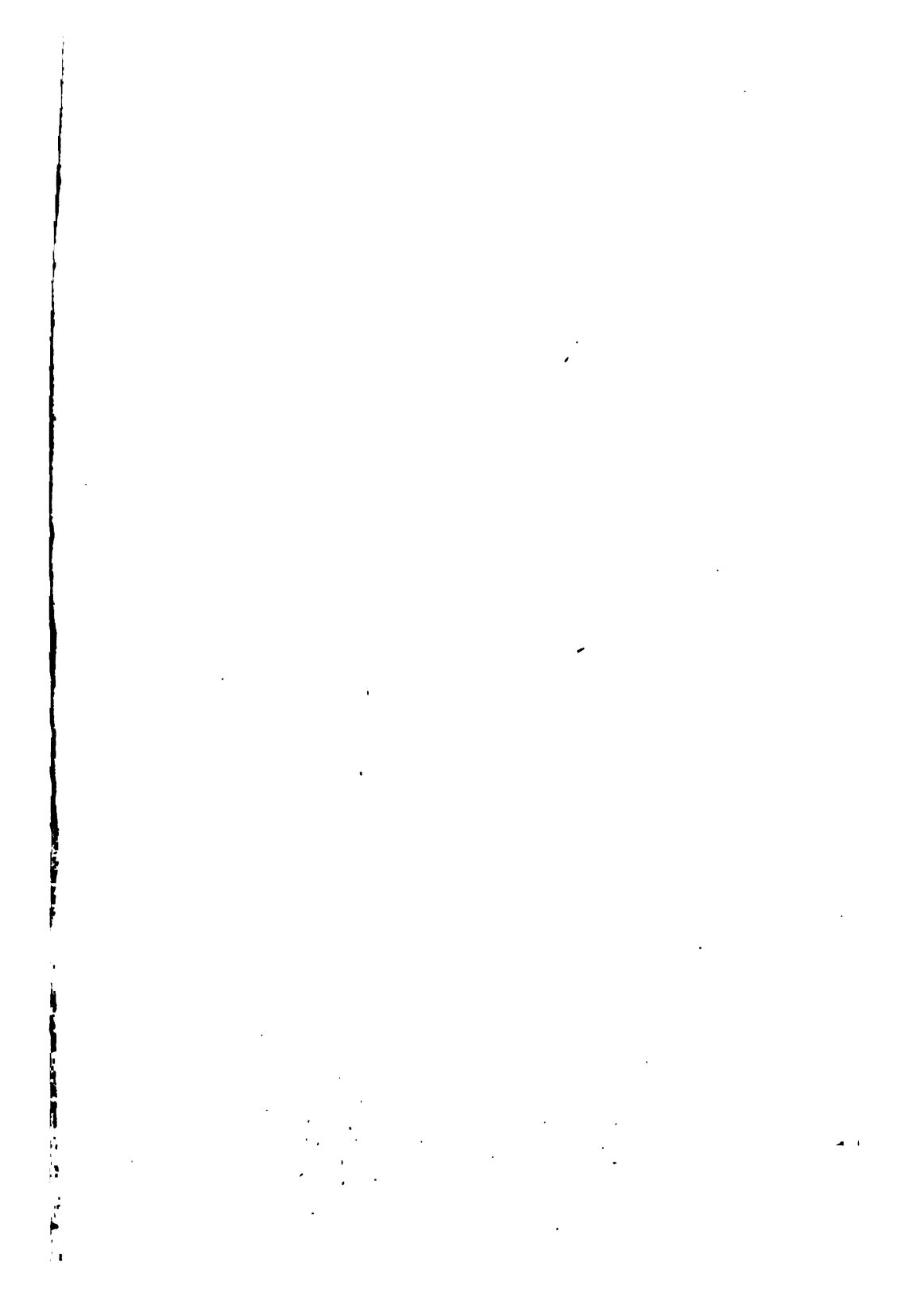




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WITH

Steel-engraved portrait of Mr. JOHN CROZIER, M.F.H.
Engravings of Mr. R. W. M. NESFIELD and THE CELEBRATED TROTTING MARE
PHENOMENA.

Mr. John Crozier, M.F.H.

MR. JOHN CROZIER was born in the year 1822. Having taken the mastership of the Threlkeld Hounds, as they were then called, in 1839, he has held office for sixty-one years. During a great part of this long period he hunted the pack himself, and may well be acclaimed "The Prince of Mountain Sportsmen," as he was named by one of the followers of the pack who was inspired to enshrine this phrase in a song in honour of the Blencathra Hunt and its venerated Master. A picture of Mr.

Crozier, painted some seventy-five years ago, shows the child with a favourite hound, suggesting that he was reared in the atmosphere of sport. And so he was, for his father was Master of the pack before him. Those were the days when the immortal John Peel reigned in the neighbouring parish of Caldbeck. Both John Peel and Woodcock Graves, the author of the famous hunting song, are well remembered by Mr. John Crozier, who, by the way, at the opening meet of the

Blencathra this year gratified the followers of the pack by singing "John Peel."

In no county save Cumberland probably can a master bring together his hounds from the farmhouses where they have been walked by simply standing at his own door and touching his horn. This Mr. Crozier can do.

No master of hounds ever had a more ideal abode than The Riddings. The charming old homestead, porticoed and wainscotted with oak, stands on the very slopes of Blencathra, facing Helvellyn, and along the Vale of St. John's, whose "Castle Rock" Sir Walter Scott has immortalised in his "Bridal of Triermain." Mr. Crozier surveys from his window a panorama of mountain and vale not to be excelled in the kingdom, and within a radius of fifteen miles from his residence there is not an inch of it with which he is not familiar. It includes many of the best-known summits of the Lake district—Skiddaw, Saddleback (Blencathra), Carrick, High Pike, Dunmail Raise, Helvellyn, Scawfell, Bowfell, Grisedale Pike, and Bassenthwaite Hawse. Exciting experiences commonly befall followers of the Blencathra Hunt. Mr. Crozier himself has hunted over Skiddaw several times in a day. Once he was caught in a blizzard on the mountain, and had to crawl on hands and knees over the top to find shelter. On another occasion he was lost on Skiddaw with the whole hunt, an impenetrable mist settling upon them. Mr. Crozier says: "We should have arrived at a point overlooking the Derwent Vale, but the mist was so dense that we wandered about and found ourselves above Harecrag, in Skiddaw Forest, at the head of Caldew."

Mr. Crozier has well and worthily upheld the traditions of the post he has filled so long. The early 'forties are keenly remembered, when he showed excellent sport to London merchants connected with the district like Messrs. John Walker, Stamper, John Buckbarrow, and the Hewetson family, who have done so much for Keswick. He is faithful to old customs, as befits a Cumberland yeoman, and characteristic of his hospitality are the "standing pies" and home-brewed ale peculiar to the county, and especially to the fell dales. He is universally beloved, though a terror to youth on sport intent who play truant from school to follow his hounds. No one would think of entering an inn after a hunt until "the Squire" came. He would take off his cap to the company, and with a cheery, "Now, lads, ye'll all be hungry, likely," would invite them in to a "tatie pot," usually prepared in anticipation; and nothing could be more acceptable, unless it were a "cold pint," which accompanies the dish. Having lived all his life among friends, he knows all his neighbours by their Christian names.

In the whole of his career he has had only three huntsmen, the years of service of two of them covering over half a century. Best remembered of the three is Isaac Todhunter, whose bluntness of speech was equal to his skill and devotion. Most of the hunting is done on foot, and the vigour and vitality of the Master is shown by the fact that in an eventful week recently, when seven foxes were killed in three days, Mr. Crozier made the ascent of Blencathra with Host Black, of Mungrisdale fame. Sometimes he appears on a pony, a sturdy animal such as those

which are bred on Threlkeld pasture, where they run wild until they are five years of age.

To say that the Squire is "as game as a pebble" is to aptly apply an expressive Cumberland phrase. He is fond of angling; last August he and a friend went out the whole night fishing on Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite Lakes.

He enjoys the exceptional privilege, accorded by the Manchester Corporation, of boat-fishing on Thirlmere, which supplies Manchester with its water. At Keswick, on Old Folks' Saturday (the first in the New Year) the Squire has for half a century been in the habit of leading off the dance at the George Hotel, and at Threlkeld Sheep Fair—another old institution which is unfortunately falling off in importance—he has taken a prominent part in the sports for over sixty years.

He used to like a hound trail—a sport which appears to be coming into fashion again in Cumberland—but will not allow any of his pack to take part. A true sportsman, he was never known to make a bet. He is a

fine old type of an English gentleman, a Conservative and Churchman.

His household treasures include a magnificent silver tureen, presented to him by two hundred subscribers in 1866, when he had been twenty-six years Master of the Hunt; ten years before that the flockmasters of the district gave expression to their feeling for him in a handsome wedding present. He recently erected a schoolmaster's house for Threlkeld, in memory of the late Mrs. Crozier; and in the churchyard stands a monument erected by himself and others to the memory of veterans of the chase who lie there, their ages ranging up to 89, 91, 95, and 98 years.

The following verse of Gay's is engraved upon the stone:—

The finest music is to hear the hounds
Rend the thin air, and, with a lusty cry,
Awake the drowsy echo and confound
Their perfect language in a mingled voice.

The Squire has recently had erected at the entrance to his domain life-size sculptures of a fox, on the point of bolting, and a favourite hound, Miller, a model of the fell-dale breed.

With the Blencathra Foxhounds.

ONCE only have I had the pleasure of hunting with this celebrated pack. It had long been one of my most cherished ambitions to see a run with the Blencathra, so when I read that the opening meet of the season was to be at a village within an easy train journey, I resolved to go; it was a desperately early train, but a friend in that village was good for a breakfast, so I went.

Anyone whose hunting experiences have been gained from the Shires can have little or no idea of the attendant circumstances of a meet of Fell foxhounds. Owing to the nature of the country, horses are useless, and master, huntsman, whips and followers are all on foot. There is no procession of vehicles, no army of bicyclists; for once the poor and needy sportsman ruffles it with

the best. The Master, Mr. J. Crozier, may be said to hold a record in that he has occupied that position for over sixty years. Time has told, and he can no longer take so active a share in the sport as formerly, but his interest in it is as keen as ever. Jim Dalston, a wiry, weather-beaten dalesman, hard as nails, is huntsman; the pack consists of twelve couples of strong, wide-chested hounds. The whipper-in, Dalston's counterpart, carries a couple of terriers and a couple more follow at his heels; game little beasts they are, too. The field is composed chiefly of local sportsmen, who love their bit of hunting, and whose training and endurance carry them many a long, uphill mile over brow and crag; a neighbouring vet and a few nondescripts from the nearest country town make up a not magnificent total. Ladies do not often put in an appearance, and without vanity I felt that my presence on this occasion was something of an event in the annals of the Hunt.

The village lies in a valley; on either side of us towered mountains whose summits were lost to view in clouds of mist that merged into the grey murk of the sky; the storm of the previous night had transformed every beck (and in this district their name is legion) into a torrent; the ditches had become miniature rivers—in fact, to use the rather inadequate phrase of a yokel describing a good straightforward downpour, everything was “a bit dewy like.”

The meet was at the “pub,” but there was no delay in making a start, and turning directly from the main street into one of the numerous ghylls that score the fell sides, the huntsman led the way up a disused miners' path at

a pace that took away both my breath and any conceit I had concerning my walking powers. Panting and breathless I struggled after my kindly, patient escort, who cheered me on and burdened himself with the extra wraps I cast from time to time. Some half-a-dozen of the field managed to keep up with that tireless human walking-machine ahead; the rest of us followed as best we might, slipping, scrambling and crawling up the steep slope, for soon the path practically disappeared, and every step sent a small avalanche of stones rattling down to the rocky stream-bed below.

That I saw hounds thrown off was something of which to boast, and it comforted me a little to know that after this no one, not even the huntsman himself, could attempt to really keep with the hounds all the time. Every coign of vantage in the way of boulders was quickly occupied, giving the landscape rather the effect of a huge fly-paper. When at length the mists lifted, we saw silhouetted against the sky-line the figures of some ardent sportsmen who had risen early and betaken themselves many hours since to the very crest of the range, there to wait patiently in the raw morning for the time when they should reap the reward of their energy, such time as we lower down anxiously watching the *apparently* slow progress of the hounds up the bare face of the mountain, saw them to our sorrow disappear one by one over the top.

A fearsome descent of the ghyll was our next move. Plunging ankle deep into loose, sharp stones, we crossed the stream by means of perilously insecure rocks, climbed up the opposite side literally on hands and knees, scrambled over a “herdwick”

wall (the herdicks are the local breed of mountain sheep), rounded the breast of another hill whose greasy sides "slape" (slippery) as ice from recent rain, I discovered to my cost, offered no softer falling than the rocky scarp we had left. It was after achieving this journey from hill to hill that I came to the conclusion that fell hunting and dignity do not go hand in hand. Great was our disappointment after thus laboriously gaining the next ghyll to find there was still no sign of the hunt returning to us; so trusting ourselves to the single very "wobbly" plank that spanned another foaming beck, we reluctantly proceeded to join those of the field who were taking their sport a trifle leisurely on the road. These in the absence of all sight or sound of the hounds were speculating as to where they might have gone, dwelling on the fabulous number of foxes on Skiddaw, with passing memories of bygone hunts, while some with the aid of glasses were intently watching the movements of anyone who came in view. When I saw these last I sorrowfully bethought myself of the greater speed than elegance with which I had negotiated that stone wall.

Our hopes were roused when a boy or man, we could not decide which, came bounding down from one of the peaks; from his seeming excitement we expected every instant to see hounds streaming over. It was some time before he was within hailing distance, and when he was and we could note his almost frozen hands and ears we congratulated ourselves on our own comparative warmth.

"Well, Locksley, hev ye seed owt on 'em, lad?"

But Locksley had looked on the day when it was young and had not found it to his liking, so his reply was terse and to the point.

"Aa aint seed nowt on 'em at all, they be gaan to Carrick, and I'se ganging yam."

When the laugh subsided I gathered that Carrick was at the back of beyond, "away ower t' fell," and opinion was unanimous that we had seen the last of the hunt for that day; and, like Locksley, we had better go "yam."

So homewards we trudged through the mud to a well-earned lunch, and when later we heard that the few who had stayed to the end had been caught in the storm, whose echoes had dimly reached us as we rested after the morning's exertions, and had returned drenched in time for the dinner that always winds up the opening day of the Blencathra season, we felt devoutly thankful that we had followed Locksley's lead.

Truly this cannot be called a record of personal sport, but that is my fault—or misfortune; I have no manner of doubt that those who were in at the death were amply repaid for their wetting and for their tremendous exertions. Now when someone says, "There's a wonderful pack up in the north somewhere—the Blencathra, they run for miles among the fells," I answer with pride, "Yes, I know; I've hunted with them;" and then I feel the honours are to me.

MADELEINE E. HUME CAMPBELL.

The Fox and his Enemies.

IT has often puzzled me to decide whether the fox can claim a preponderance of friends or enemies; probably, his enemies carry the day in numbers, whilst his friends are more influential, if less potent in numbers. At all events, those for and against him sufficiently counterbalance one another to stave off his destruction.

It cannot be said of a fox that he conciliates his enemies. Far from it; he does his best to exasperate them. Where the appetite of nature would suffice in most animals to destroy, the fox takes toll in fourfold—aye, in many cases, in hundredfold. When he once begins his slaughter he knows not how to stop. Only the other day I had a case brought authentically to my notice, where a fox (presumably a single fox, for they do not often revel together like wolves) killed in one night 135 turkeys, and the poultry fund distributor stood aghast when he was sent for and viewed the number of victims scattered in all directions over the field. We know very well that the same thing continually happens in poultry yards, and among young pheasants, if they are not efficiently protected. The fact is that the fox loves a battue. His sporting proclivities get the better of him, and he goes in for a big bag rather than a sumptuous occasional theft commensurate with a night's meal.

There is no daintier animal under the sun than a fox, and this much must be said for him: when his cubs are about he knows that they must be well fed and quickly grown; their larder is always most amply supplied, and he does not hesitate to divide and shift them about from one place to another in their very early days, so as to

make them independent and self-supporting with as little delay as possible. This clever device is a foil to his enemy; for the keeper or poultry owner, burning for revenge, makes a keen search amongst all the likely rabbit earths adjacent, and at last hits upon the trail of fresh feathers and well-worn ground around an earth. Forthwith he sets to work on extensive digging operations, and at last is rewarded by finding only two, or, at most, three, little cubs, instead of, as he expected, a whole litter. The old fox, scenting danger, very quickly shifts the remaining youngsters from the neighbourhood, probably a mile or more away, and they very quickly become full-grown, and await the greeting of their friends, the hunters. If there is one performance that I have longed in vain to witness for many a year it has been the actual enaction of one of these vulpine battues. We talk of dogs' performances in a rat-catching arena, but a fox's activity in his work must outdo this entirely. Many a keeper have I questioned on this subject, but not one has said that he has been able to catch the fox *in flagrante delicto*. It is needless to say that many a depredation of which he is not guilty is saddled on a fox. Dogs will, and do, kill poultry, destroy pheasants' and partridges' nests, and suck eggs systematically; so do pigs, if allowed to roam away from the homesteads; and there are not a few two-legged thieves, in such cases, who are not brought to justice, and have a splendid scapegoat in the fox.

Then, again, a fox is often accused of killing lambs. In nineteen cases out of twenty I believe him to be not guilty. Mr. John Lawrence, the senior M.F.H. in

the United Kingdom, told me that for half a century he had publicly made it known as widely as possible that he would give £5 to anyone who had witnessed a fox killing or carrying off a live lamb, but that he had never had a claim made upon him for the money. This is a fact well known in Monmouthshire and South Wales, where, if anywhere, such a depredation would be carried out and come to light. I have had the accusation made to me sometimes, and my reply always has been, "Shoot him"; and yet never a fox has been thus brought to book, although a dog has had his deserts at the hand of the gunner.

The crime of lamb-killing is generally laid at the door of the fox because portions of dead lambs are often found in or near breeding earths, the fact being ignored that scores of dead lambs are left to lie about the fields in bad seasons, and that a fox, in carrying off some of these, is only sharing in the perquisites of the sheepdog, and in this matter the proof of murder is as far off as ever.

It is many years ago—although my memory carries me back to it vividly—that a pack of harriers belonging to a friend of mine used to wind up the season in a rough country on our confines by hunting foxes, and on one occasion, after a good hunt, ran to ground, in a rocky place in a dingle, and we were deciding whether to attempt to dislodge him or not, when one of the pack dragged out from the hole part of a dead lamb, and, of course, there was a fight for its possession. We were about to clear off, finding we had come on a breeding earth, when suddenly the victor, in the scrimmage for the quarter of lamb, turned over and rolled down the steep incline into the brook below, a stiffened victim of strychnine. Thus the

truth of the situation dawned on us. The enemy of the fox had attempted to forestall us, and his machinations had been foiled by our unexpected appearance; nor did he ever hear the last of it from Borderer.

But the real question between the fox and his enemies, as it now is shaped by the manners and customs of to-day, has far wider ramifications than of yore. Hunting funds have not now only to support a pack of hounds and its equipment; there is the poultry and keepers' fund to be provided, and the proportions of these are growing to a prodigious extent. I do not wonder at the Master of the V. W. H. (Swindon) exclaiming, as he did the other day, when he found that 5,000 head of poultry are annually charged to his friends—the foxes' account—and I could name several other countries where a similar bill has come in; and yet, in all probability, this bill is not greatly overdone, for poultry-farming is of rapid growth, and, when widely spread over the fields, as is now the custom, by means of movable huts, affords a chance for the battue propensities of the fox, which it is against his nature to resist. Hence these heavy claims for compensation in hunting countries. What is to be done? The enemy says: "Pay, or we will play havoc with your sport." The hunting-man growls: "Why do not you take better means of protecting your poultry, when you know the danger they run? So far from the homesteads? Shut them up at nights." "Oh, but how about the daytime?" rejoins the farmer. "They are bold enough, these friends of yours, to come and walk off our fowls in the daytime." "Where are your maukins and chained dogs?" grunts the sportsman. "Find those for us yourself," retorts the

farmer, "or pay; your foxes are the aggressors, and we have to live by growing poultry as well as other things."

Well, the net result of all this is that the enemy has, so far, the best of the argument, and so long as you cannot infuse into him any sporting ideas, which naturally go in favour of the fox, you must bow to the inevitable alternative, and, as a friend of the fox, pay compensation for his stolen meals. And why not? The hunting-men can afford it. Their friend the fox is either worth their protection or he is not. If not, let us by all means resort to drag-hunting, and have done with these monstrous (as some think) poultry claims. No doubt the modern fox is more expensive in his tastes than his ancestor of half-a-century ago. The pampering which he too frequently gets in his youth sticks to him in after-life, and he goes for the grub which is the easiest to obtain, and it matters little to him whether the moon or stars are shining when he is abroad, or whether he awaits for the rising sun and the alighting of the poultry from their perches. The latter he finds the surest and easiest game, and a nice thick handy hedgerow is almost as comfortable a resting place as yonder large covert. Curiously subversive of the increase of the foxes' enemies in this country is the fact that he has been introduced by the Australians, as well as the stoat, to assist in delivering them from their rabbit pest.

Do not be angry with an old friend, my readers, when he reminds you also that foxes are ten times more numerous now than they were fifty years ago, and that in spite of their enemies and their bolder maraudings; and yet in very many countries the Hunt Committees have not risen to

the occasion, as it behoved them to do. I know a hunt that can by no means be considered unfashionable where the rule, I believe, still holds good that no sum exceeding £5 shall be paid in any one year for a poultry claim. No wonder that when a genuine one came in for £100 it took them three years to digest it, and even then it was done in a clumsy fashion. It is, of course, sickening to read the effusions which have recently been appearing in one of our "dailies" emanating from the enemies of the fox, yet their true answer on the part of the sportsman can only be that they desire to act fairly, on the principle of *give and take*, and that as long as foxes will be foxes sportsmen will be sportsmen, giving or forgiving, meeting the difficulty half-way, and using their influence with moderation and discretion.

We have not touched on the other brigade of the fox's enemies. "The Pink 'Un," a week or two ago, has summed up the situation for us only too well. "Says the shooting tenant to his keeper—'So I understand the hunt give you a sovereign for every find they have in my coverts?' 'Yes, sir, they do.' 'Then I will give you thirty shillings for every time they do *not* find in my coverts.' " Here we have a sadly too true admission of the state of things—not perhaps put quite so bluntly, and yet none the less thoroughly intended.

The hunting men have a more difficult problem to deal with here than with the poultry farmer. This man is probably wealthy; he claims to be a sportsman after his own leanings. What is it to him if foxes destroy any amount of poultry? He has not to pay for that; but his pheasants and partridges? Oh, no! His keeper must be bribed even higher than

the friends of the foxes can do it, in order that his coverts may be rid of foxes. Thus he enjoys his great shoot, and returns to his town and his business contentedly. He even regales his friends at his club with the accounts of his great success, regardless or forgetful, or, may be, ignorant of the fact that at the next table and within ear-shot is an ardent member of the hunt which he is materially aiding to despoil of sport. Would he be as proud of himself and his sport were he to overhear his character portrayed from the tenets of his next table neighbour in the smoke room after dinner? Would no idea of selfishness enter his thoughts then? Would nothing such as this bring home to him the truth of the old proverb, "Do unto thy neighbour as thou would do to thyself"? If, I ask, such ideas fail to touch this enemy to foxes, what will?

The keeper, after all, is what his master makes him—at least, the good keeper is. The rascal must go his way; his deeds will, sooner or later, come to light, either in robbing his master or disobeying his orders. Foxes have much to thank their enemies the keepers for. The keepers teach them many a trick, and the fox very often outwits them; yet a good keeper knows a better way of dealing with a fox than killing him, and he saves his game all the same.

The fox has many enemies beyond those we have been discussing. There is that horrid rabbit-catcher, who maims them with his beastly wires which are guileless of knots. How few owners or occupiers of land nowadays insist on their rabbit-catchers putting knots on their wires, while at the same time they wonder at the scarcity of their hares, and why lame foxes are so often chopped in their

coverts. That the rabbit-catcher and the fox should be enemies is scarcely to be wondered at, when you remember that the former generally earns his money by the couple of rabbits handed in, and so often finds only heads in his wires. Then a crack over the head is the sure revenge on every fox that may unhappily be held in a wire and be unable to draw the peg.

There is one old friend to the fox which he sadly misses in these days, and that is the earth stopper. That fine old sportsman (for I can call him nothing else) has dropped out in these later days, and his place has been taken by the keeper. The earth stopper was an institution to which many a good fox owed his life, and some their deaths of glory. He knew every haunt, and protected every earth from traps; he loved to count his good wild litters, and knew his vixens by heart. When other sportsmen were snoring under their eider-down quilts, he was groping noiselessly in the thickets, and at daylight watching for the home-coming foxes. It was he that kept a really watchful eye on the keeper, and gave the huntsman his surest information. It was he that could find a fox in a covert, and knew the meuses he used in his wanderings. He also owes the loss of his occupation to the intrigues of the keepers, and the hostility of the shooting tenants, and, as a fox-hunter, I mourn for him, as the wild-deer hunter would mourn for his harbourer. The earth stopper has gone back to his mole and rat catching, and earths are now either not stopped at all, or only put to in the early morning.

More foxes are thus stopped in than out, and many a good day is thus lost in a season, and, worse than this, the keeper commands

the situation, and it entirely depends upon his honesty whether earths and drains are reopened or not in due time, after being stopped in the daytime.

My subject is a reflective one, and not perhaps altogether a happy one to cogitate upon. Probably it appeals to all too few who go hunting in these days. To the many it is a matter of small moment how many poultry-keepers are assuaged, or how many game-

keepers bribed to be on the right side, what earths are stopped and what left open; and yet to them and all of us that ringing cry of "Tally ho!" comes with a shrillness we fail to be able to describe—that echoing cheer which makes life a joy, and sends a throb through every vein, the like of which makes Britain great and strong. Is not this the fox's triumph over his enemies?

BORDERER.

Thoroughbreds and their Grass-land.

THOROUGHBREDS and the turf which grows them to the highest perfection take us into a limited department of the sporting life; but it is a most important one when the public interest in racing and capital at stake are considered. Our desire in this article is to call attention to the oft-recurring and great losses which arise from want of observation and proper care in the management of meadow and pasture land frequented by horses. With this purpose in view we shall draw typical instances from all available sources to illustrate the subject.

The men who breed and own the racer are either wealthy men or those who have the command of money. They are neither careless, unobservant, nor ignorant of matters which pertain to the Turf, and are ready to give their minds to any subject which tends to help in breeding stronger and fleetier colts and fillies, with enduring constitutions for racing and stud purposes. No money is reckoned too much for the

best blood—the winning blood of the day—for brood mares and service fees, if in the end the owner can carry off one or more of the grand prizes of the Turf. But with all the accumulated knowledge of detail and experience, one most important matter in obtaining the finest racers seems to have been wholly neglected—we mean the pure grass on which alone they can be developed. In the literature of the stud Sir Walter Gilbey's pamphlet on "Young Race-Horses" seems to be the honourable exception which refers to the matter at all fully. This little book should be in the hand of every lover of the horse.

We speak of the Turf, and rightly so, for the whole secret of success lies in the green sward. The horse, as every one knows, is a grass-eating animal like cattle and sheep; and unless it has the purest grass when young, for the requirements of its growing constitution, it cannot be expected at an early age to do justice to

its sire and dam, or its long pedigree of noted ancestors in the Stud book. The young thoroughbred does not require the richest pastures we find on our alluvial flats or in secluded valleys; the very opposite is the case. Such rich albuminous food would hurt the growing foal by forcing it too much, instead of building up the perfect symmetry and elasticity of bone and muscle and the iron constitution it requires. Rich fat-forming pastures, which can feed a four-year-old bullock in the early summer with a net gain in value of 10s. a week, are not for the future winners of the blue ribbon of the Turf. The pure and sweet holding-grass of the less fertile soils is what they require; the very same ground the yearling bullock and lamb do best on, till they have grown their size, constitution, and digestive powers, and are ready for the fat-accumulating fare of more highly nitrogenous food. It is very simple to state the matter in this way, and a number of readers will be ready, no doubt, to explain, "I know that, all the world knows it;" but if it is such common knowledge, why is it so frequently neglected in daily practice? Why is it ignored also just where every other important detail of horse breeding is so carefully attended to? We are so fully convinced that it is not generally known and acted upon that we will state the matter in a different way and see if it looks just as familiar in its new dress.

On our grass-lands we breed and grow three kinds of stock, the sheep, cattle, and horse. The action and reaction of these different species on the pasture, and the effect the turf produces back on them in turn, is quite different in every case. All graziers know this, and use their experi-

ence practically, if few could state it in as many words. Let us consider each of these animals shortly, beginning with the sheep. This species is naturally a hardy mountain animal, frequenting the snow line. It quickly retires above it if disturbed, and is ever on the alert for danger, and so never herds in large flocks when in a wild condition. It is only found on the lower levels when driven down by stress of weather, and "works over" the same ground at long intervals of time. On the other hand, our way of farming makes us keep huge flocks on very limited lowland areas, where it is difficult to keep them in perfect health. All the characteristics of the species follow them from the hills to the flats unchanged. They enrich the soil greatly, far more so than cattle or horses; but crowd them too closely on the ground, or run them over it too often, disease and death are the certain result. "To die like rotten sheep" is a common phrase full of significance. The points to be noted are, that sheep greatly enrich the soil, but poison it for their own species. The lambs die first on a stained ground, but the old sheep suffer in proportion, and do no good. It will be sufficient to say here that where the lambs die by hundreds, as they have in the Eastern Counties and elsewhere during the last six years, we have invariably found on inquiry "that they have been too thick on the ground," as shepherds say. Sheep, then, must be run thinly, or be frequently changed to fresh ground to remain healthy.

The ox tribe on the other hand are plain-loving animals, which naturally wander slowly from spot to spot in huge herds. They foul any ground they frequent before they pass on much more thoroughly than sheep and horses

do, but they are far less susceptible to contamination from their own excreta, feeding up close to them with apparent indifference. A very large herd of cattle may be kept in perfect health on a limited space, and return their owner a satisfactory profit, where pure food is abundantly supplied them, and the water is fairly good. The young stock also will grow all right and develop fully on ground which has been grazed and enriched by their predecessors for ages with little change, though they will thrive better still on equally good ground which has not carried cattle for some years.

The horse, especially the variety we call the thoroughbred, is another open-ground-loving animal, but quite different in constitution and habit from sheep or cattle. It naturally prefers the rocky and broken ground of elevated tablelands, not high mountain slopes like the sheep, or lowland plains like the cattle. Where it has been introduced and now runs wild, in America, Australia or South Africa, it frequents the short, "hard" herbage about foot-hills and stony plateaus, descending at times only to the lower plains for their richer pasturage. Instead of being slow in movement, eating up the herbage before it as it gradually moves along the face of the undulating low lands and visiting the same pool day after day till the waters are a trampled mass of mingled mud and excreta, the horse is the most fastidious of eaters and drinkers. When unenclosed, it picks here and there even amongst the purest and least frequented herbage, and if it does not like the quality, in a few minutes can be miles away looking out for other spots more to its taste. In Africa, America and Australia if the cattle are at

a given point one day, when quite undisturbed they will be about the same place the next morning. The horse, on the other hand, when not fenced in will certainly not be where it was the day before, and it can alone be found by picking up its trail. This peculiar habit is the inheritance of thousands, perhaps millions of years, and has caused it to develop certain characteristics which are not found in cattle or sheep. On pasture land they frequent certain places for feeding, and others for dropping their excreta. Every practical farmer knows the difficulty of keeping "a good face" on "horse-walks" on account of this peculiarity, but few persons draw the logical conclusion which lies beyond the facts observed. If the horse eats from the spots that it has soiled—from staled land—it soon goes wrong. The young feel it first, like the lambs on sheep-stained pasture, but sooner or later the older stock show signs of trouble too. Though he does not exhibit it in the same way, the horse is far more susceptible to staling than sheep to staining, as cannot be too frequently pointed out. Lambs which were put on a pasture in spring, which had been heavily stocked with she-hogs during the winter, went wrong at once and began to die, while others from the same flock, which were placed on a pure but inferior plant on the same soil, "went away from the very first" and did remarkably well. This may be taken as a typical case for sheep generally, but far more so for horses, especially thoroughbreds, which are rather too expensive to try experiments with knowingly, though there are plenty unwittingly undertaken.

There is a clear distinction, however, between the effects of staining and staling. Lambs die

quickly where the ground is stained by the droppings of sheep, but the survivors soon recover when removed to fresh and sweet pasture; a month or six weeks will set them right. The foal does not die at once, but remains stationary or hangs on, getting poorer and poorer, often with a plentiful supply of grass of a kind all round, which it will not eat, while it gnaws its favourite spots closer than sheep would bite if they were not starved. When the foal is removed to fresh pasture, if it does not die of internal worms or some such trouble indirectly caused by poverty, as two did out of three in one case we know, it takes months, sometimes years, to regain a healthy condition, and a number never do. Foals when half starved amid apparent plenty draw on their vitality and constitutional strength to carry them over the time of strain, and these can never be replaced. Protoplasmic force, as scientific men call it, is developed *in utero*, and once lost has gone for ever.

When we wrote above that "the *pure* and *sweet* holding grass of the less fertile soils is what the horse requires," the whole merit of the definition lies in the adjectives *pure* and *sweet*. Grass may be too rich—"strong" and "forcing" are the provincial words—for foals, but that is not nearly such a serious defect as want of sweetness and purity. Yet, in going about the country you meet with staled pastures everywhere, especially in the neighbourhood of stud farms, and no one seems to appreciate the loss that arises from them. When the foals begin to fall off too, the pooriness of the pasture is always alleged to be the cause of the trouble, and manures of one kind or another are added, as if fertility could

ever take the place of a clean diet. Let the true cause of the disease be recognised at once, for certain manures, though good things in their proper place, only add to the accumulating staleness of a staling soil. With all the money spent on racing studs, on sires and dams, to get the finest foals, how does it come about that staled pastures are as common round studs as milk ruined pasture and meadow are round our great centres of population? How is it that when both are clearly pointed out owners will still allow the hurtful trouble to continue? It cannot be indifference and carelessness about the studs, it is simply want of observation, and ignorance of the special importance of this matter.

In the Eastern Counties not long ago we heard an old-time tale of a once famous thoroughbred stud. A number of foals were confined in a large paddock, which was fenced on one side by a deep lake. They were well fed, but the grass and hay were alike staled. During the winter a sharp frost covered the lake with ice, and before it could bear them the foals tried to cross and a number were drowned, in the act of seeking if not "green fields" at least "pastures new."

Other illustrations may show the matter from other sides. A new stud is formed by a rich man, on ground where all sorts and conditions of horse-flesh have not frequently congregated, and this stud rushes into the first place at once by the good luck of its foals at the winning post. In a few years, however, the place can breed nothing of note, though the same care and money are freely given to obtain like results. The trouble is not a question of breeding but of pasturage—staled soils. Amongst

draught-horse breeders the same thing is demonstrated. Small occupiers who have only one or two mares in the stud book, but a large and almost unoccupied grass run, using the same sires as the big stud-breeders, carry away the prizes from them over and over again. Their grass is heavily stocked with cattle and sheep, but these animals do not stale land for horses—on the other hand, they keep it in condition—while the ground round the big studs grows more and more tainted year by year.

Let us take two vital illustrations from bird life when cultivated by man. In the spring and summer of 1899 scores of dead game-birds reached us from all parts of the three kingdoms. The partridges and grouse had been destroyed in numbers by diseases of the brain, lungs, throat, liver, and legs, but they were all individual cases, which had come from untainted ground. The majority of the pheasants, on the other hand, arrive direct from the rearing fields. In 99 per cent. of the cases the cause of death was "enteritis," from a bacterium, which is found in the blood of the birds, and the impregnated soils of the rearing fields. Two points came out after careful inquiry, which were worth noting. Wherever this disease was virulent, carrying off from 45 to 95 per cent. of the young birds (1) either the ground had been used for many years, (2) or the foster-mothers had come from ground badly tainted. It is worth noting, too, that where the ground was badly fouled, the partridges in the neighbourhood could contract the disease. We could easily convince the keepers about the cause and nature of the infection, but no owner, as far as we know, has removed his pheas-

antry to fresh ground. The domestic fowl will do well on fresh soil and yield a return for one season, as we have over and over again tested, but can never be made to pay on land they have tainted.

It would be easy to go on adding illustrations, for one law applies to all organic creation, even to the invisible bacterium itself. The mischief developed in staled pastures is undoubtedly caused by the rapid multiplication of certain injurious bacteria, and by the destruction or inactivity for the time being of other and far different species of these minute organisms, which aid in the production of the most suitable grasses for horse food.

Horse staling is a recognised and prevalent disease of pasture and meadowland, and shows itself under ordinary circumstances in one of three ways, or in all the ways together at once, according to the intensity of the case. First, in the newly-dropped foals, when the dams have been running in a staling or stale pasture. Secondly, in the growing foals, subject to the same conditions. Thirdly, in the pasture and in whatever horse-flesh grazes on it, young or old. We will shortly consider these points in order.

First, to detect the trouble when it is just beginning is most difficult, but there are certain sure signs. When the best sires and dams are always employed and the utmost attention and care given to the stud with a view to keeping it up to its former level, and the proportion of failures is ever growing, something is wrong. If you look at the grass land at this stage, you cannot find anything remarkable there. Watch your breeding stock then. When they drop weakly, spiritless foals, of good shape but no constitution,

the pasture is going wrong, it is staling. The mare carries the fœtus eleven months from conception to birth, and during that time its future is making and the foal obtains all the gifts it will ever have, its constitution, vitality and endurance. If the mare is on a stale pasture she cannot be expected to produce these qualities at their highest pitch in her stock, as she is being partly starved and poisoned. Secondly, the young stock, which are not only dropped on impure pasture but reared there, show the results too. They do not "go on as they should straight away from foaling." In a few words, the maturity which should come to a thoroughbred at an early age does not come to them till the fifth or sixth year in an equal degree in proportion to their age. There is a lack of energy and vitality. Thirdly, when staling has reached a certain point it becomes patent. The pastures and meadows alike show it, for horses will even refuse the hay from staled ground till they are starved into eating it. In the language of the stable, the soil "has soured." As this souring goes on the grass itself shows signs of acidity. It loses its crisp, hard texture and feel in the hand and grows flaccid and clinging like the more hairy species, and is very easily beaten down by a little wind or rain. The plants remain on the soil for a long time, and are active in growth but rapidly deteriorate in quality, in exactly the same way the plants on over-caked or manured pasture do. We do not wish to imply that over-caking

and manuring are things we have frequently met with. A little more would be a pleasant vision on many soils, but we have occasionally seen it. Badly staled grass has a deep colour, but low silica percentage and high nitrogenous one. It is not refreshing or wholesome for any species of stock whatever, when it has reached its worst stage.

Clay soils first show symptoms of staling, and loams and sands follow in time, according to their texture and quality. Even limestone and chalk soils can only resist for a certain period, longer or shorter, according to circumstances. They are better for horses from possessing an excess of carbonate of lime, which acts on the humic and other acids of the soil, and prevents the accumulation of the deep black root earth, and because, like sandy loams, they drain rapidly, and get rid of a certain portion of the poison by water carriage.

A question naturally arises from this review of staling, namely, What are the best sites for breeding studs? At the end of a long paper this cannot be entered on. It is only a part of the still larger one: Are stud farms the best way of breeding race-horses? This, again, is nothing else in another form but the question: How best can staling be avoided, or overcome, where it has appeared? This must be the subject of a future article, for the matter is an important one if we are to retain our racing supremacy.

E. ADRIAN WOODROFFE-PEACOCK,
F.L.S., F.G.S.

The Starting Gate in England.

FROM AN AUSTRALIAN STANDPOINT.

THE flat-racing season of 1900 is now over, and the 'chasers and hurdler's will, for a time, have it all their own way. It is, perhaps, a fitting time—this being the close of the first season in which the starting gate has been compulsory for starting any races in England—for a few words with regard to that system of starting.

It was gratifying to all persons who knew the merits of the starting gate, and who had had experience of the two systems in practice, when, at the beginning of the season, the Jockey Club made the use of the starting gate compulsory in the case of two-year-old races. It was thought by these knowing few—and they were, till recently, in a very decided minority—that at last the time had come when this excellent contrivance was to be given a fair trial. Whether there can be any substantial difference of opinion as to the success or non-success which this trial has met with, it is not the object of this article to discuss. So strongly rooted was the prejudice against the starting gate, that there are doubtless still to be found some who look upon it with an eye of disfavour.

This disfavour, to anyone who has seen the machine in universal use, as it is to be seen in Australia, is incomprehensible; and the most incomprehensible part of it is that this disapproval of the starting gate was by no means confined to jockeys, but was quite as marked in the case of trainers and owners. It is conceivable that some jockeys would be sorry to lose the chance of a little "jockeying" at the start, but it passeth the under-

standing why owners, who go to such enormous expense in breeding, training, &c., should be averse to seeing—at any rate, as near as may be—a trial of their animals, and not a trial of the astuteness of their respective jockeys: yet this is what, by their opposition to the starting gate, they are fostering. There is no denying the importance of the jockey, but, after all, he is the means and not the end.

Many races are lost, under what we will call the old system, before the starter ever drops his flag—not by the fact that the best horse may get a disadvantageous start, for that is the legitimate fortune of war, or rather racing, but because it may happen that the effect of the delay, the fretting at the post, and the continual breaking away, is in many cases greatest on the best horse.

Surely owners, and, indeed, all true lovers of racing, wish to see the horses run on their merits. The starting gate, when thoroughly understood by, and familiar to, starter, jockeys and horses, is incidental in a marked degree to this desirable end.

What, then, is the objection of owners?

There is certainly no added danger to the horses. The writer has had some years' experience of racing in Australia, where "the gate" is universally used, and has never seen an accident occasioned thereby.

No, in a very great number of cases, the root of the objection to this *fin-de-siècle* system lies in our own conservatism and dislike of innovation.

The old system has been good

enough for our fathers, and their fathers before them. Why, then, should it not be good enough for us? This argument, however, is surely insufficient, and might be used as reasonably against half the articles in daily use at the present time, many of which the most conservative among us would be sorry to deprive ourselves of, without some much more solid grounds of objection.

It is the impression in Australia that the starting gate was not, when first introduced to English racecourses, given a fair and proper trial, under thoroughly competent management; and, however that may be, there can be little doubt that the first trials of the machine in this country gained it few admirers.

Yet, to the best of the writer's knowledge, there is no single instance recorded in which the starting gate, when once established on any course in Australia, has been removed. The Australian racing public would not, nowadays, tolerate the long, dreary delays at the post which are, alas, too frequent on our courses.

The accompanying table is of interest in showing to what a pitch punctuality can be brought. It is reprinted from *The Australasian* of February 25th, 1899, and refers to the season before last in Australia.

The figures speak for themselves. It is only necessary to observe that Flemington is the largest course in Australia, and that the average fields would probably considerably outnumber those in the same number of races on any course in England.

It will be seen that, with some four or five exceptions, the delay was in no case more than three minutes after the advertised starting time. This alone is a most substantial advantage.

The starting gate is universally

THE STARTING MACHINE.

Messrs. Gaunt and Co., the official time-keepers at Flemington, have compiled, at the request of Mr. Byron Moore, an interesting statement showing how little time is cut to waste at the post when the starting machine is in use. The figures take in the racing at Flemington from July 9th to the end of the last spring meeting:—

Date.	Race.	Advertised Time of Starting.	Actual Time of Starting.
		p. m.	p. m.
1898.			
July 9.	Maiden Hurdle ..	1 01	1 00
G. N. Meeting.	T.Y.O. Handicap ..	1 45	1 46
1st Day.	G. N. Hurdle Race ..	3 03	3 01
	Maiden Steeplechase ..	3 45	3 45
	Winter Handicap ..	4 30	4 31
July 13.	Handicap Hurdle ..	1 01	1 00
G. N. Meeting.	Welter Handicap ..	1 45	1 47
2nd Day.	Chasers Flat Race ..	3 03	3 50
	Trial Steeplechase ..	3 45	3 50
	Convention Handicap ..	4 30	4 30
July 16.	Handicap Hurdle ..	1 01	1 30
G. N. Meeting.	Lawn Handicap ..	1 45	1 48
3rd Day.	G.N. Steeplechase ..	3 03	3 20
	July Handicap ..	3 45	3 46
	Open Handicap Steeplechase ..	4 30	4 30
Aug. 20.	Handicap Hurdle ..	2 02	2 03
August Meeting.	Slow Handicap ..	2 35	2 40
	Handicap Steeplechase ..	3 10	3 11
	August Handicap ..	3 45	3 47
	Three and Four Year Old Handicap ..	4 20	4 22
	Welter Handicap ..	5 05	5 10
Oct. 1.	Handicap Hurdle ..	2 02	2 35
October Meeting.	Paddock Handicap ..	2 40	2 48
	Handicap Steeplechase ..	3 20	3 22
	October Stakes ..	4 04	4 55
	Maribyrnong Trial ..	4 40	4 42
	Stand Handicap ..	5 20	5 21
Oct. 29.	Maiden Plate ..	1 01	1 20
Spring Meeting.	Melbourne Stakes ..	1 40	1 40
1st Day.	Hotham Handicap ..	2 45	2 48
	Victoria Derby ..	3 30	3 31
	Maribyrnong Plate ..	4 30	4 31
	Coburg Stakes ..	5 15	5 17
	Hurdle Race ..	1 01	1 35
	Railway Handicap ..	1 40	1 54
Nov. 1.	Nursery Handicap ..	2 45	2 47
2nd Day.	Melbourne Cup ..	3 45	3 50
	Victoria Steeplechase ..	4 30	4 35
	Yan Yean Stakes ..	5 15	5 16
	Second Hurdle ..	1 01	1 35
	Spring Handicap ..	1 40	1 43
Nov. 3.	Flying Stakes ..	2 45	2 46
3rd Day.	Oaks Stakes ..	3 45	3 46
	Second Nursery Handicap ..	4 30	4 31
	Veteran Stakes ..	5 15	5 15
	Spring Stakes ..	1 01	1 25
	Flemington Stakes ..	1 40	1 43
Nov. 5.	V. R. C. Handicap ..	2 45	2 46
4th Day.	The Steeplechase ..	3 45	3 45
	C. B. Fisher Plate ..	4 30	4 31
	Final Handicap ..	5 16	5 16

used in all the Australian colonies, even the most unimportant courses being provided with the appliance; and, on nearly every course, there is one or more gates erected on the training track, for the purposes of practice.

The writer has himself been started under both systems, and from no point of view can he see

any advantage in the ordinary system over the starting gate. It remains to be seen whether the Jockey Club will continue to advance with the times. The thin end of the wedge has now been inserted; let us hope that it will be slowly but steadily driven home.

R. ROOPE REEVE.

The Make of Polo Sticks.

It has often struck me how very little attention is paid by the ordinary polo player to his polo sticks. The majority of cricketers are always careful in the selection of their bats, and a tennis player always likes his racket to be of a certain weight and generally has his fancied maker. But not so, as a rule, the polo player. He is generally easily contented, or rather, I should say, discontented, but does not take the trouble to provide himself with a stick that suits him, or perhaps gives it up as hopeless.

It is curious that it should be so. The difference a good stick makes to a man's play is considerable. One might just as well expect good results from shooting with an inferior gun, whose stock is too long and does not fit the shoulder, as expect good results from hitting with a bad polo stick, and yet I have seen men playing with sticks too long or too short as the case may be, vilely weighted, and the cane stuck in the head at the wrong angle! And then they wonder if they miss their strokes. With a stick like this I think it is creditable if one misses only 40 per cent.

I don't for a moment intend to imply that you can get a polo stick to suit you as easily as you can a cricket bat. For the latter it is enough to walk into a good shop, buy your bat and come out, but not so as regards polo sticks.

Different players like different sticks, some prefer them extra long, some extra short (not taking into account the pony's height), some prefer them whippy, some moderately stiff, some with round heads, some with square, and so on.

Chacun à son gout: it would be impossible to give the exact dimensions and qualities of an ideal polo stick for every player. I may mention a few points which may be of some use to those who have never troubled much about their sticks before. For three or four years I have tried all sorts, kinds and conditions of sticks, and I have not suited myself without a certain amount of trouble.

But I have been fully compensated, and so far as I am concerned, my sticks are now perfect. I showed one to a friend not long ago, and he said he would give me anything I liked for it. "I have never had a stick yet," said

he, "which suited me." He offered me a new Prosser's racket in exchange!

The most important thing in a stick is, of course, the length, which can only be really found by trying. Personally, I have tried them somewhat long and short, and have now fixed on the following lengths for various heights of ponies:—

Pony.		Length of Stick.
13.3 hands.	...	52 inches.
14.0 "	...	53 "
14.1 "	...	54 "
14.2 "	...	55 "

Or in other words, 52 inches for a pony 13.3 hands, and one inch extra for every extra inch of pony, which is only natural, though I have known men using the same stick continually when playing ponies of varying height. Some may find the above lengths a trifle short; if so, start with 53 inches for 13.3 pony.

After the length the nature of the cane is important. A whippy stick may drive a trifle harder, but with this it is very difficult to dribble or settle a ball. A very whippy stick is apt to curl. I should always advise a No. 1 to use a moderately stiff stick. As regards the handle, I think it is best when bound with "newar," and much the same as that of a racket, but if anything a little bigger and flatter. A little resin will prevent it turning in the hand.

Lastly, as regards the head, we must carefully take into account its weight. I need not say much about its shape. The majority of players nowadays prefer the cylindrical, or barrel-shaped. The weight is the all-important thing. The balance is the *sine qua non* of a good stick. The ordinary head is, I think, far too light, especially on a stick used for a small pony. The shorter the stick the heavier

can be the head without upsetting the balance. It is useless having a heavy weight at the end of a long lever; it is unwieldy and very tiring to the wrist. The weight of a Salter's cylindrical head I have is 8 ounces. This, in my opinion, is too light for a man with merely an ordinarily strong wrist. One can hit further with a heavier head. The length of Salter's head is 8 inches. This might be increased to 10 or 10½ inches; and the perimeter from 5 inches to 5½ or 6 inches. I have said the weight of the head should increase in inverse proportion to length of cane, provided the latter is moderately stiff.

I think the following might be the weight of heads; I also give length of head and perimeter (the perimeter can be increased or decreased to obtain required weight of head):—

Length of Stick.	Weight.	Length.	Perimeter of Head.
52 ins.	11 ozs.	10½ ins.	6 ins.
53 "	10½ "	10½ "	5½ "
54 "	10 "	10 "	5½ "
55 "	9½ "	10 "	5 "

(To get the required weight the length or perimeter of head can be increased or decreased as required.)

Of course the above measurements and weights may not suit everybody, but if a player starts with the above he can very soon see what minor alterations he requires to suit his individual taste, and when once he has got a perfect stick for each pony, let him keep them as patterns and insist on every stick being made precisely the same. It will make a difference of 20 per cent. to his play. It is, I think, generally known that an excellent way of preserving sticks and preventing the cane being split at the bottom is to put indiarubber rings (those out of soda-water bottles do splendidly) round the bottom of the cane for about 8 inches up.

There is one point I have not yet mentioned, and that is the angle at which the head should be put on. It makes a considerable difference. If the angle is wrong, one part of the head generally hits the ground before the other. The handle should not be set in too obliquely; an angle of 103 degrees is about correct.

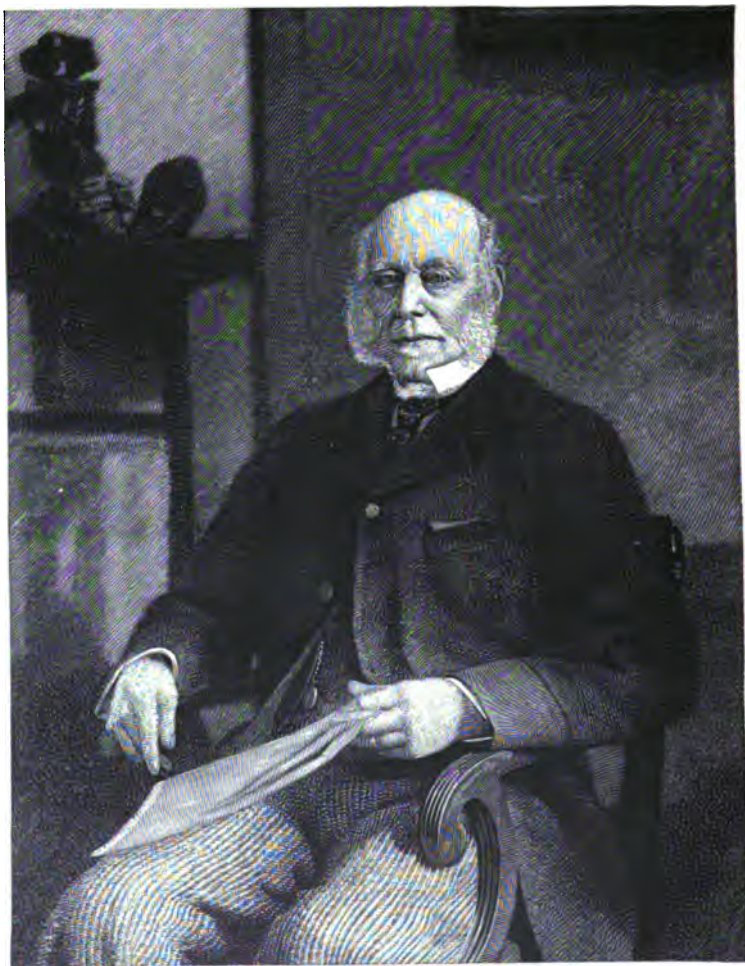
As regards the price of polo sticks in England, it is extortionate, and I would strongly advise players who have not unlimited means, but play a lot, to get their canes from India. They would save, I think, 50 per cent., or more. I was at home a short time ago on leave, and I considered being charged 5s. 6d. for polo sticks ridiculous.

In India I pay nine rupees (approximately 12s.) a dozen for really excellent white canes with tape-bound handles, from Messrs. Oakes & Co., of Madras. The heads I have made up in the bazaar, and pay about the equivalent of 4s. a dozen, including fixing. Therefore I pay about 1s. 6d. for each polo-stick. The cheapness of heads in India would not justify their exportation to England on account of their weight, and it is really only the canes which are so expensive at home. Taking into account the cost of freight of a consignment of canes, I am certain if they were obtained direct from India, polo players might cut down their yearly bill for sticks at least 50 per cent.

Polo is an expensive game, and one's sticks form no little item of its cost, and for those who do have to consider their outlay it is little short of folly to pay at least double what is necessary for sticks. The canes I got at home from one of the best shops in London were no better than the ones I get here, so I am not

recommending buying inferior articles, as it might appear.

Though it has nothing to do with sticks, there is one thing I should like to remark on *re polo*, and that is practising on a wooden horse. For those who care about it—and it is excellent for training your eye and strengthening your wrist—and who do not care (as I should not myself, though I may be hard from riding) for sitting on “a mud wall or on a block of wood fixed upon four wooden legs and hollowed out to represent the seat of a saddle,” as recommended by an exponent of the game of polo in India, I would suggest that they have a better counterfeit presentment of a pony, though not necessarily like those we sometimes see in a saddler's or tailor's shop. I have had a wooden horse made myself, and after a few alterations and additions, it is really excellent. Four posts are driven into the ground and two beams placed across, so that you have a thing like parallel bars in a gymnasium. Three or four semicircular iron hoops are nailed on the parallel bars and about half-a-dozen straight iron bands fixed across them. Over the centre straight iron band is put an inverted piece of angle iron to fit into the hollow of the saddle. The saddle is placed on the framework, girthed up, and never moves in the slightest. A little straw and sacking may be put over the iron framework, as without you may hit your fingers on it at times. I have added a head (made of iron bands bent and covered over), with two rings for reins and also a tail. The latter are not merely ornamental! Before I had them put on I found I did not keep my bridle hand in the right place, as I had no reins, and could make a lot of fancy



MR. R. W. M. NESFIELD.

strokes in front and behind which one could never do on a real live animal. The whole thing cost me the equivalent of 8s., and the advantages which are evident over a mud wall or block of wood justify the extra trifling expense. I should say the length of iron frame need only be a little more than length of saddle.

I hope some of the chief points I have mentioned in the matter

of polo sticks may be of some use to those who have not given much thought to the matter before. It is a pity to see a man who can afford to be beautifully mounted missing ball after ball through having a rotten stick. If those who have not done so in the past look to their sticks in the future, and the result is good, I shall have fully gained my object.

The "Old Master" of the High Peak Harriers.

It is a bright, still day in wintry, windy March. The woods round Haddon are so deserted that a bold cock pheasant regards you as an intruder and you hasten on. It is too chilly to pause at Bakewell Bridge and idle away the morning looking at trout. But turning to the left you climb the Castle Hill and reach the residence of Mr. R. W. M. Nesfield, for a third of a century Master of the High Peak Harriers. "Bakewell is first mentioned in 924 as one of the places chosen by Edward the Elder for a military post to over-awe the Middle English, and on Castle Hill near the town he raised extensive ramparts, the mounds of which can still be traced." Nearly sixty years ago Mr. Nesfield "captured the position" by marrying a daughter of Captain Underwood then resident there, and in 1851 became agent for the Duke of Rutland for his Derbyshire estates—a post he held for nearly half a century, only vacating it in 1899.

There are portraits of the three Dukes under whom he has served in a place of honour over his study

fire; below is a sketch of Commodore—"my first and best horse—I hunted him for sixteen consecutive seasons." Ranged round it are trophies of old hunting days, the heads of four good Derbyshire hares, the last bearing the inscription: "April 2nd, 1892—My 1,000th hare, Killed near Ballidon, 1 hour 35 minutes—My Last!" On the mantel are two curious trophies—a pair of poachers' trout spears. Years ago a furious fight with poachers took place on the Wye, near Wormhill Hall, and the owner, Mr. F. W. Bagshawe, was accidentally killed. Mr. Nesfield was to have dined with him the same night that he left the dinner-table to meet his fate, and the spears are a memento of the tragedy. More pleasant trophies are produced—a well-worn horn and flask presented to him in 1864 by the members of the Oldham Hunt, and a handsome silver goblet and pair of jugs from the members of the High Peak Harriers in 1881 to mark his "coming of age" as Master. The horn is nearly double the length of present-day fashion, and

placing it to his lips the prowess of the old Nimrod revives and calls forth a ringing note.

There has been one drawback to a long life of sport—the gout. It tackled him at the tender age of 23 when reading for the Bar, and for over half a century gave many a terrible time; luckily, he says, “it departed four years ago, thanks to good nursing and limited weak whisky-and-water; but I often sigh for a tankard of ale and a bottle of port to follow.” Still there is plenty of pleasure left in life; at the ripe old age of 85 he often forgets his walking-stick; he has enjoyed his pipe for nearly three-score years and ten; his eye is bright as ever, and has never looked at a newspaper through spectacles. He can snap his fingers at his old enemy, and the old description of himself as “crippled with gout from start to finish” no longer applies. Seated in an old X-shaped chair, so venerable that it might be a relic of “Edward the Elder,” enjoying a favourite briar, the veteran sportsman beguiles a pleasant hour by turning over the leaves of his Hunting Diary, and reading some racy extracts. They chronicle the doings of 1,235 days—the greatest number in one season was 53 in '76-77, the smallest 24 in '79-80. The record of a thousand hares varies from 57 in '76-77 to 8 only in '86-87. The High Peak of Derbyshire is one of the finest hunting grounds of the harrier, and the jack hares of the county lose none of their cunning and endurance.

There is plenty of the finest old turf in the world; there are plenty of stone walls to be taken, but no ditches, and it is to the absence of these latter that Mr. Nesfield attributes his freedom from accident. The hounds were re-inforced each season from Belvoir,

and from his son-in-law's kennels at the Badsworth Hunt, with an occasional strain from the Duke of Beaufort and North Warwickshire, and season by season added to their fame. The far-known pack was obtained from Lord Stafford about 1850 by Mr. Pole-Thornhill—“if ever there was a good man, a just landlord, a warm friend, he was that one.” After hunting the pack eleven seasons Mr. Thornhill begged his friend to take them off his hands, so Mr. Nesfield became Master in 1860. He obtained a strain from Sir Thomas Boughiey, Bart., who had the finest pack in the whole kingdom, and he had the further advantage of obtaining from the Duke of Rutland some of the best hounds sent from Belvoir. This judicious crossing of the harrier with the foxhound—in his opinion the only two classes of hounds—gave him a pack of hounds second to none in the country. Mr. Nesfield took possession of the High Peak Harriers in June, 1860, and brought them to their new kennels at the back of Castle Hill. His standard was twenty inches. “Billy” Greaves, landlord of the Rutland Arms, was secretary, and old Hensburgh temporary huntsman, “a very knowing, sporting old cove, but too old for any work out of the kennel.” Many “a rattlin' day” followed, and the field included Lord Edward Cavendish and his brother Lord George, and occasionally Sir M. Blakiston, of the Meynell. On November 21st of the same year they had a burning scent at a racing pace, and killed after 48 minutes. Not content with this, to oblige a party from Buxton, they had another glorious spin—“no one saw a yard, the hounds flew like birds, you *heard* them across Chelmorton Flat, you saw them up the hill

and right away for Taddington; then they ran for an hour and a half, when I got them whipped off. The whipper-in was lost. The late Lord Denman helped me home."

J. L. Becker, well known in Buxton, was Master of the Oldham Harriers at that time and became a fast friend of the Master of the High Peak Harriers. The Oldham Pack were all the old "Southern" Harriers—long ears, heavy but rather slow, a deep melodious but monotonous tone, and a fine thin stern. They seemed to have first-rate noses, but they failed in their casts; in fact lost so much time when they came to a fault that he questioned their ever killing a real, good, wild High Peak hare! At the end of his fourth season the Oldham members presented him with the horn and flask already mentioned. Such were some of the records, days of sport broken by long spells of frost, when for seven or eight weeks at a stretch hunting was out of the question and hounds were lamed when they ventured out. Days when the huntsmen came home drenched to the skin, days when "the mob hustled her, and I lost my temper—and my hare." Days when the hounds lost the scent, when "they found a dead donkey and three goats—how they did stink!"

It was during a run in January, 1866, that the Master got the worst fall he ever had; it was over a hurdle in a field near Biggin; it leant towards him, and Prince caught his legs in it and turning over fell upon him, crushing his left ankle. In spite of the pain, he had another wonderful run that day—an hour and 12 minutes! Prince was the favourite successor of old Commodore, but was afterwards eclipsed by the famous Alpen-

stock and Czar—the latter a beautiful chestnut thoroughbred, probably the handsomest horse and finest jumper Mr. Nesfield ever had.

Thursday, October 3rd, 1878, must have been a proud day for the Master, when he took first, second, and third prizes at Bakewell Show with Miss Emma, Alpenstock and Turk; later, he had a good horse named Clonmel.

There is a wonderful case of endurance by a hound chronicled in the diary. Towards the end of the season Dauntless was lost and the huntsman was afraid she had fallen down some old disused lead-mine. He tried every one he could find without success, and reluctantly gave the poor dog up as dead. A month and a day afterwards, a farmer, having lost a lamb, hunted round the same mines and heard a faint whine. No ladder was to be found long enough to reach the bottom, so a miner volunteered to go down on a rope, and was rewarded by rescuing Dauntless—dauntless still, just alive, but that was all, and unable to stand or see. By good care, however, the brave hound recovered her health and good looks, and was in course of time as fit as ever.

Two years later, one January day, returning home very late, Mr. Nesfield and his daughter witnessed the singular phenomenon called "St. Elmo's Fire." It was five o'clock, snow falling heavily, pitch dark, and there was lightning. They saw a curious sight—the electric light on the tips of their horses' ears and at the ends of their whips—which lasted until they got across Haddon Fields.

In 1875 they had a strange diversion from an ordinary day's sport; they hunted a buck through the Harthill Woods and

pulled him down in the road after an hour and forty minutes' run. The deer was an outlying buck—not turned out—and it was strange that harriers in full work should hunt and stick to a deer through woods swarming with hares.

For a period of ten years or more about this time the Harriers had often to meet without their Master—there is only the sadly significant entry, "gouty." In 1871 he was laid up with a terrible fit and never left the house for a month; "if I cannot get my nerves together and a quiet good horse, I must give it up," he wrote. But the rare old pluck triumphed, and the "quiet good horse" is heard of no more. Next season is as racy reading as ever—"swarms of hares mobbed us out; the hounds were wild as hawks"—we had "a screamer of 2 hours 50 minutes"—a few days later it was a record run of "3 hours 40 minutes on the finest old turf in the world." In 1881 the gout was as bad as ever—"I could not bear a boot." But many a time the Master would ride to hounds and keep the place with them he always prided himself on holding, and afterwards get off his horse unable to stand up. No wonder that sometimes his speech was more forcible than polite!

On the completion of his twentieth season in 1881, the old Master was the recipient of the magnificent silver goblet and a pair of silver jugs from the members of the Hunt. The goblet is engraved on one side with a portrait of him on his favourite hunter, Alpenstock, surrounded by the hounds. The other side is inscribed, "Presented to R. W. M. Nesfield as a token of hearty and well-deserved esteem in recognition of his untiring

energy, devoted love of sport, and careful management of the hounds; in remembrance also of his uniform kindness and courtesy as the Master of the High Peak Harriers for the past twenty years—March 29th, 1881." One of the jugs has a picture of Mr. Nesfield "in at the death"; the other a view of Magpie Mine, a favourite meet. The presentation was made by the Rev. C. H. Leacroft, the "Bishop of Brackenfield," on behalf of the subscribers. It was of a severe but affectionate episcopal admonition by "the Bishop" that a story was told. A young fellow jumped some dangerous timber in a gateway—a certain fall if touched—but the Master followed. "Really, Nesfield," said the Bishop, "you ought to give up jumping timber at your age;" and the prompt answer came, "I never saw the — thing till I was over it!"

In 1884 he began his twenty-fifth season. His daughter May (alas) having married, he was minus his eyes, ears, and arms—"and ought to have given up. But still I hang on. I have twenty-one couple of hounds, very fit." The following year Mr. Nesfield's many friends commissioned Mr. W. W. Oules, R.A., to paint his portrait, and the picture was presented to him in the name of the subscribers by Lord Edward Cavendish. There is a certain melancholy in quoting the last entry in this rare chronicle of sport:—

"*Saturday, April 2nd, 1892.*—Met at Newhaven for the last day of the season, and for the last day of my Mastership, which I have held for thirty-two years, and not without success. A grand field we found immediately in the first field near the main road, and ran through Hill Acre, over the heather fields, across the

road from Pike Hall to Gotham Gate, past Cobbler's Nook, and killed between Ballidon and Parwich—one hour, thirty-five minutes. Awfully hot. Very tired. So ended my sporting life."

No wonder that his old friend, "T. A. M.," as a deliberate opinion, says that "the High Peak, on the average, show better sport than fox hounds. You don't get the exceptional run of six or eight miles straight that a fox will give you once or twice in a season, but a good High Peak hare will *kill* most foxes when it comes to racing; and nowhere in England is there such splendid turf to ride over as our immemorial Derbyshire pastures. A blank day is unknown, a poor one rare, and there is no standing shivering outside a cover. A little jack hare and the High Peak bitches will give any one who can and will ride to them as much galloping and jumping as the soul of man, or at any rate his horse, can desire."

Hunting took so large a share of Mr. Nesfield's life that he had little time for other sport, though his shooting reminiscences go back to the days of flint and steel. Neither had he much experience in the gentle craft of angling, but he told with gusto of his first and only capture with the fly. His friend Frank Barker had had a long and tiring day, and not a fish. Chatting with him he asked for a lesson in the art of throwing a fly, and took it so well to heart that at his first (and last) cast he hooked a fish, and landed it too! But of the stories which may be told of Castle Hill and its visitors, the name is legion. Perhaps the best is the yarn of the guest who swallowed his teeth. After a good day and a better night the host

was roused by a guest in dire distress; he awoke in the middle of the night to find that he had swallowed his teeth! Servants were called, doctors were summoned, and everything done to relieve the poor sufferer, but without avail. His tortures were not to be described, and a London specialist was telegraphed for to operate on the throat—true, it was thought some obstruction was found, but it could not be moved. The patient was carried to another room to wait the operation, and in clearing the bed-room the missing teeth were found underneath his discarded shirt. The butler placed them on a salver, carried them into the room where the patient was surrounded by medical and sympathising friends, and inquired, "Are these what you are in search of, gentlemen?" The joy of the sufferer and the anathemas on the medical profession may be imagined.

The joys of the chase by no means filled the entire life of Mr. Nesfield; his duties as agent to the Duke of Rutland were no sinecure. The Derbyshire estates comprise about thirty thousand acres, on the fairest of which stands famous Haddon Hall. They include the picturesque villages of Rowsley and Baslow, which border on the Duke of Devonshire's famous house and park of Chatsworth. Besides the long and charming reaches of the silvery Wye they border famous trout streams, like the Lathkill and Bradford, sacred to Lord Granby. They are near to the best grouse moors in the country, on which stand the Duke of Rutland's shooting lodge at Longshaw.

Mr. Nesfield is an ardent politician—the field of sport had a rival in the sport of politics—

and honoured by the friendship of three old county members—Mr. W. Pole-Thornhill, Sir Thos. Wm. Evans, and Sir Henry Wilmot, of whom the last only survives. "The Old Master" is also a zealous county magistrate, and for many years was Second Chairman of Quarter Sessions: an ardent agriculturist, to say nothing of such work as is to be found on a County Council, a

Local Board, a Public School, and a Primrose League! His family take their name from the village and manor of Nesfield, near Ilkley in Yorkshire, and the first name on the Battle Roll of Flodden Field is "William Nesfield, a man, horse and h'arnished." So let us think of Robert Nesfield—"a man, horsed and harnessed" for the chase, on brave old Commodore or Alpenstock.

Old Haunts Revisited.

THE first thing that an old soldier does when he goes into a town is to have his hair cut. Time may have thinned the thatch and very much changed its colour, but old habit demands that it must still be kept smooth and tidy, as in the days when it was crowned by a smart forage-cap. I find myself in a borough whose name is immaterial, and where once I was stationed. I have been told that there the local Figaro still occupies his old shop and still plies his shears on the heads of county magnates and the floating military population. The well remembered corner is turned from the High Street, and there, indeed, is the old name over the old door. Thirty years make a deal of difference in most men. They pass over a fortunate few leaving hardly a trace. 'Pon my word, the barber does not look a day older than he did when he cut my hair as a subaltern; but I am afraid time has not dealt so leniently with me. The "envious crow" has left its footprints on my cheek, and long years of varied service have told heavily on the mortal frame. As the little man invites me to take a

chair and wraps me tenderly in a voluminous white mantle, I can see that he is very *intrigué* as to the identity of his customer, and is racking his brains to provide himself with some clue. I ask a few leading questions about men and things connected with the town in old days, and at last his curiosity altogether gets the better of him, and he says, "Well now, I seem to remember your face, sir, but I can't give ye a name. Will ye tell me if ye were iver quartered in the barricks here?"

"Yes, more than thirty years ago I was in the —th Hussars, and I used to come to you pretty regularly for hair-clipping."

"In the —th Hussars, were ye, and ye were Mr. —? Sure, I remember ye well, and all the rest of the regiment. Ah! thim was the boys that kept the town warm. Look now, I'll show ye something," and he rushed to a shelf and took down a volume. It was an old Army List, and, turning to a well-remembered page, he pointed to the names in the old cadre of the regiment. It was a somewhat melancholy monument of the past. Among all those names how few there were

of men that still survive—colonel, major, most of the captains and subalterns, all have gone over to the majority, and only a few elderly men are left to think of the bygone days they have at best but a short future to consider. And yet it is an honourable roll. How many well-fought fields were trodden by these old comrades before their soldiering came to an end! They gathered honour with both hands, and, in some cases, the world recognised the handful; in some, the satisfaction of duty well done was the only reward. Ah! what a light-hearted lot they were in their youth! Figaro was right when he said that “they kept the town warm.”

“Do ye remember the figure of the black man, that stood before the tobacconist’s, and the day that it was found floating far out in the bay? ’Twas that wild divil Mr. H—— that said he could not abide looking at it every day that he passed, and he dropped it into the river wan night. Sure, they made him pay damages in the court. If it was to-day, he would not get off so aisy. And ye’ll remember Mr. M—— in the town, that wore a fine glossy beard, and lived in a house with ivy all over the front of it. He took a fancy wan day that I should shave off his beard for him, and, troth, I didn’t like to do it at all. But he began clipping it himself, and I just had to humour him. That same time he was painting his house, and all the ivy was cut down, and Mr. H——, he sent him a letter asking him to dinner, and addressed it to ‘the bald-faced man in the bald-faced house.’ Indeed, the postman laughed, and the letter was delivered at once without any mistake. Mr. M—— was mad at the joke. He let his beard grow again very soon after. I saw it

the other day. ’Tis nearly white now.”

As I passed through the town, I had noticed a new and very hideous statue of a nondescript-looking female, leaning in a desultory way on a banner staff, who might be an impersonation of Ireland or of any abstract character, as Fame, Patriotism, Justice, or the like, and had read on the base of it an inscription to the effect that it had been erected in memory of martyrs to English rule and foreign oppression who died in ’98. I naturally asked Figaro about this new feature of the market-place.

“Ah! ’tis a disgrace to see that same statue. Sure, no other government would allow such a thing. ’Twas a conceited man was mayor, and he thought he would do something to make himself notorious. Indeed, he succeeded well. If that same had been put up when the —th Hussars were here, it’s not long it would have remained in its place. The Dragoons nearly had it down, they say. The sergeants planned to have a rope and pull it over. They had the rope all ready, and were going to destroy the ugly thing the night before they marched away. But orders came that they were to go a day sooner than they expected, and they missed their chance, so the statue’s there yet, and maybe it will stay for a time. But the people will get sense some day. And, after all, there were only two martyrs, as they call them.”

“Your colonel in the —th Hussars was a fine man. Indeed, afterwards, he made a great name for himself in that war. But he stayed here very little. I never saw him passing but he was on his way to the station. I don’t remember it myself, but my father told me that when Lord Cardigan

was Colonel of the 11th Hussars in the barracks, he used to live in Dublin and drive down once a fortnight. It was aisy times for the officers in those days. Indeed, it's very different now."

"And Mr. H——. He's dead long since, they tell me. A wild young man he was and many's the mad thing he did besides drowning the black man. Do ye mind Red Patrick, a bogtrotting scoundrel with fiery hair that used to go out shooting with the gentlemen and went with Mr. H—— when he hunted in Meath? His hair was that fiery that, wan day, Mr. H—— said he must be shaved. And shaved he was by Mr. H—— himself who gave him five pounds to come to me and get a black wig. Well, it's no wig he got, but he just drank the five pounds and went about with a bald head. Indeed, he looked very dhroll, but he did not mind that. Ah! he was a rael scoundrel was Red Patrick. There was a story about him that he wance went out snipe-shooting with a gentleman that lived about four miles out from the town. Well, the poor fellow was found dead in a bog and Patrick could never explain how it happened. The best that could be said was that he and the gentleman both were drunk and got separated and that the gentleman was drowned. But many thought that Patrick knew more than he would tell and that he made something by the man's death. People did not like going out alone for shooting with Red Patrick afterwards, and the police had an eye upon him. Well, Patrick is dead too, this long time."

"Do ye remember Mr. S——, who was Inspector of Constabulary here? He was a great man to ride and was always hunting.

He was a fine officer too, and he did well in the Fenian times. He arrested wan man all by himself, and how do ye think he did it? He hadn't even a stick with him, so he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out an ould pipe-case and made believe it was a pistol. He held it at the man and told him to give himself up. The Fenian was quite deceived and was so afraid that he just did what Mr. S—— told him, and came in with him like a lamb to the police station."

Another book was shown to me before I parted from Figaro. It was a collection of testimonials to his merits, given to him by many of the soldiers who, during more than thirty years, had appreciated his services. He certainly deserved them, for a better artist and more genial little man I have seldom met, or one who took a more kindly interest in the doings of his little world and all connected with it.

I must stroll up to the barracks and revisit the once familiar places. What scenes this long straight road, at the end of which is the sentry-guarded gate, has witnessed! At one time the big distillery that I am passing used to go on fire every year or two, and of course the soldiers were always turned out to give assistance. The big blaze that happened in my time gave my old corps a heavy night's work, in which officers and men ruined their clothes and boots, and, if I remember right, got nothing in return but a courteous letter of thanks for public service from the resident magistrate. I remember how we paddled about in streams of water and occasional torrents of blue burning whisky. We managed to prevent any of our men from tasting the raw spirits that had burst their bonds and

were filling the gutters, and it was no easy job to maintain surveillance over the excited Tommies, who had been working hard and thought that they were entitled to refreshment. But on the occasion of another fire, another regiment was not so well in hand and the results were disastrous. Two poor fellows indulged their fatal thirst and both died on the following day. Soldiers don't succumb nowadays so easily to the temptations of drink as they did in the sixties. The army has improved vastly since that time and in no respect more than in this.

Just outside the barrack gate there used to be most terrible rows between the privates of a regiment that was quartered here in the long, long ago, and the "coollymen," as the wild half-savages that came from the neighbouring mountains were called. How the feud arose I know not, but the "coollymen" used to assemble in force in the evenings and waylay and assault the soldiers, as in little parties they issued from the barrack gate. One memorable evening a number of the regiment determined to be revenged and sallied forth in combined strength armed with collar chains and horselogs. The "coollymen" had their sticks and stones, and great and bloody was the battle. It raged for long and was only put an end to by the interference of the officers who had been summoned and who drove their men home. If the officers had not acted promptly, goodness knows what might have been the end of the affair. As it was, nothing happened worse than the breaking of a few heads; but the authorities found it necessary to move the regiment to another station.

The young recruit on sentry

looks doubtfully at me as I pass him. He is evidently saying to himself, "Shall I salute or not?" I try to recall a cavalry swagger, but he evidently thinks that the device is too thin, and that, after all, I am only what he would doubtless call "a blooming civilian." Well, so I am now, but a card left at the mess will make me free of the barrack yard for a few minutes. At this time of day all of the few officers, who are unlucky enough to be with the reserve squadron instead of serving with the corps in South Africa, will certainly be very busy somewhere or other, some on the rifle ranges, some in the riding-school. With four or five hundred rank and file and a proportionate number of horses to be looked after, the two or three available officers do not eat the bread of idleness, but must be at work early and late. The easy times of loitering in mess or ante-room have passed away, and in exchange very hard and responsible work has taken their place, and will surely stay.

Well, there has been precious little change in the old place during thirty years. Stables, troop rooms and officers' quarters do not show one jot of alteration. Even in my regimental days they were considered to be bad, cramped and insufficient, and no touch of improvement has been laid upon them. Certainly, one of the most important steps in the forthcoming army reform must be a proper provision for housing men and horses, and this will be a pretty expensive job. It is not unlikely, however, that if troops are more concentrated in the future than they have hitherto been, many of these small out-stations may disappear, and it will cost less to build accommodation in large central camps and

garrisons than to make the same arrangements for many weak detached forces.

There is one thing in these old barracks very much in their favour. There is little space between them and the sea, and the wind that whistles round every corner is laden with health-giving ozone. The horses' coats often stare a little, but they are free from many diseases that are to be found in some other cavalry quarters, and the men have fine appetites for their rations. In the old days, and I daresay the same thing is done now, there was a deal of drilling on the sands, which, at low tide, stretch for miles in flat expanse. How often I have led a troop on this marine drill-ground, which was an ideal place for the old-fashioned manœuvres, the steady advance in line, and the stereotyped changes of position, which completed the cavalry *répertoire* of military performance when we thought little of any possible requirements from officers and men beyond the application of shock power and the parade of sword and lance. But the sands had a terrible drawback as far as the horses were concerned. They had no elasticity, and the dead, unyielding surface played the mischief with the animals' legs. Many were the sinews that gave way, if a series of galloping field-days followed in quick succession. Then there was always a certain amount of salt water to be encountered, and, if precautions were not taken by the men, the cleaning of ironwork on the saddlery was a very serious business after work on the sands. Before marching out of barracks, it was essential to wipe over bits and stirrup-irons with an oil-rag, and, if this was not carefully done, every splash of water left a mark of green rust which could

not be removed without much toil. And the drill-ground had its own dangers, too. When the tide began to turn, it flowed over the level space with astonishing rapidity, and there were channels near the shore which were filled deep long before some of the furthest out banks were wet. If a sharp look-out was not maintained, the drill might be suddenly interrupted by the necessity to gallop homewards, and the horses might be up to their knees in water before they could escape. A regiment of hussars once got into very serious trouble in this way. The colonel was an absent-minded beggar, and, intent upon the bucketing that he was giving to his unfortunate corps, led his squadrons far out over the sandy plain. At last came the longed-for halt, and some one ventured to bring to the notice of the stern commander that a man on the distant shore had been for some time gesticulating wildly and trying to attract attention. It was not long before the situation was realised. The tide had turned, and already the regiment was cut off by flowing water. "Retire in column of troops—Gallop!" was the immediate order for retreat. And it barely came in time. In a minute the whole regiment found itself belly deep, and, before it reached dry land, many horses were swimming, several had lost their balance, turning over completely in the wave, and were with difficulty extricated, while some of the riders, encumbered with swords, belts and equipment, narrowly escaped drowning. The band was in worse case than the rest of the regiment, for by chance it had the longest distance to cover. Sad was the plight of the kettle drums, and many of the instruments were irretrievably ruined.

As it happened, the whole affair was a laughable episode, but it was within measurable distance of being a serious catastrophe.

What a lot of mild excitement was given by the Fenian conspiracy to the soldiers here as to those in all other Irish quarters. Vague threats of intended risings in arms were floating about the country, which were only partially realised near Dublin and in Tipperary. But the barrack walls have been examined with a view of ascertaining whether they could keep out malcontents in addition to their original purpose of keeping larky and enterprising Tommies within the bounds of their quarters. Of course there was no thought of a possible attack, but it was feared that perhaps some daring revolutionist might slip in by night and try to set stables and quarters on fire. There were extra sentries, and constant patrols watchfully prowled about. I don't suppose that there was really much danger, but the knowledge that the soldiers were on the alert, and that possibly their carbines were loaded, very likely did a good deal to discourage any attempts at arson. Then, too, for some weeks at least, there was always one squadron in readiness to turn out, of which a troop stood saddled. On two or three occasions this "waiting" squadron did have to mount and ride, in obedience to the summons of nervous, or perhaps prudent, magistrates in the country districts;

but there never was anything to be done. I believe the county was noted in the Fenian statistics of strength as "willing but weak," and probably the description was fairly accurate.

This place was never a great headquarters of sport, but, in my time, the soldiers managed to have a good deal of fun of various kinds without sleeping out of barracks. We had our own pack of harriers, and the county hounds, if not fliers, were at any rate in the first rank of provincial establishments. A kind friend who owned and hunted otter-hounds spent the summer months with us, and showed noble sport in the many rivers of the district. There were ducks to be found along the shore by the men who were hardy and enterprising enough to look for them; the bogs held a fair amount of snipe, and fishermen found no lack of salmon and trout in the streams which were generously put at their disposal. I have never been in any quarter where there was a more varied choice in the way of amusements than was to be found here in the days of old.

It would be easy to prattle on interminably about the "small beer" of our existence and the regimental gossip of a long past time, but I must leave my old haunts and all their memories. My last thought must be—

"How cruelly sweet are the echoes that
start,
When memory plays an old tune in the
heart!"

An Usk Trout.

SOMEHOW or other I always seemed to lose the big trout, and for a period of thirty-five years there looms at intervals memories of big fish hooked and lost, until at last I used to be greeted with grave doubts as to the size of the lost leviathans. How well I remember fishing many years since in the Abercamlais water, when from under a stone in the middle of a deep pool a whacker came and took off a salmon pink that had hooked itself. I was not slow in taking the hint, and, catching another pink, I dropped it gently by the stone; he took it at once, and when utterly done, the keeper tried to get him into the trout net, but it was too small, so he went for the salmon net, but stupidly, in trying to get it under him, got the dropper entangled in the net and the hook came out, whilst the big fish lay exhausted on the water and slowly wobbled out of sight. Another time, in the mill stream at Peterstone, a splendid fish took me which I fought for twenty minutes; then the wind blew the fly into my face, and I was left like Ullin's lord, lamenting.

Once again, one fine evening in the Sewage Pool, near Brecon, a very big trout was moving in the dusk, so I put a fly over him and hooked him at once. That fight was soon over. He simply ripped me to rags, and I began to despair of ever taking a big Usk trout, where the average fish is somewhere between a quarter and a half-pound; but everything comes to him who waits, and in August last the lessee of the fishing that runs under my house kindly asked me if I would like a few days on his water. Now I knew the water

well, having often fished it years ago, and, as it was late in the season, I also knew that only for a short hour in the evening was there any chance of a good fish.

The first evening I made a nice little dish, but on the third evening I determined to fish down the whole of the water, so I walked to the top of it, intending to make a basket. Never was I so deceived; the water was in good order, but not a fish moved. In vain I tried a short line up stream, in vain I threw across close under the bank, in vain I threw a very long line down stream; nothing stirred, so I came down nearly to my house, flushing a big covey of partridges by the way, including several wild duck. My youngest son, who condescended to officiate with the net "for that evening only," informed me he had a crab for tea, and that I had better give up trying for phantom big fish; so he left me, leaving, as I afterward found out when I wanted it, the net in such a place that to get it was an impossibility. I was fishing with a small 11 feet 6 inch green-heart rod with the finest gut procurable, having a blue quill upright for my leader. The water at the top of the Rock Pool looked so very trouty that before going in I threw a very long line down stream; there was a swirl in the water but no rise, and the line moved slowly out towards the opposite bank. I instantly struck, and the fish bore steadily up towards me. I looked for the landing-net, I yelled for Tom; the only answer was a most determined dash down stream from the trout, I following as best I could until over thirty yards of line were out, and then I could go no

further. I gave him the butt as much as I dared, and at last I did manage to get a few turns of the reel, and he reluctantly came up stream once more. Six times did I get him up to me and six times did he dash off with renewed vigour, until I saw that my only chance was to drown him; so at last keeping as tight a pull on him as I could with safety, I backed gently up stream until I got to a sandy beach about fifty yards up, (but I nearly lost him round a stake which I just managed to clear,) and running him on to the shelving beach, put down my rod and threw him out with both hands. He was a beautiful fish, very thick

at the shoulder, but he fell off a good deal from his middle to his tail, and no trout ever fought better.

I had no sooner got him out than Mr. Tommy came down, and asked me what I had done, I replied I had had a good fish on. "Yes," he said, "and killed him, or else—" Well, it is hardly worth repeating what else he said, but we took the fish home and weighed it; he was well over 2½lb., and was long enough to have been 4½lb., but I wonder whether that crab would have tasted so good if he had beaten me round that stake.

E. C. P.

The Workman's Motto.

I.

WHEN crossing a country, some fellows you see,
Who've a motto, to take 'em along:
And here's their prescription (without any fee),
Contained in the words of this song.
The horse doesn't matter; the fence may be tall;
The ditch may be deep; the rail new;
But this motto they follow (maybe to a fall):
"In—over—or through."

II.

Just watch one of 'em tackle a stiff post and rail,
Four feet, I should say, if an inch:
Should his mount try to chance it—well, up goes his tail;
But at trifles like that he won't flinch.
So he puts down his hands, and gets home in his seat
(One would think he was fixed there with glue),
And you hope that he may that stout timber defeat:
Crash! "Over?"—"No:—through."

III.

He picks himself up, and he goes on again,
And the next thing we get is a brook;
He means going at it, though swollen by rain,
He'll get there by hook or by crook.
So he lets in the Latchfords, and shoves him along;
For a ducking he don't care a pin.
And the horse tries to stop; but the man is too strong:
Splash! "Over?"—"No:—in."

IV.

Later on, comes a fence, which the bulk of us shirk :
 For we fear a deep ditch it may hide.
 But our "customer" takes it as in the day's work ;
 He's determined to get the far side.
 Once again, just as cheery, he rides for a fall :
 (He's a topper—he's one of a few)
 We all think he is down, so we give him a call :
 "In ?"—"Over, thank you."

V.

Well, here's to our "workman," we'll wish him the best
 Of luck, and good horses, and sport ;
 For a man, such as he is, stands out from the rest,
 And we vote him a rattling good sort.
 One and all should endeavour to follow his plan,
 Not in hunting alone, but Life too ;
 And go for our obstacles straight as we can :
 "In—over—or through."

W. ALDERTON.

Pheasant and Partridge Shooting.

I SUPPOSE the past five weeks have seen the best partridge shooting of the season, as well as the beginning of the big pheasant bags. The best four days' partridge bag was at Lord Leicester's. When Holkham has not the record bag of the season it is always safe to say it is a very good second. This year it has not reached anything like its own best, but 2,427 partridges in four days, in this bad season, marks it once more as about the best partridge shooting in England. The best four days ever experienced at Holkham was, I believe, in 1885, when 3,392 birds were picked up. Some of the guns on that occasion were the same as in the late shoot. At the Grange, in Hampshire, Lord Ashburton's party has accounted for about 2,000 birds in four days. There the best shoot for an equal number of days was in 1888, when 4,113 birds fell, and this held the

record for nine years as against all England. It was, however, beaten in 1897, at Houghton, in Norfolk, when 4,316 birds were killed in another four days, by the Duke of York, the Earl of Chesterfield, Viscount Deerpur, Lord H. Vane Tempest, Lord Elcho, Hon. H. Stonor, Messrs. W. Low and M. T. Kennard ; but within a month the Grange had once again challenged for the record, but it was a three days shoot only. It still holds this record for one, two, and three days in England, the total partridges picked up being 3,536. I have heard of one day at the pheasants when 1,000, all high birds, have been killed. This was on Nov. 27th, at Wilton House, near Salisbury.

At Mr. W. Gordon Canning's, Hartpury House, Gloucester, on November 21st and 22nd, over 1,200 pheasants were bagged in two days by five guns. A very

mixed good bag I hear of from Dupplin Castle in Perthshire, where Lord Kinnoull, Lord Dupplin, Sir Robert Moncreiffe, Mr. Stewart Menzies, Major Norton, the Master of Sempill, and Messrs. Stuart Wortley, Austin Mackenzie and Algernon Hay accounted for 3,800 head in five days, including capercaillie and roedeer, woodcock and wild duck. Mr. John Menzies has made an almost similar bag of 3,500 head in four days, but of course without the capercaillie, at Escrick Park in Yorkshire, and Mr. Edward Balfour in Fife, with but four guns, accounted for 2,000 pheasants in a similar number of days' shooting. It looked at one time as if Mr. Arthur Blyth was going to hold the partridge record this year as well as the last two, but although it is very difficult to compare a three days' bag with one of four days, I think the Holkham bag fairly beats him this year.

At Debden Park, Essex, Mr. J. A. Fielden had a real good day, and over 1,200 pheasants were killed. This is one of the finest pheasant shoots in the Eastern Counties, and all the birds fly high, being driven across the park, which is undulating.

A big bag was also made at Elsenham, where Mr. H. W. Gilbey and his guests killed over 1,600 pheasants on the 14th December.

Besides the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, Lord and Lady Savile entertained Count Trauttmansdorff at their Rufford Abbey shooting. Prince Carl of that name is as noted in his own country for his big personal bags as Lord de Grey or Lord Walsingham are here. He has killed 10,833 head in a year, and as many as 632 partridges to his gun in the day. His total bag up

to 1896 was 190,858 head. Austria, and not Hungary, as is commonly supposed, furnish the greatest numbers of game of all sorts for the gun. Indeed, although we are supposed to be improving our estates by importing Hungarian partridges, there are only about 190,000 to 200,000 killed there in a season—at least, I take my knowledge from the official statistics; whereas in Austria in 1892 there were over 1,000,000 partridges killed, or five times as many as in the former kingdom. Hares run to half a million in Hungary, whereas in Austria in the same year quoted above they ran to 1,309,688. Then in Austria there were over 8,000 chamois killed in that year, and less than 200 in Hungary. Roedeer numbered 68,000 in Austria, and 13,000 in the sister kingdom. I suppose that in this country there are at least as many pheasants killed as partridges, but in the kingdoms above mentioned they are comparatively few. In Austria there are 12,000 red deer killed in the year, which is perhaps about the number killed in Scotland, only the latter do not scale, on an average, more than one half as much as the former. The great difference between English and continental shooting estates are the numbers of hares on many of the latter, thus in 1894 as many as 12,050 hares were killed in a season at Frauenberg, in Bohemia, on Prince Adolph Schwarzenberg's estate, and in the same season 8,599 partridges fell to the guns there. Here the proportion would be very different even in the "best regulated establishments."

I doubt, even, whether Lord Sefton could make anything like the proportion if he chose to shoot the hares which he keeps for the Waterloo Coursing Meeting. The

best day at Rufford Abbey was about 1,100 head.

The Emperor William has been shooting with Count von Donnersmarck, at Neudeck, when 12 guns killed 2,000 head in two days. I hear that Mr. Ernest Holden had 1,252 head, including 1,142 pheasants in one day at Nun Appleton, Bolton-Percy. The guns engaged were Sir William Worsley, Messrs. Digby Cayley, Amcotts Wilson, Cecil Wellesley, Guy Fairfax and Major Bower. Lord Ellesmere's exact bag at Stetchworth, near Newmarket, was, I hear, 1,953 pheasants, 25 partridges, 37 hares, 2,041 rabbits, and 1 woodcock, total 4,086 head in four days. There has also been a week's good work in the coverts of Wentworth Castle, Stainborough, Mr.

T. C. Vernon Wentworth's, the shooters including the Duke of Atholl, Lords Wharnccliffe, Mansfield, William Cecil and Captain Bruce Wentworth. Tuesday's sport was at Walker Wood and Broomroyd Covert, 1,001 pheasants, 411 rabbits, and 28 wild duck were the principal items. Wednesday, on the Wombwell estate, 1,018 pheasants, 57 hares, and 54 rabbits were killed. Thursday, 957 pheasants fell, and Friday was devoted to the warren, where 2,273 rabbits and 190 pheasants formed the bag.

I forgot to say that Prince Carl Trauttmansdorff, among his other successes, has scored a red stag of 39½ stone clean weight, which carried a head of 20 points.

The Sportsman's Library.

THE breeders and owners of high-class live stock are admirably catered for in the *Live Stock Journal Almanac*,* the issue of which for 1901 has just been published. It is a large volume, extending to over 340 pages, these including the very useful sections devoted to breeders' directory and breeders' announcement. The diary and breeders' tables are specially compiled to suit the convenience of breeders, and the lists of societies, fairs, &c., are also designed with the same object. In fact, the special merit of this publication is that it holds firmly to one aim throughout. There are some fifty special articles, accompanied with numerous illustrations. Mr. W. T. Trench deals with the subject of "Hunters' Sires for Breeding Light Horses." Sir Walter Gilbert contributes an important

paper on "Army Horses Abroad." Professor Cossar Ewart writes on "The Rate of Growth in the Horse." Mr. C. Stein deals with "Military Stables and Stable Management." Sir Richard D. Green Price discusses "The Pony: its Breeding for Army Purposes." A short paper by Mr. P. A. Muntz, M.P., draws attention to the "Demand for Heavy Shire or Cart Horses and how to Supply It." An interesting paper from the pen of Lord Middleton describes the value of local and county shows. Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier writes on "The Supposed Influence of a First Sire." Among the reviews of breeds are those of Mr. C. B. Pitman on "Thoroughbreds," Mr. H. F. Euren on "Hackney," Mr. W. Scarth Dixon on "Cleveland Bays and Yorkshire Coach Horses," Mr. John Hill on "Ponies," Mr. W. C. A. Blew on "Hunters," while all the varieties of heavy horses are also

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THE CELEBRATED TROTTER MARE PHENOMENA, FOALING 1788.

described, also the breeds of cat (with a comprehensive notice of the breeds of sheep and dogs and some of their peculiarities" are referred to by Mr. F. Gresham.

The frontispiece, which we reproduce, is a picture of the celebrated trotting mare Phenomena, foaled in 1788. From the account of her performances it appears that in June, 1800, the mare being then twelve years old, her owner backed her to trot seventeen miles within the hour on the road between Cambridge and Huntingdon. She accomplished the task in 56 minutes. She had been matched for 2,000 gs. to 100 gs. to trot 19 miles within the hour, but she did the 17 mile trot just referred to with such ease, that a money compromise was effected and the wager cancelled. Her next performance was on July 22nd, 1800, when she was backed (£400 to £200) to trot 17 miles in 56 minutes; she did it under 53 minutes, and her owner then offered to trot her 19½ miles within the hour. His confidence that she could do it was, however, so generally shared that nobody could be found to accept the offer. A match was arranged 250 gs. aside, Phenomena against the Kentish Pony; the mare to trot 18 miles, while the Kentish Pony trotted 17 miles. The event came off on May 3rd, 1801. She won against the Kentish Pony in another race by about 20 yards. It is remarked in the article: "We are fortunate still possessing the strain of blood to which so wonderful an animal as Phenomena belonged. In nearly all the Hackney pedigrees of to-day the foundation sire will be found to be the Darley Arabian, who begat Flying Childers the fleetest thoroughbred on the English Turf. It was

through the introduction of the racehorse Blaze, the son of Flying Childers, that the county of Norfolk became pre-eminent for the Hackneys. Blaze was the sire of Shales, foaled in 1755 out of a Norfolk mare. For a hundred years before the mare Phenomena and the stallion Phenomenon were foaled Hackneys were full of thoroughbred blood, as we also learn from the notices and advertisements which teemed in the Norfolk newspapers. The Americans quickly discovered the value of the breed; they began to import hackney stallions soon after the year 1700, but it was not until 1822 that great improvement was made in the trotting powers of the American horse by the importation of Bellfounder. As in America, so it was and continues to be in the horse-breeding countries of Europe. Germany, France, Hungary and Russia recognised the value of the Hackney; they began to import stock from us over a century ago, and have bought from us annually ever since. Continental breeders have proved by long experience that the Hackneys would improve their native stock, and they use them extensively in breeding horses for military purposes, more particularly for artillery and harness work." The Almanac will be found very helpful for reference in the country house.

The early history of steeplechasing is lost in obscurity, and the earliest match across country which Mr. Blew has been able to trace in his review* of the sport is one which took place in 1752 in Ireland. The "wild goose chase" referred to by old writers had probably little in common with 'chasing as we understand it, and the author is no doubt

* "A History of Steeplechasing." With 28 illustrations, chiefly by Henry Alken. W. C. A. Blew. (John C. Nimmo.)

correct in believing that races across country in which more than two horses took part were unknown until the last decade of the eighteenth century. The new fashion of riding fast to hounds had been introduced by the famous "Flying Childe" in 1780, when he established himself in the Quorn country; and it is only reasonable to suppose that the principle of riding straight and taking fences at speed which was hailed with delight by Mr. Meynell's younger supporters had some influence on the evolution of steeplechasing.

For many years cross-country races were literally across country. The first record of a race over "made" fences refers to one at Bedford in 1810. It is interesting to note that the fences were introduced as an after-thought to prevent some racehorse carrying off a prize which was intended for hunters only. Such an event was a novelty. It afforded people an opportunity of seeing a steeplechase which had been denied them when the course was from point to point. No fewer than 40,000 people are said to have been present, and the Bedford 'chase is perhaps entitled to distinction as the first organised race of the kind. Mr. Blew dismisses the moonlight race pictured in Henry Alken's famous "First Steeplechase on Record" as apocryphal. It is said to have taken place in December, 1803, at Ipswich, but we share the author's opinion that it occurred in Alken's fanciful brain and nowhere else.

The history of steeplechasing, as we know it, is practically that of the St. Albans' Meeting in the thirties, and of the Liverpool Grand National, and Mr. Blew traces the history of the sport on these lines, giving us also chapters

on the G. N. H. Steeplechase inaugurated in 1860, Military Steeplechasing and "Various Races." He might perhaps with advantage have dealt at greater length with the "shady side" of the business, and the abuses which led to the foundation of the Grand National Hunt Committee: the condition of affairs which grew up in the absence of a controlling body amounted to a national scandal. As a record of races, interspersed with anecdote of famous horse and famous rider, the book leaves nothing to be desired, and adds to the merit of interest the value of a work of reference. Alken's coloured pictures are exceedingly well reproduced, and the volume is beautifully printed and got up.

The sporting interest in this book* is hardly prominent enough to bring it within the "Sportsman's Library." Mr. Bosville shows that he can describe a jump-race, and he is fond of a good horse; but the main thread of his story is concerned with varying fortunes of a young gentleman whose indiscretion loses him the favour of a wealthy relative, and who owes recovery of his social position to the generosity of a chance-sent friend. We cannot devote much space to his "first-born," but can at all events wish a contributor success as a writer of fiction.

Thomas's Hunting Diary.—We have received copies of this useful publication from the well-known sporting tailors, to whose enterprise its birth was due. The name of Mr. T. F. Dale appears as editor in place of Lord Rosslyn's, and this season's diary in Mr. Dale's hands is quite up to the standard of its forerunner.

* "Publicans and Sinners." By G. Bosville. (Simpkin Marshall & Co.) 6s.

Cricket Topics.

FOR years past the two first days of the Cattle Show week have been devoted at Lord's Cricket Ground to an assembly of county cricketers. Originally for the convenience of the secretaries of counties in the arrangement of their matches the meeting has been extended to a species of Parliament of the Captains of the Counties who, on December 10th, assembled to select the umpires in their opinion best qualified to stand in first-class county matches, and also to consider one or two points of suggested cricket reform which have lately been aired in the Press.

For some little time past Mr. Denison, of the Notts County Cricket Club, has been ventilating in the papers a scheme of placing a value upon drawn games in the county championships, his provision being that an unfinished game, if left in an uneven position, should be adjudicated upon by the umpires who should have power to award half the equivalent value of a victory to the side holding the advantage in a drawn game. Against the decision of the umpires there was to be authorised an appeal to the Committee of the M.C.C., whose valuation and decision as to the chances of a match, which perhaps not one of them had witnessed, was to finally allot the disputed half-point. The question will probably be fresh in the minds of most of our readers owing to a somewhat lengthy correspondence carried on in the columns of *The Field* newspaper by Mr. Denison and the well-known cricketer, Mr. F. G. J. Ford. At any rate the County Captains appear to have unani-

mously agreed that no value should be attached to drawn games, and so Mr. Denison's scheme goes out of our story. Another recommendation of the Captains was "that the law relating to leg-before-wicket shall remain unaltered." This is a much more important matter since it affects cricket proper, and not merely the exhibition matches; and we may take it that the collected wisdom of the Captains of the Counties is entitled to some respect, and so let us hope that the crotchety and the faddists will reflect upon this before they again parade their obvious arguments for and against an alteration of perhaps the most important law of the game.

The third conclusion arrived at by the meeting was the recommendation that the South African fixtures rank as first-class. Personally we think that it will be time enough to consider that question when the South African team has actually started for these shores. They would seem to be a sanguine race, these inhabitants of South Africa, for they gaily arranged a tour in this country for last season, and then at a later hour realised the impossibility of carrying the matter through. We are inclined to think that even in the coming season there may be a difficulty in finding a representative team who are able and willing to leave South Africa at such a time. If, however, they should come, we sincerely trust that they will not come without Mr. J. H. Sinclair, who is undoubtedly on his performances quite one of the greatest all-round cricketers of the day.

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A Dutch team has arranged a fortnight tour in England in August, and will play at Cardiff and Nottingham. The late death of a player in the Captaincy meeting in agreement was made to be which United States will be taken by the country authorities next season to be the 2nd United and National League. The team will arrive with interest in the developments of the last League and other information.

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their wedge so firmly fixed that there is no getting it out again, and artificial steeplechasing must take its chance; at any rate, to steeplechase nowadays you must really combine gambling with the game to make it pay. It is impossible to dissociate the two, while taking matters generally, I think it will mostly be admitted that there are few patrons of these winter meetings who race solely for the love of the sport alone. The stakes are all round not of sufficient value when placed alongside the entrance fees to permit the latter. Again; do not these scheduled meetings follow too quickly one upon the other? Take, for instance, our home meetings. Sandown this season has already had three days under the Hunt rules, and between now and the middle of May there are half-a-dozen others; Kempton Park has four arranged for, Hurst Park six, and Plumpton four, without taking Windsor, Hawthorn Hill, Lingfield and Gatwick into consideration.

Sandown could have well done without the day in October on the Saturday before the Cambridgeshire week, but so long as the public like to put their hands in their pockets, I suppose the management of these scheduled meetings cannot be twitted with greed; at least, the National Hunt no doubt saw this when they scheduled the fixtures to prevent undue clashing. The arrangement, such as it is, works uncommonly well, and frost and snow alone can prevent the weekly witnessing of the game right through the winter. The stronghold of this sport no doubt exists in the modern stand comforts, and Kempton Park in this respect is perhaps better than others of the home meetings. You can take a cab to Waterloo; the

train to Sunbury; a covered walk awaits you as protection against weather from the railway station to the stand, where there are comfortable retiring rooms and good luncheons, and hail, rain, or snow you get no bespattered nor muddy boots, or drenching to the skin, and no pushing or crowding, as was the case in my early reminiscences of the sport, when ladies would no more have thought of being there than eloping with the Man in the Moon. Again too, would not our forefathers have raised their eyes at dainty feet, tailor-made clothes, and the all-round "up-to-date" mid-winter meeting?

It is not, however, a question of the modern comforts dealt out to those who weekly choose to patronise these scheduled meetings; what I ask is, with its artificial race tracks, do we get the same class of sport and class of horses we witnessed in the steeplechase season years back? It is true some of the courses were then partly artificial. Croydon and Sandown, for instance. There was the farm, and, I think, three other natural fences at the former, and when Mr. E. P. Wilson won the Inauguration Steeplechase in 1875 on Goldfinder natural fences occurred in the latter. Then of the minor meetings there were a few natural obstacles round the back of the stand at Bromley; and to see the horses race through the valley and over the hill at Kingsbury was nearer the mark although a case of winter mud-larking. But all this has ceased, and I think we now have not a single scheduled fixture in the metropolitan district which bears a natural tone. I daresay we shall, during the present season, hear of the rail, the silly obstacle called the open water, and the grave to bury the sport. As I

have written before, the National Hunt go in for what reform they like, matters have become so firm and cemented; the artificial has taken so long a lead of the natural, that existing affairs must now take their chance. Years ago a natural brook like we saw at so very many places, a stone wall like that negotiated at Abergavenny, a drop fence or in and out of a lane as encountered at Worcester, a fine stretch of hunting country to fill the eye like that raced over at Market Harboro', Hopping Hill, Melton, Bedford and Rugby would have set the hearts of our now gambling race-goers fluttering to have seen their money flying high in the air; yet our horses in those days stood quite as firmly on their feet as in the present era.

Yes, yet the steeplechase of to-day, I think, generally ill compares with the past, and there is no doubting the deterioration much talked of among certain competent writers; but to give credit where it is due, if the horse has fallen off in class, I think one can safely say for boldness of riding and artistic finishes that a Nightingall, a Williamson, an Escott, or a Halsey of to-day are quite the equals of George Stevens, the Holmans, Page, Robert I'Anson, Joe Cannon and others I could name. Then again, our amateur talent has likewise displayed no falling off, for what I recollect of men like Captain Coventry, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Alec Goodman, Mr. J. M. Richardson, Mr. George Ede, Captain Smith, Lord Marcus Beresford, Mr. E. P. Wilson, Captain W. H. Johnstone, Mr. H. Crawshaw, Mr. G. Moore, the brothers Beasley, and last, but not least, Mr. Arthur Yates, men like the late Major "Roddy" Owen, Captain Crawley, Mr. Arthur Coventry and others I could name

are equal to the old days, and particularly so as regards Mr. Arthur Coventry, whom I have seen ride races almost fully up to the highest-classed professional. With most of the above I have been more or less personally acquainted, and Mr. Thomas, the brothers Beasley, Mr. J. M. Richardson, Captain Hope Johnstone, Lord Beresford, Mr. Crawshaw, Captain Crawley, Mr. Arthur Yates, Mr. A. Coventry, Mr. A. Goodman, are all, I believe, in the land of the living. Mr. Arthur Coventry was, I think, a better finisher than his brother, the Captain, although the Grand National of 1865 the last-named won on Alcibiades for Mr. "Cherry" Angell, one of the fathers of the National Hunt. The desperate battle between Alcibiades and Hall Court will never be forgotten, and it is said that it was strength and indomitable pluck that enabled Captain Coventry to defeat Captain Tempest by a neck on the unlucky Hall Court.

Aintree always has been the trying proof and the satisfier of ambitious appetites of both amateur and professional in steeplechasing. The last-named have won the Liverpool, established just sixty-one years ago, on no fewer than thirty-seven occasions against the twenty-four times the amateurs have scored, and Mr. Bretherton was the first to win on Jerry in 1840, and then Captain Little on the renowned Chandler in 1848. Mr. Alec Goodman won it twice, first on Miss Mowbray and then on Salamander, and Mr. Thomas did the first of his three successes on Anatis. In the annals of the National the best time the amateurs had was between 1871 and 1885; they then won eleven times in succession.

By some folks it may be considered bad taste on my part to admit that of the two classes of

sport I always inclined slightly to steeplechasing when naturally decided. I could fill pages of reminiscences and comparisons in connection with owners, trainers, jockeys and horses. On a wet afternoon one has only to take down an old steeplechase Calendar, and how names will bring back extra happy or bad times to memory! The book I have before me bears the date of 1872, and in looking over its pages, I dare not attempt to count how many owners and trainers have gone. But there are plenty alive, hearty and still enjoying the sport. Such book-worming always sets one in deep thought, at least, it is so with me. It mostly drifts into comparisons; it sets one musing which is the best trainer, horse or jockey. You try to think of that period and those you have since met. A curious and difficult problem is the word *best*, and yet almost everybody claims, or has a best, and particularly so with an owner or trainer of the racehorse. Then the jockey with his practice takes a wider sphere, for he rides for so many owners and trainers that he is more apt to be led astray in selecting from his various mounts, but of the best horse of one's time I think the public are perhaps the better judges of the three. They are less interested in the particular horse, and they are most likely to arrive at their *best* without prejudice.

But, after all, is it not a matter of opinion? and of this I think a man is fully entitled to without rushing into argument, which, like politics, has no ending; still, in flat racing or steeplechasing, one has only to enter various racing establishments, and how many *bests* will you find. They all have the best owner, jockey, horse and racecourses. With

owner and trainer I will not venture to express "the best" I have met; they have been for the most part genial, and always willing to supply the best of information, but taking the amateur steeplechase jockey, I should be compelled to go for Mr. Arthur Coventry on the flat or over hurdles, Mr. J. M. Richardson, Tommy and Harry Beasley or Mr. Thomas between the flags. Then of the professional jockeys, Robert l'Anson, although he never won a Grand National, was always a favourite of mine, so was George Stevens, Johnny Page and Joe Cannon; while of the steeplechase courses I have named, apart from Liverpool, my weakness has always rested with Abergavenny and Aylesbury, both of which years ago were visited by the National Hunt.

The Calendar (1872) I have before me gives a return of the National Hunt meeting at Abergavenny, and I recollect well how I took the long journey from Paddington with Mr. Clifford, who had a great love for steeplechasing, and was very much interested in the sport held at Croydon. He had a horse called Hippolyte engaged in the big open steeplechase, and we stayed together in the old-fashioned town. He said he had to beat that good horse, The Lamb, but he was confident he would do so, as the dual National winner had 12st. 10lb. to carry, while Hippolyte was at 10st. 4lb. The Lamb had a week or so previously made a big effort to defeat Casse Tête in the Grand National with 12 st. 7 lb., and Mr. Thomas, who rode him, again wore Lord Poulett's colours at Abergavenny. The top weight I recollect ran well, and was second best, but to the delight of Mr. Clifford, Hippolyte easily compensated him for a long and

sanguine journey. Mr. Thomas' second best here occupied that place on Hinko in the National Hunt Steeplechase, in which Mr. Joe Sankey and Mr. Tom Calder, two well-known Midland horse dealers, ran a horse called Red Nob. I found lots of old friends from Worcester to see Mr. Sankey's horse run, and with Captain Holyoake up Red Nob won easily.

Mr. Thomas, if beaten in the two big events, otherwise had a good meeting, as he won four or five other races. But why I fancy Abergavenny was the best course I ever saw is because I saw so much of it. In the days I write of it was always the custom of jockeys riding at the meeting to take a walk round the course and inspect the fences before breakfast. It is not necessary now, the courses are all of one kidney. But at Abergavenny, I recollect well, Mr. Thomas and I took our breather, and even now think that morning I walked over "the best." From memory there was a bit of plough; all the fences were pleached, so there was no brushing; the stone wall and the brook were formidable obstacles, and there was a sort of mount to the right of the stand, from where one could see all the racing, besides giving a pretty view of the Usk babbling over its fords behind the stand. We raced here three days, and it was a truly most enjoyable outing. My other pet steeplechase course was Aylesbury. This have I been round many times and it always struck me how the undergraduates from Oxford and Cambridge used to "grind" away there to their heart's delight, and in "the seventies" the good jockeys who hailed from their respective colleges. Mr. C. S. Newton was a bold rider from Oxford, and Cambridge sent forth Mr. J. M. Richardson, the subsequent rider

of two Grand National winners in Disturbance and Reugny. When the National Hunt visited Aylesbury, the late Mr. H. C. Vyner's mauve-cerise jacket was seen to the fore on a horse called Bellringer.

At Abergavenny Mr. Thomas seemed disappointed at The Lamb's defeat, but he was, without a doubt, a game, sterling, good little horse. Oft, indeed, have I sung his praises, and as the best steeplechaser of his time he would poll many votes. But my idea of the best steeplechaser I have ever seen was The Colonel. He had more size and bone than The Lamb, and it may not be generally known that the pair were entire horses when they won the Grand National. In all there are nine besides the two celebrities named, viz., Wanderer in 1855, Freetrader in 1859, Huntsman in 1862, Alcibiades in 1862, Salamander in 1866, Disturbance in 1873, Reugny in 1874, Austerlitz 1877, and Shifnal 1878. The Lamb I do not recollect having done good at the stud, and we never heard much of The Colonel after he was sold to go to Germany. Some say that the more modern hero, Cloister, would have beaten my fancy, The Colonel, but to this I answer that the horses the former beat when he made all the running were not of so good a class as either the year Hall Court, Fortunatus and nineteen others finished behind The Colonel, or when the next year he battled out such a fine race with The Doctor and brought about much disappointment in the Cheltenham home of the Holmans. It was a grand finish; so was that neck victory of Regal over Congress in 1876, and half-a-dozen years later when Seaman defeated Cyrus, the last occasion upon which the Liverpool was won by a head.

To recall the very many close and exciting contests I have seen in minor events and local meetings would occupy too much of your space, but between the flags or over the hurdles in my time it is unwritten history to find a dead heat of more than two. Again, too, there has never been a dead heat for either the Grand National, the National Hunt Steeplechase, or the Grand Military Gold Cup, the three principal steeplechases of the season. One of my greatest delights steeplechasing has always been the old fashioned local hunt meeting. Again, too, a point-to-point in the old days was far more preferable, I think, to the new. Last spring I attended two of these and found courses flagged out, the members of the hunt riding in colours, and four races on the card. At each place the whole resembled an ordinary steeplechase meeting, and not from steeple to steeple or point to point like that I once enjoyed at Aldershot. A big field of officers wearing their undress uniform were drawn up in line and the course read out to them by the colonel; away they went right away towards the Woking cemetery, entering the winning field which belonged to M. H. Shrubb, the owner of Insurance and other horses trained at Danebury. I recollect the crowded meadow and a horse passing a huge flagstaff a long way in front of his opponents. The Duke of Connaught, who acted as judge, therefore, had no trouble in awarding the verdict in the military event, but in the Farmers' Race which succeeded His Royal Highness became very excited as he saw two of the horses jump the last fence and stretch themselves out in the run home over some ridge and furrow, making for the goal. If memory serves me correctly, it

was a grey and a bay racing together, and nobody knew which had won until the duke announced his verdict in favour of the grey, always a sympathetic horse with the public in a steeplechase field. This is what I call a point-to-point proper. Amateur judges I have always found to get a little excited when finishes are close and exciting, but perhaps one with the best nerve I ever saw in the box was General Byrne, who owned that good horse Amphion. The general used to judge the military races at Aldershot, which has a good artificial steeplechase course that was made by the soldiers. It was here that Captain Hope Johnstone won the Prince of Wales his first steeplechase. Two more stories of the amateur judge of which I was an eye-witness. Both, curiously enough, occurred in Kent, the one at Waldershare and the other at Wye. At the first place a well-known baronet acted as judge, and as the horses were coming home he forgot his position when he put his head round the box and loudly shouted "the favourite for a pony." But this does not beat the Wye man. Perched up as he was he saw the favourite come to grief in the bottom and stepped out and betted a "fiver" against the horse. Out of sight there was a long delay. The leader had come down heavily at the obstacle next to where the favourite had fallen, and the latter remounted and came in alone, much to the amusement of the bookie and to the disgust of the official.

But in spite of the many mistakes made at the scales, hoisting of the numbers and frivolous objections, local steeplechases are managed much better now than they were in the sixties and seventies. The National Hunt Committee are almost as wide awake as the

stewards of the Jockey Club; indeed, they have some real and good men on the committee. The Prince of Wales is the president, and the six stewards are all practical. Then the remainder of the body include men like Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Coventry, Mr. C. J. Egerton, Colonel Harford, Earl of Harrington, Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins, who used to ride as Mr. P. Merton,

Capt. W. Hope Johnstone, Hon. Cecil Howard, Captain Machell, the Hon. F. C. Morgan, Mr. C. S. Newton, Lord Phillips, Mr. C. D. Rose, Sir William Throckmorton, Major Wickham and Lord Tredgar, all very able and helping hands; indeed, the Committee in all number forty-three, the oldest of which are the Earl of Coventry and Sir F. Johnstone.

ARTHUR F. MEYRICK.

A Gun-Room Causerie.

ACCIDENTS WITH FIREARMS.

SHOOTING is usually considered to be one of the most dangerous sports, because accidents with firearms are so common. But it should be remembered that those who shoot for pleasure and are fairly skilled in the proper use of the gun are not to be ranked with the foolish people who, pleading that they did not know the weapon to be loaded, proceed to aim the first gun they get into their hands directly towards the person nearest to them. These risks the sportsman shares with others of the general public, and neither the law nor the average intelligence of reckless people is adequate protection. It is indisputable that most of the accidents—so called—with firearms are in no way connected with the sport of shooting. If figures were available, they would probably prove that nowadays accidents in the field are comparatively rare; certainly, although more people shoot than formerly, the number of serious mishaps recorded is less than it used to be even a dozen seasons ago. Yet there are few men who have shot much but can

tell of some lucky escape that has occurred in their own experience; therefore the sportsman does run extra risks, and those that have been ascertained will bear enumeration.

It is a moot point whether the risks are greater when shooting in company or when out alone with gun and dog. If a sportsman could always choose his company, he might easily avoid the majority of risks, for these arise from careless handling and wild shooting. As a matter of fact, every sportsman has occasionally a reckless gun as neighbour. Whenever this happens he must forego sport, in order to guard himself from his companion; it is by so doing that many of the "lucky escapes" are made.

Some unavoidable dangers arising from shooting in company are due to a misconception as to the range of shot guns. Some pellets in every charge of No. 6 shot will carry, if unopposed, to a distance of two hundred yards. In every load, too, there will be one or more stray pellets, single shots which take an erratic course. The

extent of this divergence has been ascertained to average about one-third of the range. This means that if a bird is fired at within forty yards' range, then, although it is dropped, one or more pellets will be fifteen yards to the left or the right of the bird. The late Mr. J. D. Dougall told the writer that he had known a stray pellet to go over eighty yards to the left at forty yards' range, from which it would seem that the gun that will shoot round a corner is not altogether a myth. These stray shots have not the range of those which carry furthest in the direction of the body of the charge. They are usually, but not always, elliptical or mis-shapen shot which obtain their initial direction from engaging the extremity of the barrel as the charge emerges from the muzzle. A coincidence of mischances may result in a serious accident from stray pellets, but generally these have not sufficient velocity to draw blood even where they strike the bare flesh.

The most serious danger is that arising from premature or accidental discharge of one's own or one's neighbour's gun. So far as this is due to faulty mechanism or bad manipulation it is remediable; but a gun may be dropped by a loader, or in handing it to the shooter the man may slip. Where there are two loaders and three guns and the birds are coming fast, the men may foul each other. It is all very well to contend that they should not, and that in a well ordered butt men will not get confused or flurried; the fact remains that they do. Again, a falling bird has been known to knock a gun from a shooter's hand. Of course he should have dodged it, but to have moved in order to avoid the bird he might have fouled his loader, with worse results to him-

self. It does not follow that because a gun is dropped or jarred, it will go off, only that it may do so, and from this risk there appears to be no escape.

In butts, and at drives where two or more guns and a loader are employed, it is best that the guns be exactly alike. The hammerless is now generally recognised as being the safer type, and for this particular purpose an automatic trigger-locking safety bolt is advantageous. The loader cannot avoid putting it "on," and the shooter puts it "off" as he raises the gun to his shoulder.

Since hammerless guns have come into general use it is no longer the fashion to unload as frequently as formerly; the safety bolt is relied upon to prevent accidental discharge. The really careful sportsman is very rightly not content with this. No loaded gun, no matter how bolted, is as safe as a gun unloaded, and it is very little trouble to withdraw the cartridges. To unload on all occasions may seem an exaggeration, but it is the only safe way. Particularly is this the case when getting over fences, putting the gun out of hand for even a moment, or giving it to a person to hold. An additional risk is also run if a loaded gun is held by any person leading a dog, and as to an absolutely safe way of carrying a gun, there is not one. Guns have gone off without any ostensible reason, no matter how carried — even when slung over the shoulder by a leather strap in the continental fashion.

If it is advisable to unload when shooting in company, it is imperative to do so when shooting alone. Granted it is a temptation to creep with a loaded gun through an easy gap, but unless the sportsman is certain of finding game on the other side before he has time

to load, he should in no case attempt to negotiate any fence whilst carrying a loaded gun. Men have been seen to fall even when getting over the ordinary five-barred gate, yet I have seen men in Wales climbing over loose stone walls, and clambering up and down precipitous rocks when carrying a loaded gun. No man who wishes to reduce the risks of shooting to a minimum will attempt anything so foolish. The solitary shooter is more liable to falls and slips than when shooting in company, first because he is impeded with a greater load, and secondly because he will often attempt to go where a number of people could not possibly get with any chance of obtaining successful sport. It is the solitary shooter who gets the barrels of his gun fouled with dirt, snow, or hulk; his gun is always catching in twigs, knocking against obstructions, or falling from his hand. This may be due to the inability of a single pair of eyes intent on finding game to see every little thing, but more probably is inseparable from the character of the shooting—which is generally

"rough," but to many far more enjoyable as sport than shooting in company.

Other risks attend those who use the rifle, or who take guns of inferior fashion, or mix in doubtful company. It is idle to deny that a shooter who uses a pin-fire gun does not run greater risks than he who takes a repeating-shot gun. The use of either variety is attended with special dangers, which one who uses a good hammerless gun escapes entirely, and the sportsman who is used to shooting in the modern method amongst men who are expert in handling firearms will feel that he is taking his life in his hands if he ventures amongst a tenants' rook-shooting party, or assists at a *chasse* where English customs are not observed. Such are exceptions. On the whole, as shooting and weapons have improved, so risks have decreased, and now, if only sportsmen are as careful as everyone has a right to expect they shall be, accidents in the field will be so rare as to render shooting no more dangerous than any other of our outdoor pastimes.

TRIGGER.

Practical Earth-Stopping.

THE above-named subject is one that hardly receives its due share of attention from Hunting Men in general. When a fox gets to ground without affording any sport, every member of the Field who takes an intelligent interest in hunting feels annoyed at the time, and all agree that *some one* is to blame; and there the interest in the matter ceases as far as the Field is concerned. But for Master, Huntsman and Hounds

there is nothing so exasperating as continually running foxes to ground. And how often it happens in almost every country!

Perhaps Hounds have begun the day with a "good find," and have got well away with their fox; for a mile or so perhaps they race away, the woodlands behind them and the best of country in front.

Cigars are thrown down in a hurry,
And bridle reins gathered up tight.

Watches are hurriedly glanced at; and then, before the Field have sorted themselves into their accustomed places, the individual animal upon which everything depends disappoints all expectations by disappearing in the nearest earth or drain. And so it may be with the next fox, and the next, if there is one forthcoming.

Or it may be that Hounds have been running hard for an hour or an hour and a half, and have their fox well beaten in front of them. He is turning very short in the undergrowth, and one can hear that peculiar note in the Hounds' voices which shows that they are close at him. Suddenly, instead of that unmistakable *rumbling* sound which tells of a kill, there is an ominous silence; some of the Hounds come flashing into the ride with their heads in the air; the Huntsman, knowing only too well in his heart what has happened, yet hoping against hope that they may have killed him after all, gets off his horse and dives into the under-covert. In a minute he catches sight of a hound or two shoulder deep in a hole, and his worst fears are realised. "Got to ground again!" and he curses the errant Keeper from the bottom of his heart.

And the most annoying part of it is that it can so easily be prevented, if the Keepers will but take the trouble and go the right way to work. Of course foxes will sometimes get to ground in large earths which are to be found in every country in old chalk or gravel pits, rough hedgerows, railway-cuttings and other odd places, to stop which is no one's business in particular. That is where the advantage comes in of having a permanent Earth-Stopper attached to the Hunt. But Earth-Stoppers have gone

out of fashion to a great extent. There are few of that particular class who have any great objection to the company of a couple of ill-gotten rabbits on their homeward journey; for this reason, amongst others, the Covert-Holders in a shooting country do not care to have them about their woods. "The Keepers will see to the Earth-Stopping," they say.

But the great majority of Keepers cannot be got to admit that the Earth-Stopping forms part of their duty, even though the Hunt pays them for doing it. When they do condescend to stop their earths, they generally do it in the wrong way and at the wrong time.

It is natural enough that when a man comes home tired and wet from a hard day's work, he scarcely feels inclined to walk four or five miles in the dark to stop as many earths. But if the work is done thoroughly and with common sense at the beginning of the season, it will not cause much trouble afterwards.

The accessories required by the Earth-Stopper, who is determined to do his work in a conscientious manner, are a small game terrier dog, a bill-hook and a handy plate spade. Of spades the one with the narrow, concave "business end" is the best.

Let us suppose that it is the last week in August or the beginning of September, and the Keeper has had notice that the Hounds will draw his coverts a week hence. On arriving at the scene of his labours, he proceeds to run his dog through the earth to make sure that no living creature is stopped in. Possibly a fox or two may bolt; more probably not, if the weather be fine and warm. Every hole or spout should be tried, as a matter of

precaution, though in a head of earths, with a dozen or more spouts, probably all of them communicate one with another.

The Earth-Stopper next takes his bill-hook and proceeds to make some small faggots or bavins; blackthorn is the best material, and, failing that, white-thorn, gorse or holly. The faggots must be securely fastened with a string or binder, and must be so arranged that one end, at which are the thick stumps of the branches, is smaller than the other, the bushy end.

We will suppose the head of earths to consist of a dozen spouts; the Earth-Stopper, having made a faggot for every spout, proceeds to ram the smaller end of the faggot into the spout as far as he can get it. He then cuts a good, strong stake and sharpens one end of it; this stake he drives through the faggot, *in front of the binder*, and with his spade hammers it firmly into the ground. A few spadefuls of soil will make all secure.

He treats in this way nine or ten of the dozen spouts, leaving untouched the two or three places which show the most signs of use. The corresponding faggots he lays in a convenient place, perhaps by the nearest big tree, where he can put his hand on them without fail in the dark. The foxes, finding their favourite places untouched, will not attempt to draw the spouts which have been stopped up.

The night before the Hounds are to come our conscientious Keeper makes his way to the earth, at dark or just after, when in fine weather the cubs and the old vixen are almost sure to be out and about. He runs his dog through the earth to make sure; then he takes his spare faggots, rams them securely into the open

spouts, and his work is done. Very possibly his tampering with the earth on the first occasion has made the foxes desert it temporarily. But directly one of the cubs is pressed or frightened he will make his way to the earth he remembers as his home, only to find the entrance barred to him. He must then trust to his own resources, and that is how good foxes are made.

When the Hounds have killed their cub and gone home, the Keeper can remove the two or three temporary faggots until the next time he is required to stop his earths; all he has to do then can be done in five minutes.

All this may seem very simple and commonplace, yet there are uncommonly few Keepers who have sufficient foresight to adopt the plan described, simple though it be. Most of them are content to stroll up in an afternoon and throw a few stones or old roots into the holes. If there is a fox inside, when he wants to come out he simply shoves them out of the way, and thus leaves the earth unstopped. Or it may be that a fox pressed by Hounds makes his way to the earth; it does not take him many moments to shift the stones or roots enough to gain an entrance. Perhaps the Keeper in an access of virtuous zeal may take his spade and put a few sods or spits of soil into the mouth of the earth; this will probably stop a fox hard pressed by Hounds, but it will not prevent one who is returning from his nightly forage from scratching his way in.

Then there are the badgers, which in many countries are a fearful nuisance. They seem to love digging for its own sake, and will quickly undo the work of a careless or lazy earth-stopper. But the method of stopping described above, if properly carried

out, will defy the most resolute badger that ever drew an earth. The faggot system costs time and trouble at the outset, but the other plans cause constant labour for the Stopper and constant disappointment for Huntsman and Hounds.

In many countries the field drains are a much greater nuisance than the natural earths, especially in dry seasons. Farmers naturally object to having them stopped with faggots, and gratings set in masonry are too expensive. A plan that is simple and effectual, and at the same time causes no mischief, is to drive several stakes into the ground at the mouth of the drain, close against the pipe and about two inches apart. Thus a twelve-inch pipe will require three or four stakes. Plenty of room is left for the water to get away, and, if necessary, the centre stake can be dropped loosely into a hole, so that it can be removed and replaced at will, instead of being firmly rammed into the ground.

Those earths that exist in odd places, and for which no one is responsible, are better blown up or dug out altogether, or stopped up permanently with faggots, over which stones and earth are heaped. It is impossible to get them properly stopped when required, unless a man is employed specially for that purpose. And as they are usually known to every poacher and fox-stealer for miles round, they are dangerous places for a vixen to lay up her cubs.

After the end of February, or before that in very early seasons, the earths that are in safe and desirable places should be opened for the vixens. Harm will not often result from "putting to" in the morning before hunting.

The foregoing hints on a somewhat neglected subject may prove of interest or even of some slight practical value. At any rate, they are the outcome not of theory but of actual experience.

BLACKTHORN.

"Our Van."

Manchester November Meeting.—Now that the existence of New Barns as the territory of the Manchester Race Company is drawing to an end, it is putting on its best behaviour climatically, and twice in succession we have had weather that has been for the most part fine. It is too much to expect four, or even three, consecutive days' sunshine at Cottonopolis, and such a phenomenon is scarcely to be recorded. Whether the racing is or is not rendered invisible by fog does not appear to concern the great mass of those who pass

through the Company's portals, but I belong to the minority that likes to see something of what is going on, so I enjoyed the novel spectacle of being able to witness the first five races at least. By the time the last race came on the fog had crept up from the canal. Mr. Manning, of the Newmarket firm of architects who are carrying out the work on the stands and offices of the new course at Castle Irwell, tells me that, so far, he has not seen any fog there, although the river forms the boundary of the ground on which the course is

laid out for a large portion of its circumference. Let us hope for the best.

There was plenty of good racing before we came to the November Handicap. Laffan, by winning two Nurseries, the Lancaster and the Worsley, each time carrying a penalty, completed a nice sequence of three, commenced at Derby in the Osmaston Plate, in a merry little field of twenty-five. The interesting Lancashire Handicap had been won by Addendum, and Lexicon, who was destined to win a sensational race in the big event, had been well beaten by Cracko at 9lb. over a mile and three furlongs. I do not think that Cracko would have been fancied in the Handicap at any weight; but it should not have escaped notice in the way it did that Lexicon, a six-year-old, was carrying 6st. 13lb., whereas, as a five-year-old, he last year carried exactly a stone more. A month before he had won the Old Cambridgeshire Handicap, but this year he had done nothing; indeed, the "groggy" knee from which he suffers prevented his being trained on the hard going, and not till the rain came could he be put to any work. Previous to Manchester he had run once only, at Hurst Park. Despite his defeat by Cracko, his trainer by no means despaired of gaining a place, although the horse was not fully fit. From the moment betting began on the first day there was a notable firmness about the position of Aquascutum, and when it leaked out on the morning of the race that excuses for Santoi's running in the Derby Cup were considered by his connections to be reasonable, his price came down one-half. But plenty of others were fancied, notably Blumenane and Clarehaven, the 9st. 3lb. of the last-named notwithstanding. The race made a pretty spectacle,

and I thought how much more acceptable a contest of this sort is than your straight-away mile, of which the first four furlongs are practically invisible for all one can tell of the positions of the horses. Clarehaven ran extremely well, carrying her big burden in the van to the distance. There the weight told, and the clever ones who had brought matters down to a fine point and decided upon Aquascutum and Santoi, hugged themselves as they saw these very two pushing their way to the front. Santoi had to find an opening, but in doing so could not avoid a bump with Clarehaven, and after getting clear he swerved badly to the left. It was at this crisis that Lexicon dropped from the clouds and with all the best of the last run snatched the race by a short head. That Heppell rode a good race admits of no doubt.

Just to show what Manchester can do in the way of large fields, twenty-six ran in the Stand Plate, the next race, Maher, the most accomplished horseman of the American jockeys that have been seen in England, riding the winner, Gloucester. The following race, the Final Plate, the last flat race of the year, was won by his compatriot, Lester Reiff, who thus brought off a curious double event with his brother Johnny, he having won the first race of the season at Lincoln. Lester had already made his position as leading jockey secure, but the occasion was utilised for giving him an ovation.

Newmarket December Sales.—

If it is to be taken as a sign of the times that six days were this year necessary in order to enable Mr. Tattersall to get through the many lots entrusted to him, I hardly know how to interpret the sign. Are we to assume that the business of buying and selling race-horses is increasing, or are we to

suppose that more people than usual were eager to get rid of the horses they owned? Had the list been kept open until the applications to include lots had been exhausted, another day still, I believe, might have been added. The six days' arrangement is not a good one, because people do not have much opportunity for looking over the animals put up on the first day, but with so many horses to sell, it is difficult to see any way out of it.

The motives which cause some owners to make a clearance of their stables do not concern other people any more than do the reasons which actuate other owners in purchasing. Successful as well as unsuccessful owners of blood stock dispose of their property, in many cases to make room for fresh horses. The feature of this year's sale was the putting up of the whole of Mr. J. Musker's horses in training. Orion and Melton are two sires that are much affected by this breeder, who certainly was a very important factor in the two-year-old racing of 1900, and he had a finger in nearly every pie. Having disposed privately of the two best for something over £25,000, the remainder were sold under the hammer; and as this was done to make room for the new lot of youngsters that is coming to hand under Gilbert's care, the racing world will be on the tip-toe of expectation to see what it is that Mr. Musker follows up a wonderful season with. The top price reached was the 5,600 guineas for Lord Melton, although his career was not what one could call unchequered; next coming Hercules, by Orion, who fetched 4,000 guineas, and who will be expatriated. Britannia, who won the Brocklesby Stakes, might easily prove to be a cheap bargain to Mr. L. Brassey

at 2,400 guineas; and I do not see that much harm was done by the purchasers who paid 2,100 guineas for Bay Melton and 1,900 guineas for Canterbury, although the last-named seemed to take a fall at Doncaster when he finished three lengths behind the dead-heating Tin Soldier and Quest, the weight he was giving away not being prodigious.

Lord William Beresford sold off a number of horses that have been well identified with his name—Sibola, whose name should be included in the list of winners of the Oaks, fetching 1,950 guineas, and Lutetia 1,550 guineas. Eight of the nine of this property were bred in U.S.A., so we should presently see some infusion of American blood amongst our own. Mr. Wallace Johnstone seems to have had enough of his present lot, and Harrow was sold for 1,600 guineas, Captain Kettle fetching 1,150 guineas. In each case the price realised was a surprise, Harrow having long been considered one of the least dependable of horses, whilst the latest running of Captain Kettle was quite moderate. He will now be in the hands of F. W. Day to train, and we shall see what we shall see. The purchaser of Pheon at 1,000 guineas, if he does not realise on this on the race-course, is sure to do so at the stud, looking at the breeding of Pheon.

Amongst the great unsold, whose reserve was not reached, were such as Elopement, Simon Dale, Ameer, and King's Messenger; and how much it was a breeders' sale may be judged from the fact that Cynthia II., by Rosicrucian out of Hue and Cry, who is thirteen years old, fetched 1,050 guineas, presumably because sister to La Reine, the dam of Volodyovski.

The Jockey Club Inquiry.—The Stewards of the Jockey Club make

many inquiries during their tenure of office, and the past season has been prolific enough in them. But the most important of all was the lengthy inquiry that was started by the impugnement of the honesty of Lester Reiff as a jockey, and drifted into many channels. Comparatively early in the investigation the Stewards were convinced that Reiff was not guilty, and when they came to compare betting accounts and bank-books, they discovered, what was all along known to the ring, that none of the betting on the races in which Lester Reiff was engaged pointed to any profit that he could make by pulling his horses. One need not go very deeply into matters to realise that when a jockey finishes at the top of the tree with an average better than one in four, he has not had much scope for pulling and roping. The Stewards found that the habitual backers of the American jockeys were just as much "on" when they lost as when they won. As will always be the case when plungers are about, the Turf world was full of rumours and insinuations, and the Stewards made it their business to go into some of these matters. They found rumour to lie rather more forcibly than usual. There are plenty of people who, in all good faith, convince themselves that every suspicious or careless piece of riding one sees has its origin in the machinations of this or that professional backer. This would imply a combination of extraordinary complexity between jockeys and backers. Now that the Stewards of the Jockey Club have gone into the matter thoroughly, people's minds should be more at rest; and some gratitude should be felt towards the Stewards for undertaking what must have been an exceedingly onerous and tedious task.

The inquiry took still further scope, for it embraced some proceedings between Messrs. F. L. Gardner, the American owner lately established here, and C. A. Mills, a professional backer, on the one hand, and J. T. Sloan on the other. Through Mills Mr. Gardner had tendered Sloan a large present of money should he succeed in winning the Cambridge-shire on Codoman. This, of course, is all against the law as it is duly set forth in Rule 176, and the Stewards have been at particular pains to impress all concerned, by means of notices in the *Calendar*, that they will not permit of an infringement of the Rule. The punishment is thus set forth:—"Every person so offending shall be warned off Newmarket Heath and other places where these Rules are in force." Mr. Gardner pleaded ignorance of the law, and was let off with a fine of £25, his intermediary being treated in like fashion. As for Sloan, the practice of betting having been proven against him, he was told, by means of the *Calendar*, that he need not apply for a license. No one informed upon racing matters can be surprised at this climax, and one can only regret that so good a jockey should have brought matters to such a head. Sloan was always an important factor in a race when riding a horse possessed of the least chance. He was the means of bringing about a tremendous revolution in English racing, and it is a pity he could not live up to the better side of his reputation.

Tom Jennings.—The death of Tom Jennings removes from Newmarket one of its most familiar features; indeed, I do not know what the place will be like without "Old" Tom—in his carriage of late years, but formerly on his hack. He had been "Old" Tom

for a long time, though irreverent people substituted "Waterworks" for Tom, Mr. Jennings being chairman of the Newmarket Waterworks Company, in whose interests he was most assiduous. He was as genial a soul as ever lived; and brimming over with humour, from the tricks of which his friends were never safe. An undying story is that of the friend who wanted to purchase something to carry him for about sixty sovereigns. "Here's one to suit you," said Tom, taking the friend to a stall. The friend turned up his nose with some disparaging remark, and was soon afterwards told that the despised animal was only Gladiateur, whom, as all the world knows, Jennings trained. This was the sort of joke which Tom Jennings revelled in. He belonged to what is termed the old school, by which I suppose is meant that he did not habitually appear in frock coat, patent leather boots, and top hat. In all that appertains to the training of horses, with an especial leaning to stayers, he knew as much as both schools, old and new, put together, and more, so far as knowledge of French was concerned, he having begun life as a trainer in Italy and France. In the summer he had a very severe illness, following upon a previous trap accident, but his strong constitution enabled him to rally, and he witnessed the racing at the October meeting. But it seemed clear that the hand of death was upon him, although his actual demise at four o'clock on the morning of the 13th ult. came as a surprise, for he had been about the day before. The deceased trainer was seventy-seven years of age.

Staghunting—The Essex.—The master of the Essex hunts a pack of foxhounds as well as the staghounds. To have the health,

strength and means to see a good pack work up to their fox over a plough country, and then to chase the stag over the Roothings of Essex, one of the most flying countries in England, seems almost too much of good fortune for one man.

A friend who saw the great run from Matching Hall with the stag tells me that they want good horses in Essex. The pace was very good indeed at times, particularly from Moor Hall to the first check at Little Laver. Hounds came away in view of the hind from the Hall.

The ditches are big and terrifying, so that it is not remarkable that few saw the stag taken near Roxwell. The point was eleven miles, the time about two hours, which facts speak for themselves as to the pace.

Only I believe one of those who got to the end—Mr. Christy—succeeded in finding a second horse.

The Queen's.—When a pack is but seven miles away the temptation to join it is irresistible. The Queen's at Great Marlow in a wet season promises a run through the Buckinghamshire beechwoods, where the scent is often good.

The stag uncartered at Seymours, on the hill above Marlow, defied Strickland's best efforts by running up to the road. From the moment that hounds swung away from the road, the pace was very good indeed, and it was a case of sitting down and riding at the pack to keep with them. The stag was eventually taken at Amersham.

Melton.—The town and neighbourhood hardly fill up completely till the middle of November. There are a good many people who do not enjoy hunting till the leaf is off the bushes and the country rideable. Now, however, it is hardly possible to go out

hunting without seeing some faces familiar in the past, though new for this season.

Captain de Winton, of the Imperial Yeomanry, and Mr. Swinburne, who was in Mafeking during the siege, are among those who have returned. The Duke of Roxburgh has been out in the Atherstone country. Captain "Doggie" Smith has been on a visit, and has had a fall with the Belvoir. Lord and Lady Winchester are at Cold Newton, and Prince Demidoff and the Princess (both of whom shared in a late adventurous hunt for Ovis Ammon) are at the Limes. Quenby still stands vacant and picturesque on the ridge above the railway. Since neither Melton nor Market Harborough boasts of a polo ground, polo is not so well represented there, Mr. Durlacher and Mr. McCreery representing only the great game. But if Melton is not very great in polo players, it is remarkable for its lady riders and hounds. I note, by the way, that the blue collar, which was so common some seasons ago, is going out of vogue. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther and Lady Augusta Fane only are among the few who still wear it. One of the features of Melton this year are the horses ridden by some of those who are in every sense leading ladies. Lady Warwick's brown and her chestnut, Lady Angela Forbes' white-flecked bay, Lady Downshire's chesnuts. (The man who schooled these horses deserves a good mark.) A horse ridden by Mrs. Asquith, and one of the same colour belonging to Mrs. Lawson, are, with a great raking horse of Miss Muriel Vickers, some of the very best that have been seen in Leicestershire this season. Lady Downshire, after her experiences in Berkshire and with the Meath, finds nothing

to stop her in Leicestershire, and is going very well. Mrs. R. B. Muir, Mrs. Russell Monro, and Lady Hartopp are as ever among the keenest ladies of the hunt. Captain Burns - Hartopp progresses steadily, and though even now he is very ill, we hope we may soon learn he is on the way to complete recovery.

The Quorn. — The run of the season was from Ragdale on Monday, November 19th. A life-time of pleasure was concentrated in a short space of time. Leaving Ragdale, followers realised what was before them when the fox ran over the Hoby Vale. The Wreake was the first check to our pleasure. Beyond the river is a railway. A rotten bridge, a kindly miller and his man bustling out with sacks and planks, made the delay as short as may be. But one almost hated those whose turn came first. Hounds ran on, and some got back to them near Queniborough as they swung to the right. They changed no doubt after crossing the river, and a very few saw hounds throw up their heads near Barkly Thorpe.

The Cottesmore. — The Essex Union must be a splendid schooling ground for a huntsman. This experience, utilised by brains, is rapidly bringing Thatcher to the front rank as a huntsman. There have been two great runs added to the record of the Punchbowl, and the writer can recall two others some twenty years ago. A leading sportsman told me that in forty years' hunting he could recall only six first-rate runs, but here in twenty years are four all from the same covert. The second of the two recent runs was perhaps the best. Reader, you know the Punchbowl, a snug little covert almost opposite Leesthorpe Hall, and just below the

ridge that leads to Burrough. Hounds put in at the top, fox out at the bottom. Music in covert, scent and silence outside. To Ranksborough from the Punch-bowl is three miles, not of the smoothest. Who could have believed we could have got there so soon? Did he go into the gorse? It seemed hardly possible. Cold Overton was in front, with its hall and church-tower on the top of a rise; but the fox changed his mind. Orton Park Wood, of course, and from there to Lady Wood, is no distance. But this fox has curious ideas. He actually skirted Owston little and big woods. To ground in a drain. Terriers, spades. "Quite right to dig, for the fox was nearly dead when Thatcher handled him." What a country! No plough. Golden Mint, of racing fame, fell twice, but the master was unhurt. Messrs. Fenwick and Gordon Cunard had mud on their coats, for the falling was soft. The pace good at times, they ran for an hour and a half with hardly a check.

Belvoir.—There is not much to tell of Belvoir hunting, yet for those who had eyes to see the sight of the fashionable prize puppy Dasher, son of Dexter, working hard and steadily over a line of cold plough some eight miles in length was not without significance. In a few years the blood of this beautiful, rich-coloured hound will be in every kennel in England. The man who cares for hunting and hounds can never have a dull day with the Belvoir. Fifty minutes in the afternoon of the Buckminster day from Burbidges to ground in Mr. Russell Monro's garden at Somerby was the treat for the riders.

Market Harborough.—Those who hunt from the pleasant Lei-

cestershire town have not had particularly good sport during the past month, chiefly because foxes have not been very bold nor scent very serviceable.

The question of the Pytchley mastership is not settled yet, but probably every interest would be best suited if Lord Southampton would take the country. Mr. Wroughton could then take the Woodland Pytchley. But, of course, if Lord Southampton consents, he must be allowed to hunt hounds himself, and there might be a hitch here if the hunt object to an amateur huntsman. There is, however, a commentary on this in the fact that the best run to record on this side is with the Woodland Pytchley from Pipewell. Nine miles in a period of little over an hour is good. The run was marred by the fact that foxes were changed about Gretton. The pack drove on with the fresh one. A very tired fox was viewed back into Porter's Coppice.

The Warwickshire.—When you have a superlative pack like the Belvoir or the Warwickshire, it is almost as much fun to see them work out a moderate line as a very good one. The Warwickshire are not perhaps quite such a pack as the Belvoir, but as a whole the country is better. Upton Wood was their best day, the ground heavy, the scent good, the pace ditto, Mr. Freake going right well, and Brown always within hail of his hounds. Mr. Freake is well known at polo, and his cross-country riding is a treat to see, so resolute, so quiet, and he is always in front. The pace of this run was as good as anything there has been this season.

The Rufford.—It was a pity that Lord Manvers could not see the great run his hounds had from Milton Osiers. However, he was present at the meet. Hounds ran

right away, going very straight to and over the river. Twice he crossed a river and once the railway, so it was small blame to the field that the hounds had the best of them. At Retford, into the very confines of which they ran, an eager and rather noisy crowd got the hounds' heads up and the fox escaped.

The Brocklesby.—The wire question has cropped up in this country. This is, as Lord Yarborough well observed in his letter, a question for the followers of the hunt and for tenant farmers. No master can entirely succeed in getting rid of barbed wire, but in a country like the Brocklesby, where hounds are kept up free of expense practically for the benefit of residents—for this part of Lincolnshire does not attract large numbers of strangers,—it is essentially a question for the majority to decide. In all hunts, moreover, the members are generally men of influence individually and belong to a variety of classes, and it is by collective effort and pressure, and that alone, that wire can be got rid of.

The Fitzwilliam.—This pack, which hunts over one of the best plough countries in England, does not often find a chronicler. You could not exactly say of them that they were fashionable, but the sport is none the worse for that. W. Barnard is now first whipper-in and K. H., and some readers may recollect him as the very excellent first whipper-in to the Croom in Mr. Wrangham's time.

The Finances of a Great Hunt.—The cost of hunting a fashionable country, where everything is done well but not extravagantly, is exemplified in the current statement of the Quorn hunt. The hon. secretary, Mr. Tempest Wade, is widely known throughout Leices-

tershire as a first-rate man of business, and Captain Burns-Hartopp is a practical farmer. Leaving out fractions the total receipts were £5,707, of which subscriptions form by far the larger part. The sum of £6,255 was spent. Damages account for £773, which seems in no way extravagant, considering the size of the fields which follow the hunt. But the Quorn farmers are notably friendly as a class to hunting. Poultry seems a very large item, £1,429. This suggests poultry farming in a grass country to the writer as a provision for his old age. The rent of coverts amounts to £334. It will thus be seen that poultry and damages cost as much to the hunt, within a little, as the hounds and horses. There is a deficit of over £500, but in a hunt like the Quorn there should be no difficulty in making this up.

Accidents and Events.—The number of mishaps on the hunting field is not large, compared with the number of those who hunt. They are not, on that account, less regrettable. Of masters of hounds Captain Burns-Hartopp, Earl Manvers and Mr. Gerald Hardy have all been laid up during the past month. Miss Paul, a well-known Norfolk lady, had a very nasty accident. Her horse reared up and fell over backwards in a gateway. The only satisfactory thing about the lamented accident to Mr. Childerhouse is that the cause was an ordinary hunting risk, and the jury quite justly exempted everyone from blame. I lay stress on this, because the accident has been attributed to wire, whereas it was sheep netting. Mr. Hanbury's fatal accident will cast a gloom over the members of the Warwickshire, and the loss of such a popular and good supporter will

be much felt. Mr. Allen, of the Woodland Pytchley, lost a valuable horse and had a very narrow escape himself through his horse falling over barbed wire. Of course there have been plenty of minor accidents, but those belong to the chances of the game.

Captain Walter Faber, hon. secretary of the Tedworth, had an ugly fall; his horse came down at a fence, and Captain Faber sustained a broken wrist.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds.

—By no means brilliant has been the opening scene of the play this pack has put upon the boards for the season, in fact, the rehearsals of the first month have borne but little fruit up to the time of writing, and it will be far into the new year before we shall have the pleasure of participating in the rare gallops with this pack which stand out so prominently on memory's dial, gallops, the lustre of which, can never fade when we picture Fred Cox on "Water Baby," or later on, "All Fours," or either of their contemporary companions of the Mentmore and Ascott Stables, with poor regretted Mark Howcutt to turn the pack to him on Sultan, or either of his bold blood mounts. However, the past is gone, enter the present! Let us, my masters, make the most of what is vouchsafed to us; return home contented from such a gallop as fell to our lot from Whitchurch on Friday, November 30th, when, after traversing some of the very cream of the Vale pastures on the Creslow side hounds set their heads over what the late Mr. George Greaves always designated the most charming country in England. Leaving Whitchurch for the second time the pack drove forward over the Marston and Grandboro Valley to Winslow Road Station and encroaching

upon the domains of that fine sportsman, Sir Edmund Verney, the whole of the Claydons were tapped ere the end eventually came at Claydon Home Wood. On December 3rd, a gallop over much of the same country; but originating at Cublington was the programme. Lord Orkney took his matutinal tub in cold instead of chilled water by probing the depths of the brook, while one other well-known cheery example of England's sportsmen took a most unenviable toss in mid field. Still he came up smiling and doubtless will be all the more eager to entertain his yeomen friends as of yore since he has a vested interest in the land he rides over. Winslow Road Station saw the finish of this gallop after crossing much of the same ground as on the previous Friday. The gallop of the season so far came with December 10th, when by time honoured custom these hounds met at Mr. Blick Morris's, at Hoggaston. A really large and influential field was present, including many Bicester men, and hounds settled to work with a vengeance, going away by Bushmead to Creslow and thence across the well-known waterditch under Norduck to Burston's and Aston Abbott's. Passing the covert, hounds touched Rowsham as they raced on across the valley below Wingrave, and leaving grief and disaster in their rear, came up to and recaptured their stag close to the L.N.W. Railway on the Boarscroft-Farm: fifty-five minutes of the best.

The Whaddon Chase.—A remarkably good autumn's work has been followed up by equally enjoyable sport since the season commenced, and each day hounds have been out satisfactory toll has been taken of the foxes of the country. Perhaps the day which

stands out most prominently amongst the rest was a Saturday from Salden Windmill, for finding at once in a patch of gorse on Mr. Amos's land at Drayton Parslow, hounds ran fast to Muresley and back by Salden Woods to the Thrift at Whaddon. As a rule, foxes dwell in this stronghold; but on this occasion there was no chance for lingering, and the hunt drove forward at a good pace to Foxholes and Narberries, finally killing their fox on the railway at Swanborn Gorse. The gallop of the day, however, originated at Villiers Gorse, for hounds simply raced over the Stoke Hammond Bottoms to Hollingdon and Soulbury, marking their fox to ground between the village and the L.N.W. railway; the most amusing part of the play being the truly philosophical manner in which Mr. H. Lawson took his ducking in a small brook, the penalty for following too closely on the heels of the huntsman's horse over a place which required careful negotiation. Had it been Sir Wilfrid himself, he could not have taken to water more kindly, or demonstrated his theories more aptly. The second visit to Villiers Gorse was also productive of a smart scurry across by Drayton Parslow to Highhavens, where the pack were stopped at dark.

Coming into December, on the 4th inst., when from Whitchurch Sturman excelled himself in hunting, twisting turning foxes to their death. Chopping one in Creslow as a preliminary, hounds then settled to his companion, drove him by Mr. Rowland's house to Hurtwell Hill, and having touched Dunton and Littlecot, recrossed the valley to Cublington, this fox yielded up his brush in the bottom below Norduck. From Lionel Gorse a very interesting hunt was

worked out in the Vale of Aylesbury proper, Hardwick, Berryfield and Whitchurch all figuring in the line ere they rolled their fox over below Holborn Hill.

Hunting in the North.—November has seen a fair average of sport in the North, and it may be fairly said that we have not had such a good opening to the season for the last four or five years. December also opened well, and it has been a characteristic of the season so far that good sport has been general. This does not necessarily imply that there have been many brilliant runs, or that there have been no moderate days. Brilliant runs have been, as they always will be, the exception, and moderate days we are sure to have in this changeable climate. But hounds have generally been able to run at some period of the day, and there are at least two *good* days to record.

Two Good Days.—The two good days were Monday, October 19th, and Saturday, September 1st, on which days hounds seemed to run well all over the North country. In respect to the first day, Tom Smith, who may be regarded as a reliable authority on the subject, expressed the opinion that it was the best scenting day he had experienced for the last four or five years; and, certainly, for the last two or three years there have not been so many tired horses as there were on the evening of that eventful day. Over grass and on plough, on woodland and on moor, hounds ran hard and fast, and the ground they crossed seemed to have no influence on the pace—a sure sign that scent was good. The going was hock deep, and, as a matter of course, falls were easy to get. But, though dirty coats were numerous, happily no serious injuries have to be recorded.

Monday, November 19th.—To begin with the **York and Ainsty**, whose fixture was Strensall, a fox was found at once in Mr. Frank Green's covert at Lilling Green, and hounds raced at top pace over a very stiff country, over the Sheriff Hutton road, by Cornborough and Tarlington Low covert up to Tarlington village, and over the Tarlington road, pointing for Whenby. They swung left-handed here, leaving Tarlington village to the right, and ran a ring round by Moxby to the Tarlington road, where they were run out of scent, owing, no doubt, to a change of foxes having taken place at a critical period of the run. Suel cover then provided a brace of foxes, with one of which hounds were away smartly over the Huxby lane and the Sutton road to Plainville, where they were run out of scent. Mr. Lycett Green drew Haxby Whin for his afternoon fox, and for the best run of the day. Hounds raced over the Sutton road and by Broad Oak, over Bohemia, and into the Fox covert and New Parks, and then, swinging to the left, they ran on nearly to Sutton on the Forest, where they were stopped, after running half-an-hour at top pace. Beaten horses were scattered about all over this severe country.

The Bramham Moor met at Deighton Bar. They found in Smiler's Whin, and ran hard down to the river at Walshford Bridge. Turning sharply left-handed, they ran back nearly to Smiler's Whin, and crossing the Boroughbridge road, marked their fox to ground in the Doctor's plantation. They found again in Deighton Spring, and ran fast down to the Cringle, and turned along the beck side, leaving Bramham Wood on the right. Crossing the Harrogate road, they

pointed for Spofforth, but turned right-handed by Plompton, and through the Warren to Plompton Rocks, and finally they were run out of scent on the banks of the Nidd, opposite Goldsborough; time: 40 minutes, the first twenty-five very fast. They found again in Cocked Hat Whin, and raced by Clap Wood, over the Walls to Kirkby Overblow. Thence they ran on over Spofforth Haggs to Spacey House Whin, where they rolled the fox over after seventeen minutes at top pace over the grass.

The Cleveland had a capital day's sport from Gribdale Gate on the same day, running clean away from everyone in the first run, and eating their fox before anyone got to them. They killed a brace of foxes, and finished out a hard day in the neighbourhood of Newton Wood, where they kept changing foxes. **The Sinnington** also had a very fine run over the rough part of the country. They met at Riccal Bridge, and ran the fox to ground in the heart of the Bilsdale. Needless to say that very few were there.

Saturday, December 1st.—**The Morpeth**, who had been showing some good sport on the fine wild country, met at Creswell Hall, and had a brilliant finish to a somewhat tame opening. They found their first fox near the Lodge at Creswell Hall, and getting a good start, when he had a very narrow escape of being chopped, they ran him, at a good pace, over a not very nice country by Ellington Dene and Ellington village and along the banks of Ellington burn nearly to Linton, where he went to ground after a burst of twenty minutes. A second fox was found in the gardens at Creswell, and after half-an-hour's ringing run, at a very slow pace, round about Creswell, they marked

him to ground in the same earth that sheltered the first fox. It was not till late in the day that the run came. About three o'clock they found in Ulgham Park wood, and ran hard by Robin Hood and over the Peigh Hills to Earsdon Hill. Over West Forest they ran to Helm-on-Hill, not far from where they crossed the Great North road, and ran by Eshott Heugh and Brockenfield into the Howdens. Thence they ran along Hedley Banks and parallel to the Coquet to the Rothbury road, where they crossed below Weldon bridge. Thristley Haugh and the Birks and Brinkburn Priory were passed, and turning away by Garret Lea Farm to Wingates village, they ran on to Nunny Kirk, where hounds were stopped at 4.35 p.m. Ten minutes' more daylight would have accounted for this good fox, which hounds thoroughly deserved. It was fully an eight-mile point, and as hounds ran, about thirteen.

Lord Middleton's met at Whitwell. They found in the Willow Garth near Kirkham Station, but the fox went to ground at once, and it was with their second fox from Wray wood that they had the run. A turn round the covert, and they went away by Welburn village and Brandrith to Ganthorpe, and pointed for Sutttenham wood. Turning to the right, they ran by Terrington and over the Carrs to Hovingham South wood, where they skirted, running hard to Scackleton and over the Low Moor, pointing for Flat Top House. Turning to the right before they got to the Dalby road, they rolled their fox over in the open below Stearsby, after a fine run of an hour and twenty-seven minutes.

The York and Ainsty fixture was Raskelf Station. They found their first fox, the one with which they had the run in Brafferton

Spring, and rattled him along at a capital pace, pointing first for Clark's wood and over the Birdforth beck to Dalton bridge. Turning left-handed here, they ran along the river banks to Crakehill, where they ran into their fox, after a very good thirty-five minutes. They found again in Sessay wood, and ran smartly over the railway nearly to Clark's wood, but recrossed the railway near Sessay Parks, and ran into their fox near Sessay village, after a smart burst of about twenty minutes.

Ireland—Hunting.—"Twenty-six wet hunting days in November," and only three fine ones, up to the time of receiving these Notes in December, will give to the readers of BAILY a better idea of the state of Ireland from a riding point of view than many descriptive words, and yet in spite of the elements good runs, especially in the beginning of last month, came thick and fast. The Carlow and Island hounds had a magnificent run—since the last number of BAILY went to press—of which Mr. Robert Watson is deservedly proud, and for a wonder it took place in delightful weather. The veteran master found his fox in Maplestown gorse, and passing close to Rathdaniel and Friarstown coverts, the game fellow made a seven and a-half mile point when he had almost reached Grangeford gorse. He turned from this sanctuary also and ran on to within two fields of Castlemore, but discarding this refuge too he bent to the left, crossed the river Slaney, near the town of Tullow, and hounds came to their final check on the railway not very far from Lord Rathdonnell's demesne of Linsneagh. A train was due, and so hounds could not be cast till too late, so here the hunt ended, after

two hours sixteen minutes, when hounds had run over sixteen and a-half miles. This fox was found again three weeks later in the same covert, this time in dreadful weather, and was lost near Friarstown.

Castlecomer Hounds.—Mr. Wandesforde's best run this season by a long way was a very fine seventy minutes from Derryfore, a famous old Queen's County covert, to one of Lord De Vesci's big woods at Abbeyleix; here there was a shooting party, so hounds were stopped.

Galway.—In this county the skies are very often soft, and the extra dash of wet seems only to have enhanced the sport of Mr. Poyser and the Blazers, which has been frustrated from the commencement. The *bonne bouche* so far was a wonderfully perfect pursuit from Knockdoe gorse, when hounds ran almost dead straight for the first forty minutes over a line, which being in the cream of that county cannot be surpassed anywhere. Then as the fox began to run short the pace decreased, but hounds were close to him when he got to ground near Castle Hackett, after making an eight-mile point. Perhaps the orthodox kill in the open would have been the most fitting crown for such work, but one cannot help being glad so good a fox lives to run again. And these hounds do not want blood, for they have killed a lot of foxes. Shortly after the above great performance they had a capital hunt from Castle Lambert of forty minutes to Castle Ellen, and then rolled over an afternoon fox from Goodbodys Wood in the open near Raheen, hounds running very hard most of the time. Another bit of good work came a few days later when they found in Hampstead gorse and killed in Vermont.

Kildare.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been out hunting with these hounds as well as in Meath, and their presence has been warmly welcomed and has been much appreciated. Colonel St. Leger Moore, the late master of the Kildare hounds, has returned from South Africa, and has also been out to the great gratification of all; although a good deal pulled down and riding in bandages he was able to enjoy himself. Scent has not been good in Kildare, and Thursday has been the lucky day of the week so far. Narraghmore Wood has been already a great "stand by," and many good gallops have been seen in this neighbourhood. It provided a very nice forty minutes on the 6th ult., when hounds lost their fox near Colbinstown under the light of the "chaste cold" moon. In the Dunlayn country these hounds have had one or two good days; on one of these we had three nice gallops. No. 1 from Cryhelp to Copelands ended in blood after twenty minutes; No. 2 was a very fast thirty-five minutes from Churchtown to Ballyhook and back; and No. 3 a lively dart of fifteen minutes from the same covert to Copelands.

Kilkenny.—In this best of scenting countries, and with an exceptionally clever huntsman at the head of affairs, they have had of course a lot of good sport, but the weather has been truly dreadful and scent by no means consistent though generally good in covert. Mr. Langrishe had one very good day in the Rossmore country and brought off two runs from that famous covert. The first of these was a ring of an hour and three minutes back to the gorse, when they changed to a fresh fox and rattled him

fast over a good country to ground in twenty-two minutes. They were at Gowran early in December, and gave the coverts there a great dusting, forcing several foxes away from the big demesne and finally rolling over one after a nice ring. A pleasant hunt of twenty-five minutes from Bishopslough then wound up a good day. But a real Kilkenny gallop took place early in the same month, when hounds ran almost absolutely straight from Lower Killeen to Carrickshock, and then on to the Newmarket gate of Castlemorres—a five and a-half mile point. Time: up to this, fifty minutes from the departure of the fox. Just outside Castlemorres gate the fox was viewed in the same field as the hounds, but cattle intervened, and he got into the demesne and was lost in the fog on the hill at the back of the house. Then followed a ring from Carrickshock.

Limerick. — Captain Frank Wise, we learn, has arrived safe and sound from South Africa, and will take over the command from Mr. Higgins, who has had a lot of capital sport and who has proved himself a very capable M.F.H. Many of his old friends from Tipperary came down for a day with Mr. Higgins lately and were well rewarded.

"Villainous weather but very fine sport" heads a budget of notes from **Meath**, where after much bad scenting weather Mr. John Watson has lately been giving his followers a lot of the best of fun. One item was a chase that is destined to remain famous in this season's annals, although it was a run that hounds had a great deal the best of; and it may also be said that none but a very good pack of hounds could have done such a performance. The meet was at Elm Grove on

the first of last month, and no sport worthy of mention was had till hounds found in the afternoon in Potterton's gorse. They at once began to run hard, and when they crossed the Stonyford river completely got the better of the field, who had a hard gallop for the bridge, the pack having then run for thirty minutes. They then held on by Muchwood and Portown, entering Westmeath, and ran on to Riversdale; here hounds were caught by the M.F.H., Captains Harry Fowler and Cecil Featherstonhaugh with Fred Ash the first whip. They rattled on then through Riversdale, bent to the right and ran by Ratharney village to Grangemore and on to Craddenstown, where but for the feeble light of the moon it was dark, so here Mr. Watson stopped hounds who had run nearly nineteen miles and had made a point of nine and three-quarter miles in a little over two hours.

There is no better covert in Northern Meath than Farran Alcock, but for the last season or two it has failed to keep up its old reputation. On the 6th ult., however, it held one of quite the old sort who ran to Curraghtown and Bellair, and turned in a wide left-handed sweep back to the covert, which he did not quite enter, but pegged away till the Moat of Kilbeg was reached when he made for, and gained, Cruicetown. Here he found no rest but was forced away to Brittas and on over the stream into White-wood which he reached in one hour and twenty minutes. An evening gallop then followed from Rathmanoe into Moynalty, when hounds pulled down their fox under the church wall.

A nice day in the Dublin country followed this good sport, and again Mr. Watson gave plenty of

galloping to a very large field which included T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince Francis of Teck. Then began with a run, chiefly a woodland one, and a kill from Killeen, then followed a smart twenty-five minutes from Pellatstown to Boylans, ran out and killed. Forced another away from Boylans and had a "clinker" the main earth at Kilrue.

In Tipperary also they are, at time of writing, having a great run of sport, most thoroughly deserved by Mr. Richard Burke, whose success is always pleasant to hear of. Perhaps his very best day among a lot of good ones was on December 1st, when he had a great ring of sixty-five minutes from Kiltinan. The fox ran by Loughcoppie to Grove on nearly to Thorney bridge, and wheeling went back by Miltown and Grangebeg to Kiltinan, where he got to ground. Then came from Bennett's Hill a wonderful run of two hours and twenty minutes through Rathkenny on for Drangan, turned down to the heavy vale again and leaving Rathkenny on the right ran through Garranguile, Ballinard and Brook Hill up into Bennett's Hill. Through the covert and away over a famous line into Knockelly pastures and on by Peppardstown to the bank of the St. Johnstown river; along the bank of this they worked till the fox found a crossing place, when he ran on nearly to Coolmore, but turned to the left till close to Fethard, when a turn back took them once more to Bennett's Hill where the earth had been opened, a welcome shelter to a gallant fox after a sixteen-mile pursuit.

In the old Curraghmore country they are having capital fun with the new **Waterford** hounds, who are warmly welcome every-

where. Mr. G. Malcolmson does everything in capital style and, better still, shapes right well as a huntsman. He goes just where his hounds go as if it were a matter of conscience to do so, but is very quiet and perhaps even a little too patient like most harrier huntsmen are when first transferring their attentions to fox. But Mr. Charles Nugent-Humble and Mr. W. Anderson, both ex-masters of foxhounds, look on in critical approval, and Lord Waterford, who is as keen a houndsman as he is about the actual riding business, is unmistakably pleased. Nearly every day these hounds have been out of late has been a good one, and their first week in December may serve as a sample. Tuesday 4th, Holy Cross. Found in Lane Fox's lower covert, ran fast and twistingly for twenty minutes; a strong cub-he got into Carrickanore with hounds at his brush but saved himself in a rabbit burrow. Drew Mount Congreve, found a leash, great covert hunting for twenty-three minutes, then raced over the grass and out for Amber Hill, turned at the railway and ran by the Reservoir at Pouldrew to Darrigle and stopped hounds after an hour and sixteen minutes' hunting. Thursday: Found in a gorse near Tramore, a good scent, hounds ran so hard that they closed with their fox and pulled him down in twenty-five minutes. Found again in Amber Hill and ran by Pembroke's town for over an hour, when hounds again got into the same field with their fox, but although he was nearly caught when crossing a road the leading hound fell back from the fence and Reynard got to ground in a drain in the next field and was left in peace.

Saturday.—A terrible day of rain. Hounds at Guilca, ran fast

from Ballyvad to Carrickanure and lost on the rough ground beyond the covert—thirty minutes. Found in a bit of outlying gorse near Ballydurn, ran hard into the big covert and left him there; found in another “knock” and ran in terrible rain slowly into Curraghmore.

Corrections—“Baily's Hunting Directory.”—By an unfortunate printer's error the amount of the subscription of the Burton Hunt was made to appear as about £5,000. It should be “about £500.” In the lists of winners at the Peterborough Foxhound Show, pages 348-9, some corrections have been notified. The winning bitches given as Mr. Wroughton's in 1898 should have appeared as Mr. Austin Mackenzie's, while the two couple of unentered bitches awarded second prize in 1899 were the property of Mr. Wroughton, and not Mr. Mackenzie as stated. In regard to the show of 1900, we are advised that the Master of the Warwickshire, having discovered two days after the show that his two couples of entered doghounds were ineligible for the 1st prize which had been awarded them (Tudor and Turncoat having won in 1898), made the prize over to Mr. Wroughton as Master of the Pytchley, whose two couples had been placed second.

The Hunt Servants' Benefit Society.—Lord Zetland, who has always taken the most active interest in this society, of which he is President, appeals for subscriptions to a special fund, that annuities to old hunt servants may commence at an earlier age than the means of the Society will now permit. As he truly says, a huntsman of over fifty, who, owing to change of mastership, or other cause, loses his situation, often finds it extremely hard to

obtain another, though still active and equal to his duties. The Society now grants annuities to men after they have reached the age of 60 or 65 years; but the great desirability of granting annuities at 50 or 55 years is universally acknowledged, and this can only be done if the special fund of £7,000 be raised. We feel sure that Lord Zetland's appeal will not be made in vain, and that the scheme need only be brought to the notice of hunting men to receive their hearty support. Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary of the Society at 40, Brompton Road, London, S.W.

Stanmore Park School.—We learn that the Rev. Vernon Royle, who for many years past has held a high and responsible position at Elstree Preparatory School for Eton and Harrow, has opened a school of his own at Stanmore Park, near Harrow. Stanmore Park was until recently the residence of Lord Wolverton, and is a very beautiful and healthy place. Mr. Royle was a famous cricketer in his college days; he played in the 'Varsity eleven in 1875 and 1876, and before he went to Oxford played for Cheshire. One of his noteworthy feats was a score of 205 in the match Cheshire v. Staffordshire Borderers at Chelford in 1874. Mr. W. N. Roe, also from Elstree, joins Mr. Royle at Stanmore. This gentleman's name is familiar to cricketers of middle age. He played in the Cambridge eleven of 1882 and 1883, and was a more than useful bowler. Mr. Roe is one of the few batsmen who have piled up a score exceeding 400. This he accomplished on July 12th, 1881, Emmanuel College v. Caius, when he made 415 not out. With such men at the head of affairs boys should have a rare training before going to the public school,

and we wish Messrs. Royle and Roe every success in their new scholastic enterprise.

Polo in Spain.—The popularity of polo increases every year. A correspondent tells us that the game has been warmly taken up in Southern Spain, and that Seville, Granada, and Jerez have polo clubs. The club at the last-named town distinguished itself by beating a team from Gibraltar, which paid a visit to Jerez in October. The soldiers brought their ponies a distance of 60 miles through the cork forests, and were most hospitably entertained for a week at Jerez. The teams were :—

JEREZ.	GIBRALTAR.
Manuel de Ysasi (back)	M. P. Hancock (back)
Luis de Ysasi (2)	H. E. Allen (2)
Diego de Agreda (3)	W. Arthy (3)
Carl Williams (1)	E. S. Brand (1)
Umpire : P. N. Gonzalez.	

The rank and fashion of the town turned out to watch the game, and were gratified to see their fellow-countrymen could hold their own. The British team were evidently surprised to find they had to confront players who so thoroughly understood the game. They made a good fight of it, but after a desperately hard struggle were beaten by five goals to two. Among the Spaniards the play of the captain, Manuel de Ysasi, was particularly brilliant. Luis de Ysasi, brother of the captain, backed him up well.

The Christmas Shows.—The mild weather which prevailed during the latter part of November and the first fortnight of December, favourable as it was for hunting, did not suit the exhibitors of live stock and table poultry at the Christmas Shows, for the atmosphere of the various halls in which the shows were held got terribly "muggy" in the afternoon, and it will probably have been found that a number of

the animals did not "kill" so well as usual, while the table poultry exhibited at Islington showed signs of "going" on their own account before the time came for removing them. This, however, is a contingency against which no precautions can be taken, and upon the whole the shows were quite up to the average of interest, although there was a slight decrease in the entries of stock at Norwich, a more appreciable falling off at Birmingham, and a marked decline in the number of cattle and sheep at Islington.

The Norwich Show did not, for some reason, attract any entries from Windsor, successful as her Majesty's exhibits have been in the Eastern Counties, but the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were both represented, the former doing very well with his Southdowns, and the latter less well with his Red Polled cattle. But the two best animals exhibited at Norwich were Mr. Learner's cross-bred heifer Ladysmith and Mr. John Wortley's Hereford steer Lord Roberts, *à propos* of which two animals it is amusing to note that the Transvaal war has fired the imagination of stock-breeders, as the "carcasses" of a Baden-Powell and a De Wet were among those exhibited at Islington. It was a close thing for the Championship between Mr. Learner's shapely heifer, a cross between the Shorthorn and the Polled Angus, and Mr. Wortley's more bulky Hereford, but the former was eventually given the preference, and Mr. Wortley consoled himself with the hope that he would turn the tables on his conqueror at Birmingham a week later. He had all the more reason for hoping this, because at Bingley Hall the Hereford would be, so to speak, on his native heath, and in one sense his hope

was well grounded, as the Birmingham judges did reverse the Norwich decision, and put the Hereford before the Cross-bred. But this, unfortunately for Mr. Wortley, did not place him at the head of the poll, as her Majesty's Shorthorn heifer Cicely, who had not been shown since she won as a yearling at the Maidstone Show of the Royal, beat them both and secured a very remarkable success for the Queen, who, having won all the three Challenge Cups of 100 guineas each with a Hereford steer the year before, now secured them for good. This was undoubtedly the chief feature of the Birmingham Show, although did space permit, there would be much that is interesting to say about the excellent entry of Polled Angus cattle, with which Lord Strathmore and Sir William Gordon-Cumming were as successful as usual, and of Shropshire sheep, in which breed Mr. Philo Mills was again the champion winner, but one missed at Bingley Hall most of the Scottish exhibitors, as the Edinburgh Show is now a serious competitor for Birmingham, the two being allowed to overlap.

Islington.—Most of the principal winners at Norwich, Birmingham and Edinburgh had been entered for the Smithfield Club, which, despite its declining entries, was for this reason so interesting, as the champion animals were thus all brought into competition. For the last two years the single judge system has been adopted by the Smithfield Club, and, whatever the demerits may be when it comes to awarding the champion prizes, it has at least the advantage of being expeditious, and when the Prince of Wales reached the Agricultural Hall at noon nearly all the class prizes had been given. His Royal

Highness, who was a very successful exhibitor, having with thirteen entries won three first prizes, three seconds, two thirds, and the Cup for the best Kerry, was received on his arrival by Mr. Leopold Rothschild, the retiring President, the Earl of Winterton, Sir Walter Gilbey and Mr. Hanbury, the new Minister of Agriculture. He remained a full hour in the hall, but could not stay to witness the champion prizes awarded, while the Duke of York, who was expected to come up from Sandringham, was unable to do so, though he would have had the satisfaction of seeing his Red Polls with two winning rosettes.

The contest for the champion prize in the cattle section was bound to be extremely close between the three which had been first, second and third at Bingley Hall and the Edinburgh champion, and one did not envy Mr. Evans his task of discriminating between such different breeds. After having selected Mr. Wortley's Hereford as the best steer, he was left with the Queen's Shorthorn and Mr. Learner's Cross-bred in the contest for the best heifer, and, having at last given the latter the preference, the two animals which had been first and second at Norwich met once more. But just as at Birmingham, Mr. Wortley's Hereford was put in front of the Cross-bred, so Mr. Evans decided here, and the "White-faced" steer can thus fairly claim the honours of the season. This is the second year in succession that a Hereford has won the Championship, although fourteen years had elapsed since another of the breed had been successful, and Mr. John Wortley, a well-known and very popular Norfolk breeder, has won it four times, the only exhibitor who has done better being Her

Majesty the Queen, who has five victories to her credit. As it is, her Majesty takes her own Challenge Cup for "the best animal bred by the exhibitor," as her Shorthorn heifer was the only one of the three that fulfilled that condition.

The Sheep exhibition at Islington, although short in numbers, was of rare quality, and it was pleasant to see so good a sportsman as Lord Ellesmere winning for the second time in succession—and being thus entitled to keep it—the Prince of Wales' Challenge Cup for the best pen in the Show. As was the case last year, he won it with a pen of Black-faced Suffolks, and such a double victory will give a great lift to this breed, which seems likely to be a formidable rival for the Southdowns, Shropshires, Hampshire Downs, and other short-woolled breeds. There was an excellent attendance at the Show all through the week, but the Duke of Richmond was not well enough to be present at the general meeting, when, in the ordinary course, he would have succeeded Mr. Leopold Rothschild in the chair, but we shall all hope to see "the farmers' friend" at next year's Show, and there was something very appropriate in the selection of Lord Spencer as his successor, for while the Smithfield Club's President was a "lifer," Lord Spencer's grandfather held the office from 1825 to his death in 1845, followed by the late Duke of Richmond, who was President up to his death in 1860, when the office was made an annual one. It would be a pity to close this brief notice of the Christmas Shows without alluding to the extraordinary success of the Table Poultry exhibition, which was visited by 13,000 people on the first day, and is so

valuable as an object-lesson to the public that the expense and responsibility which it entails upon those who have taken it under their protection, such as Sir Walter Gilbey, Mr. Leopold Rothschild and Mr. C. E. Brooke, should be borne by the Smithfield Club. The Club will not be travelling beyond its prescribed limits in encouraging this form of rural industry.

Sport at the Universities.—

As we have so often stated in BAILY, October Term sport is mainly of an educational nature. Taken from this standpoint, most captains, &c., can view the last two months' work with equanimity. "Wetbobs" especially have made great progress, and two very powerful representative eights are assured for the current year. The usual Trial Eights contests were held at Moulsoford and Ely respectively last month, with most promising results both ways. Huntley's (No. I.) combination easily won the Dark Blue tussle in 10 min. 34 secs. (as against 11 min. 2 secs. of last year). This improvement in time was due to the fact that light instead of clinker-built craft were used for the first time! Individually, Messrs. Huntley, Etherington-Smith, Long, Christie-Miller, Willis (No. I. crew), and Messrs. Kelly, Younger, Tottenham, Lambert (No. II. crew), showed fine form throughout. With no fewer than seven "Old Blues" also available, President Warre should have no difficulty in getting a formidable 'Varsity crew together almost directly. No. II. crew (stroked by Atchison) won the Cantab race, and here also much individual promise was shown. In this connection, we may specially mention Messrs. Taylor, Watney, Grylls (No. II. crew), and Tudor-Owen, Escombe,

Parker, King (No. 1. crew). It will interest, and highly delight ex-Cantabs, to hear that Messrs. J. H. Gibbon, W. H. Chapman, W. Dudley-Ward, and President Brooke will all probably assist their *alma mater* at Putney again. In that case, a representative crew very little inferior to that of '99 should do battle for the Light Blues—but we must not anticipate unduly. Athletes proper have also made a highly promising beginning, such newcomers as Messrs. Brinley-Richards, Cleave, Wade-Palmer, &c. (Oxford), and Churchill, Gregson, Butt (Cambridge) should seriously trouble the "Blues" next Term. As much tumbling-up-and-down-in-mind is currently evinced in the number of "Old Blues" available again, we may say that they include such cracks as Messrs. Dawson, Greenshields, May, Neave, Cowan, Henderson (Oxford), and Workman, Cockshott, Allcock, Jones, Shanks, and Hind (Cambridge). By far the best performances up-to-date have been made by L. G. Cornish (Oxford) and H. W. Workman (Cambridge). These two are probably the most versatile athletes seen at the 'Varsities for some years! It is instructive that both the Oxford golf and hockey teams boast an unbeaten record so far, while the Cantabs are showing marked advance in both these directions. At Boxing and Fencing another exciting tussle is assured next Term also. Above and beyond the "Blues," Messrs. Moynd, Wilson, Stephenson, Smith (Oxford), and Halton - Sams, Midgeley, Ward, Embleton (Cambridge), all showed splendid form in the recent Trials.

The Association Football teams finished up their first stage of work with the following results:—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	GOALS.
Oxford	9	4	5	0 ...	21—23.
Cambridge...	10	6	4	0 ...	28—18.

On the whole, the Cantabs have shown the smarter form thus early. *Per contra*, they have played in representative strength throughout—few changes will be made next Term—whereas the Oxonian teams have been in every case only experimental. As usual, the Cambridge League Inter-Collegiate ties will be resumed with equal keenness next Term. This is one of the advantages of the League system, *i.e.*, it continues throughout the season. At Oxford, several surprises marked the Inter-Collegiate Cup fray this year. Christchurch were beaten (3 goals 0) by Oriel and Brasenose (2 goals 0) by Worcester. Oriel and Worcester played a bloodless draw in the final, hence they will meet again the first Friday in next Term. Midst intense excitement, and in the presence of an enormous crowd, the rival Rugby teams fought out conclusions on December 12th last at Queen's Club. In the result, Oxford won by 10 points 8, after one of the finest all-round games ever witnessed. Half-time was called with nothing scored, despite Crawford's retirement from the Oxford team. On crossing over, Cambridge quickly put on 8 points, but then a change came over the scene. Walton and Crabbe both scored for Oxford, Rogers converting both tries. Roughly speaking, the winners were smarter back and the losers forward. Splendid individual work was done by Messrs. Swanston, Osborne-Crabbie, Luce, Walton (Oxford), and Messrs. Greenlees, Daniel, Cobby, Hind, Sagar (Cambridge). The Inter-'Varsity record now reads:—Oxford, 11 wins; Cambridge, 10 wins; seven draws.

The only other inter-'Varsity contest decided prior to Christmas was the cross-country tussle at Roehampton, which was won by Cambridge by the small margin of 15 points 30. C. E. Pumphrey (Cambridge) was again first man home, with E. A. Dawson (winner in 1898) second — both these giving a very fine exposition. The inter-'Varsity record now reads:—Cambridge 13 wins, Oxford 8 wins. The athletic season proper closed for October Term with some fine running by L. J. Cornish (Oxford). How versatile an athlete he is was evidenced by his running 600 yards in 1 min. 15 secs., a Half-Mile in 2 min. $\frac{3}{4}$ secs., and 220 yards in 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs. On the Term's form exceptionally stubborn contests should be witnessed later on at rowing athletics, hockey, boxing and fencing and racquets. At golf the Oxonians are overwhelmingly superior up-to-date—but all in good time.

General news may be very briefly vouchsafed. H. W. Masterman (Cambridge), the swimming "Blue," &c., has been killed at the front since our last, to universal regret. Both the Christ Church (Oxford) and Trinity (Cambridge) Beagles have had a most successful season so far. Mr. H. B. de Lightfoot, M.A. (Corpus) has been elected Treasurer of the O.U.B.C., and the C.U.B.C. rules have been revised, and none too soon! Many generations of Oxford men will deplore the death of Mrs. Paget, wife of the Dean of Christ Church. The Crown Prince of Siam (Oxford) is an ardent patron of sport, and is very popular with "Town and Gown" alike.

Death of Mr. J. J. Ferris.—Amongst the recent victims of the war in South Africa is the famous Australian cricketer, John James

Ferris, who died of fever at Durban a few weeks ago. Mr. Ferris was born at Sydney in 1867, and in the seasons of 1888 and 1890 he made a name as a bowler that will never be forgotten so long as cricket is played.

"Turner and Ferris" was the combination which won so many matches for the Australian teams which visited this country in those two seasons, and the figures of the young left-hander speak for themselves.

Year.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
1888...	2,222	..	998	...3,103...	220 ... 14'23
1890...	1,685	..	688	...2,838...	215 .. 13'43

It must be admitted that this was tremendous work for so young a man, for Ferris was only just of age in May 1888. W. G. Grace gives a very good idea of his bowling at that time. He says: "He may be safely considered the best left-hand bowler that has ever come from Australia; Ferris bowls medium-pace, keeps a splendid length and as a rule breaks from leg; but occasionally he puts in a beauty which comes with his arm. Like Turner, he alters his pace with good judgment; but he is more reliable on perfect wicket, not caring a bit about being hit, and he can keep up his end as well as anyone."

Such a high opinion did W. Grace hold of the young Australian that he induced him to qualify for Gloucestershire, and in the early 'nineties the left-hander made his appearance for the western county. Now it was that a strange development took place, for from the time when he first appeared in the Gloucestershire team much of the success of his bowling seems to have deserted him.

Ferris looked to bowl as well as ever, his action seemed the same as in the days of his success, but he was no longer the terror to

English batsmen that he had been as a member of the Australian teams. We think ourselves that the presence of Charlie Turner as bowler at the other end and of Blackham behind the wicket made an enormous moral difference to the batsmen, and when Ferris had to bowl with but little support from the, at that time, moderate Gloucestershire attack, it was natural that his *prestige* should suffer. Then it was that he turned his mind more closely to his batting, and from a light-handed hitter, who by his slogging on a sticky wicket once won a test match at London, developed into a defensive player of the most persevering type, and upon many occasions did great service to his county in this capacity.

After a few years of Gloucestershire he returned to Australia, but his ability as a cricketer was so attenuated that but little interest was taken in him, and prior to the war he found his way back to South Africa where he had already spent one winter with the cricket team taken out by Mr. Walter Read in 1891, when Ferris secured an enormous number of wickets at a trifling cost. Although he died at the early age of 33 years, he had had time to earn a distinguished reputation as a cricketer and to see his star set.

"The Second in Command" at the Haymarket Theatre.—Again Messrs. Cyril Maude and Harrison have scored a real success at the lucky old house in the Haymarket, and all concerned in the new production are to be complimented upon their share in the triumph. Captain Robert Marshall gives us quite his best work in his latest work, and with his pretty sentiment so charms his audience that smiles and tears mingle simultaneously on our faces, as we follow the troubles of

poor dear Kit Bingham. We can say of "The Second in Command" which one could not say of many recently successful plays, that it is quite clean and free from any moral stain, and the rush for seats at the Haymarket just now would seem to demonstrate that the public are ready enough to take their pleasure decently when they get the chance.

The story of the tricks played by both Mars and Venus upon the amiable and weak Major Bingham is prettily told in the attractive setting of a cavalry mess-room; we see plenty of smart uniforms, and khaki of course, for the regiment sets out for South Africa at the end of the third act, and so well is the play presented that we pardon the author when stern necessity compels him to strain our credulity somewhat severely. The lady who falls in love with a portrait of an officer unknown, hanging on the Academy walls, and the Colonel who looks not more than 35 years of age, and unless we are mistaken makes some reference to service in India with a past generation, and then falls in love at first sight and at a hundred yards range with the back view of the heroine, are both so charming that we forgive them; but the War Office who at the very last moment wire to the Colonel that Major Bingham is not to accompany the regiment on active service, and the General who appears at the end of the play to decorate Kit with the Victoria Cross we cannot forgive, and surely this last incident is almost unnecessary since the audience have already appreciated the fact that the Victoria Cross is to come to the hero. Mr. Cyril Maude scores a success as Kit Bingham, one of the nicest characters that has been created of late years on

the stage, and one that does vast credit to Mr. Maude's versatility. Mr. Allen Aynsworth makes a good Colonel, and Mr. Adolphus Vane Tempest is quite at his best as Hildebrand Carstairs, a blue-blooded booby who blossoms into a hero when he dons the khaki of the Imperial Yeomanry. One misses Miss Winifred Emery from the caste, but Miss Sybil Carlisle does very well in the difficult part of the heroine and is to be congratulated upon having so strongly grasped her opportunity. Captain Marshall's play is likely to provoke smiles and tears for many a day.

Golf. — When the historiographer of the game of golf sits down to tell the story of 1900, he will find a very light task for his pen. The year has seen no great matches—indeed, few matches of any kind except those between representative club teams—the best of the established champions have been out of the country most of the time and no new star has appeared in the golfing firmament. At the time of the Amateur Championship at Sandwich it was thought and hoped that some one of the young University players would carry off the trophy and thus earn for himself a niche in the Temple of Fame; but these young players one after another went down before the veterans, and Mr. Harold Hilton, who as long ago as 1892 won the Open Championship, was the ultimate victor. In the case of the Open Championship at St. Andrews, there was an interesting struggle between J. H. Taylor and Harry Vardon which ended in favour of the former. The latter had been away in America for a time playing hard there, and it was generally considered that he did not show his best form at St. Andrews. The two men met again in the

autumn in the American Championship, when Vardon reversed the St. Andrews' decision—and what the golfing world is now waiting for is a properly-adjusted match over a series of greens in this country. All through the year Mr. John Ball, junr., has been in South Africa serving with the Yeomanry. For a time he had as comrade in arms his great antagonist on the golf links, Lieutenant F. G. Tait, but death parted the two, and Lieutenant Tait is now only a memory to him as he is to the golfing world at large. Another golfer lost by death during the year was Willie Campbell, the famous Musselburgh professional. Campbell was like Lieutenant Tait, a better match than a medal player. For the Open Championship decided by strokes he made many gallant attempts, but never with success. In 1886 at Musselburgh he did the first three rounds in 39, and had reached the famous Pandy bunker in the final round with a better score than in any of the previous rounds when he missed his tee shot and drove the ball into the bunker, a misfortune from which he never recovered. In the following year, when the play was at Prestwick, Campbell left his native Musselburgh, and, settling in the Ayrshire village, he went in for a severe course of training, which I may say included abstinence from alcohol. When the Day of Fate arrived he played a splendid game, and looked very like winning, but in going out from the clubhouse for the last time he was weak with his second shot, and the ball failed to carry the bunker. In this way he ruined his score. Troubles like these were always fatal to Campbell in medal play. Poor fellow, if he had had the same command

of temper as he had of language he would have been Open Champion many times over.

Field Trials of Spaniels.—The movement instituted some two years ago by the Derbyshire sportsman, Mr. W. Arkwright, by which owners of sporting spaniels were afforded an opportunity of having their dogs put to thorough test in spaniel work, has borne good fruit. Two public trials took place in December, the first near Neath, in South Wales, and the later one in Clumber Park, Notts, by permission of the Duke of Newcastle. Both were successful in every respect, although scarcity of game on the first day of the Welsh fixture and heavy rain on the second somewhat marred the enjoyment of the largest crowd my correspondent remembers having seen at a field trial of any description. The novelty of the contests in Wales no doubt accounted for this, but it was clearly proved, especially on ground where game lay very lightly, that a large crowd is not altogether desirable at field trials. At Clumber, however, we had plenty of game of every description and a small though critical attendance, the long drive from Worksop each morning keeping away those whose room was preferable to their company. Here, indeed, is model ground for spaniel trials, although the heavy bramble and thick undergrowth rather interfered with the working of the "long and low" or show type spaniel. One of these was English Girl, owned and handled by Isaac Sharpe, a Northumberland keeper, who, a few years ago, astonished not a few crack pigeon shots by coming up to Hendon and winning the championship from a back mark. In a like manner he cleared out all opposition when spaniel trials were first

instituted. Now, however, quite a different class of dog is entered, and in the Clumbers, worked by Alexander, Sir William Marriott's keeper, at Blandford, one sees the ideal spaniel for both light and heavy covert. It is questionable, indeed, if a better worker exists than Beechgrove Bee, with whom Alexander won the Kennel Club championship at each of the recent meetings. She is steady to shot, can retrieve perfectly, is persevering in quest of game, alive or wounded, and, so far as has been seen this autumn, does not understand the meaning of running in. The Duchess of Newcastle, a great admirer of the Clumbers, saw part of the work done by Bee and afterwards congratulated her handler on the good display of his charge. Clumbers have been kept on the Notts estate of the Duke of Newcastle for close on two centuries, and a dual success of a specimen of the variety on what may be termed the home ground of the breed was more *à propos*. Another very useful spaniel which ran at both meetings was Hoar Cross Dashy, and the appearance at Neath of a team of Clumbers worked by Mr. C. Custance was quite a novelty, but it cannot be said that their work was up to the standard of that of the Welsh spaniels owned by Mr. A. T. Williams. These displayed both dash and courage in particularly rough covert.

Yachting Pictures.—Messrs. Cadbury, Jones & Co. are exhibiting at their galleries, 13, New Burlington Street, a number of pictures by Mr. John Fraser, whose sea pieces have attracted increasing attention at recent Royal Academy exhibitions. Prominent among those now in New Burlington Street is Mr. Fraser's picture of the "Meteor" racing in

the Solent. This work displays at their highest all the artist's remarkable talents as a delineator of sea pieces. The sense of movement is admirably conveyed, not only in the great yacht, but in the yawl and the tossing boat which appear on the canvas; and the details of the work prove that Mr. Fraser has intimate and vast knowledge of a racing yacht's rig and of handling her under full canvas. The atmospherical effects in all his pictures are singularly clever, and we can call to mind no artist who shows keener appreciation of the possibilities that lie in the ever-changing sea. He realises to the full the range of colour taken by the "deep waters." Messrs. Cadbury, Jones & Co., we understand, have purchased the copyright of Mr. Arthur Drummond's picture "Bobs and the Baby," which perpetuates a charming incident at the occupation of Johannesburg, and are publishing an engraving of the work.

Sporting Pictures at Liverpool.

—Mr. R. R. Cross, of 1, Exchange Street East, Liverpool, has been holding an exhibition of hunting and other sporting pictures in his galleries. They are all by Mr. Alfred Duke. Liverpool has given the world some good sportsmen, and the exhibition, we hope, will be the forerunner of many of similar character.

A Hunting Diary.—The Scottish Accident Insurance Company of Edinburgh send us specimens of their "Foxhunters' Diary" for the seasons 1900-1901. This neat and handy booklet, waist-coat-pocket size, is now three years old, and may be regarded as a hardy annual. It is compiled on the same lines as its predecessors; a space and line to note the meet and hour every week-day, with a shred of hunting lore, a hunting maxim or some curious scrap of venatic history. These odds and ends show wide information on the part of the compiler and sound understanding of his subject.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During November—December, 1900.]

Shooting at Bingham on November 13th, the Earl of Carnarvon, with five other guns, had a good day's sport, the bag consisting of five hundred and eighty-three pheasants, two hundred and thirty hares, fifty-five partridges, thirty-eight rabbits and a woodcock.

The meet of the Westmeath foxhounds at Mullingar on November 13th afforded an opportunity to present a testimonial to Will Matthews, the late huntsman. Lord Greville, who made the presentation, which consisted of a cheque together with a list of subscribers, referred to the fact that Matthews had been with the pack twenty-nine years, during twenty-six of which he had carried the horn.

Mr. W. Jeffries sustained a nasty accident when out with the Heythrop foxhounds on November 14th. His horse

slipped up on the railway, causing its rider a fractured leg.

The Oxenholme staghounds had a narrow escape on the London and North-Western Railway at Carnforth station on November 22nd. The deer ran on the line, pursued by the pack. The Perth to London express was approaching, but a signalman, seeing the perilous position of the hounds, stopped the express and so saved the pack.

Shooting at Leeds Castle on November 22nd, Mr. Wykeham Martin and six other guns got one thousand nine hundred and seven head of game.

Mr. W. J. King and party killed one thousand and forty-one head of game on November 23rd.

At the Earl of Ellesmer's shoot at Stetchworth Park on November 20th, 21st, 22nd,

and 23rd a bag of four thousand and eighty-nine was secured.

A serious accident occurred to Major W. Stevenson on November 24th while hunting with the West Surrey staghounds. He was thrown from his horse on Epsom Common, pitched on his head and sustained concussion of the brain.

A big haul of pike was obtained at Horning Ferry in the week ending November 24th, when three fishermen killed sixty-three, the heaviest weighing 23lbs.

The death is announced, November 26th, of Mr. Neil MacVicar, late of Swinber Hall, Brocklesby, who was for many years a prominent member of the Brocklesby Hunt and also a well-known gentleman rider.

While hunting with the North Hereford foxhounds on November 26th, Miss Vicars, of Hatfield, Leominster, was thrown from her horse and killed.

Shooting at Nun Appleton on November 28th, Mr. E. Holden and six other guns killed one thousand one hundred and forty-two pheasants, besides one hundred and ten other game.

Lord Savile and party got eleven hundred and six head of game, mostly pheasants, at Rufford Park on November 28th.

A number of thoroughbreds, the property of Sir John Blundell Maple, was sold at Paris on December 1st by Monsieur Chéri Halbronn. Several of the mares made up to four figures. Thames Valley, 4 yrs., by Hampden, sold to Mr. E. Viel Picard at 1,200 gs.; Count de Ganay bought St. Edana by St. Simon for 1,000 gs., and Blue Mark by Mark at 720 gs. The Duke de Bressac gave 1,000 gs. for Royal Abbess by Royal Hampton, and also purchased Bindweed by Common at 740 gs. Two stallions, Gangway by Saraband and St. Kenelm by St. Simon, were purchased by M. Falguière at 500 gs. and 420 gs. each.

The Newmarket December sales commenced Monday, December 3rd, and continued until December 7th. The chief prices obtained on the first day included Mr. T. Jennings' British Navy, Mr. Richardson, 600 gs.; Mr. J. Moffat's lot of four all sold to Mr. E. Druce at 400 gs. each; St. Veronica went to Lord Clonmell at 450 gs.; Stubhampton (Mr. R. Marsh's), a Hampton brood mare, was bought by Lord Clonmell, after a lot of competition, at 1,350 gs.

On the following day one of Lord Carnarvon's lot, Negotiate, sold to Mr. P. Gilpin at 400 gs. Of Lord Ellesmere's consignment Phéon made 1,000 gs., Mr. F. L. Gardner buying; Mr. C. Archer's Court Flag went to Mr. P. Gilpin at 1,000 gs.; Mr. J. Rowson bought Major Baird's Spring

Hare for 800 gs., and Count Lehnndorff gave the same figure for Simylla, the property of Mr. Douglas Baird. Won by Waiting (Mr. Brodrick Cloete's) sold to Mr. John Porter at 820 gs.; Count Lehnndorff paid 700 gs. for Lady Peter (Mr. Ed. Mitchell's) and 550 gs. for Freda. Galiana went to Mr. Leach at 1,000 gs., and Mr. J. E. Platt gave 1,050 gs. for Cynthia II.

Early on Wednesday Lord Carnarvon secured Lord Stanley's Lot to at 400 gs., and Lord Clonmell gave 600 gs. for Lord Farquhar's Ruby Gill. From Mr. W. E. Oakeley's lot Mr. J. Moffat got Puerto for 400 gs. Lord Clonmell gave 520 gs. for Columbian and 540 gs. for Glue, both the property of the Duke of Portland. Mr. Cunningham purchased Armeria at 1,000 gs., and Count Lehnndorff took Quill at 500 gs., both owned by Major Roberts. The Earl of Crew's Duchesse de Berry went to Mr. J. Porter at 500 gs., and Baron Leonino took Kirtella, from the Theakston Hill stud, at 540 gs.

Business was brisk on Thursday. Mr. H. J. King secured Evasit at 510 gs.; Mr. F. W. Day took Harrow at 1,000 gs., and Captain H. Leetham gave 1,150 gs. for Captain Kettle, both from Mr. Wallace Johnston's stud; Mr. J. Hornsby paid 480 gs. for Ichi Ban from the same owner. Mr. James Russell sent up a strong contingent. Baron de Rothschild secured the Melton mare, Tourniquet, for 750 gs.; Lord M. Beresford paid a like figure for Sempronia; Sir Blundell Maple gave 450 gs. for Nattie; Mr. Armstrong took Lady Min at 400 gs., and Mr. Richardson gave 530 gs. for Brookside. From Mr. D. Seymour's lot Mr. Walton paid 840 gs. for Sirdar, and Mr. J. Hare 510 gs. for Squire Jack. Lord W. Beresford's lot included Lutetia, 1,550 gs., Sibola 1,950 gs., and Chinook 660 gs., all to Captain E. Loder; Jiffy II., Mr. Leonard Brassey, 810 gs.; Myakka, Mr. D. Cooper, 520 gs.; Blacksmith, Mr. F. Gallina, 580 gs., and Dominie II., Mr. W. Ward, 660 gs. Mr. W. Cooper's Hampton Figlia went to Mr. Mautner at 500 gs. Isa Hampton and her colt foal, Le Sancy, each made 800 gs., Captain Greville buying the mare and Lord Carnarvon the foal.

The most interesting item of Friday's sale was Mr. J. Musker's lot, which realised nearly 22,000 gs. Count Lehnndorff bought Edith Craig, 510 gs., and Titsey, 430 gs.; Mr. Wigan, Galopin Saint, 510 gs.; Mr. A. P. Cunliffe, Downham, 1,250 gs.; Mr. J. B. Joel, Lord Melton, 5,600 gs.; Mr. P. Gilpin, Canterbury, 1,900 gs.; Mr. G. Richardson, Hercules, 4,000 gs.; Mr. G. Blackwell, Bay Melton, 2,100 gs.; Mr. L. Brassey, Britannia, 2,400 gs.; Mr. Robson, The General, 520 gs., and Mr. J. Moffat, Lady Schomberg, 670 gs. Other

properties included Mr. A. W. Merry's Swiftsure, Mr. Theobald, 920 gs., and Mr. Wagg's Mitcham, Mr. Sheather, 500 gs.

Captain W. P. Standish, master of the Hambledon (South-West) hounds, has issued this circular to those following the hounds:—"It has come to my knowledge that some of the farmers over whose land we hunt have been a good deal annoyed by the thoughtlessness shown by some followers of the hounds in riding over growing crops, particularly roots and seeds. This has increased the difficulties of contending with the wire question. I shall be much obliged, therefore, if you will do all in your power to prevent damage being done, and also to stop people larking or schooling horses when hounds are not running."

A remarkable accident happened to Mr. P. J. D. Wykeham while out with the South Oxfordshire hounds at Thame Park. He was turning a corner when a stag, coming in the opposite direction, ran into his horse and knocked it over. Mr. Wykeham was thrown to the ground with great

force and struck his head on a stump of wood, sustaining a very deep wound.

An old-time hunt servant has passed away in the person of Charles Barrett, for sixty years first whip to Lord Tredegar's hounds. Deceased, who was born in Somersetshire in 1817, says *Horse and Hound*, entered the service of the present Lord Tredegar's father in 1837, when he was living at Ruperra Castle, and during that nobleman's lifetime whipped in to his harriers, retaining his duties when Lord Tredegar established in 1870 the pack of foxhounds which bear his name. In the presentation portrait made to Lord Tredegar in 1887, the whip, Barrett, appears in the background of the picture with the hounds. Upon reaching the sixtieth year of his service, in 1897, Barrett retired and went to live at Newport, being succeeded by his son, Charles Barrett, in the position of first whip.

It is announced that Sir John Thursby has sold Calvey to Baron Girssewald, and the horse has left for Germany. It will be remembered that Sir John Thursby paid seven thousand nine hundred guineas for Calvey at the great Kingsclere sale.

TURF.

WARWICK.—NOVEMBER MEETING.

November 19th.—The Warwick Autumn Handicap Steeplechase of 174 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. Persse's b. g. Blue Mint, by Minting—Blue Rock, 5 yrs., 10st. 10lb.Mason 1
Mr. T. Leader's ch. g. King's Head, 6 yrs., 10st. 12lb.

T. Leader, jun. 2
Mr. T. A. Motion's ch. m. Summer Lightning, aged, 11st. 6lb.

O'Brien 3
7 to 4 agst. Blue Mint.

November 20th.—The November Handicap Plate of 465 sovs., one mile 6 furlongs.

Mr. T. Liddiard's b. f. May Bruce, by May Duke—Lady Bruce, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb.K. Cannon 1
Mr. J. Rowson's b. h. Little Champion, 5 yrs., 7st. 7lb.

McIntyre 2
Mr. E. Dresden's br. c. Poitiers, 3 yrs., 6st. 9lb.J. Reiff 3
100 to 12 agst. May Bruce.

November 21st.—Midland Counties Handicap of 465 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. c. Captain Kettle, by Buccaneer—Cometta, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb. J. Reiff 1
Mr. B. Eilam's b. c. Fighting Furley, 3 yrs., 7st. 13lb.

K. Cannon 2

Mr. C. D. Marne's b. c. Veritas, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb.Broom 3
6 to 1 agst. Captain Kettle.

MANCHESTER.—NOVEMBER MEETING.

November 22nd.—The Lancaster Nursery Handicap of 436 sovs.; seven furlongs.

Mr. W. Loyt's b. c. Laffan, by Queen's Birthday—Excellence, 8st. 9lb.Yarnell 1

Mr. Fairie's b. f. Flotilla, 7st. 11lb. W. Lane 2

Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. c. Hastoe, 7st. 3lb.S. Loates 3
100 to 7 agst. Laffan.

The De Trafford Selling Plate of 290 sovs.; 7 furlongs.

Mr. D. J. Cottrill's ch. h. Orris Root, by Oviato—Hazelbush, 5 yrs., 10st.L. Reiff 1

Mr. W. Taylor Sharpe's b. c. Percy, 2 yrs., 7st. 11lb.Foster 2
Mr. R. Sievier's br. f. St. Flora, 2 yrs., 7st. 8lb.S. Loates 3

Evans Orris Root.

The County Welter Handicap of 244 sovs.; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. E. W. Tinsley's b. c. Bencher, by Petros—Miss Mynt, 3 yrs., 8st. 10lb.Finlay 1

Captain F. Forester's ch. c. St. Moritz, 4 yrs., 9st. 4lb.Rigby 2
Captain W. Hughes' b. h. Galashiels, 5 yrs., 8st. 11lb. Yarnell 3

10 to 1 agst. Bencher.

November 23rd.—The Eglinton Nursery Handicap of 261 sovs. ; 5 furlongs.
 Mr. Warblington's ch. f. Cassine, by Xaintrailles—Cornflower, 8st. 5lb. O. Madden 1
 Mr. W. G. Steven's b. f. Mango Relish, 6st. 9lb. J. Reiff 2
 Mr. T. Cannon's b. c. Netherland, 6st. 9lb. H. Smythe 3
 8 to 1 agst. Cassine.

The Lancashire Handicap of 875 sovs. ; one mile.

Mr. T. Cannon's ch. g. Addendum, by Melanion—Postscript, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb. K. Cannon 1
 Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. c. Hulcot, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb. W. Lane 2
 Mr. T. Davidson's ch. c. Dandy Fifth, 4 yrs., 7st. 5lb.

G. Sanderson 3
 10 to 1 agst. Addendum.

The Ellesmere Welter Handicap of 202 sovs. ; 6 furlongs.

Mr. A. Steddall's ch. f. La Lune, by Despair—Moonsflower 4 yrs., 8st. 12lb. S. Loates 1
 Mr. T. Cannon's b. h. Warnford, 5 yrs., 8st. 4lb. K. Cannon 2
 Sir E. Vincent's br. c. Eulogy, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb. Jenkins 3
 7 to 2 agst. La Lune.

November 24th.—Manchester November Handicap of 1,375 sovs. ; Cup Course (one mile 6 furlongs).

Mr. B. Gottschalk's ch. g. Lexicon, by Theologian—Loch Rinne, 6 yrs., 6st. 13lb. T. Heppell 1
 Mr. G. Edwardes' b. or br. c. Santoi, 3 yrs., 8st. 11lb. K. Cannon 2
 Sir J. B. Maple's bl. or br. c. Aquascutum, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.

S. Loates 3
 40 to 1 agst. Lexicon.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.—DECEMBER MEETING.

December 7th.—The Grand Annual Hurdle Race (Handicap) of 225 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. L. W. Humby's b. g. Little Hercules, by Pantaloon—Doreen, 4 yrs., 11st. 7lb.

Mr. H. Nugent 1
 Mr. J. E. Bulteel's bl. or b. f. Styrienne, 4 yrs., 10st. 10lb.

Mr. W. P. Cullen 2
 Mr. Cairne's Friary, 6 yrs., 12st. 4lb. Owner 3
 4 to 1 agst. Little Hercules.

The Great Sandown Steeplechase of 255 sovs. ; about three miles and a half.

Captain H. A. Johnstone's ch. g. Cushendun, by Timothy—Craftiness, 5 yrs., 12st. 7lb.

Mr. G. S. Davies 1

Mr. E. Woodland's br. g. Model, aged, 13st. P. Woodland 2
 Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Easter Ogue, 6 yrs., 11st. 3lb. Gourley 3
 3 to 1 agst. Cushendun.

KEMPTON PARK.—DECEMBER MEETING.

December 11th.—The Kempton Park December Hurdle Handicap of 262 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. Coulthwaite's ch. h. The Khedive, by Gervas—The Old Lady, 5 yrs., 11st. 5lb. Hassall 1
 Captain J. H. Jackson's b. g. Strangford, 4 yrs., 10st. 3lb.

Mason 2
 Mr. L. W. Humby's b. g. Little Hercules, 4 yrs., 12st. 6lb.

Mr. H. Nugent 3
 3 to 1 agst. The Khedive.

December 12th.—The Middlesex Steeplechase Handicap of 262 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. J. Widger's b. g. Duke of Wellington, by Hackler—Erin, 6 yrs., 12st. 11lb. Mr. J. Widger 1
 Mr. H. S. Persse's b. g. Blue Mint, 5 yrs., 11st. 11lb. Mason 2
 Mr. E. Woodland's b. g. Model, aged, 12st. 5lb. ... P. Woodland 3
 8 to 1 agst. Duke of Wellington.

FOOTBALL.

November 19th.—At Oxford, the University v. Wolverhampton Wanderers, latter won by 2 goals to 1.[†]

November 19th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Edinburgh Academicals, former won by 2 goals and 2 tries to 4 tries.*

November 21st.—At Oxford, the University v. Cardiff, former won by 12 points to 9.*

November 24th.—At Oxford, the University v. Old Carthusians, former won by 3 goals to 2.[†]

December 1st.—At Oxford, the University v. Marlborough Nomads, former won by 17 points to 0.*

December 3rd.—At Cambridge, the University v. Edinburgh Wanderers, former won by 4 points 4 tries to 0.*

December 8th.—At Queen's Club, Corinthians v. Notts County, former won by 4 goals to 1.*

December 12th.—At Queen's Club, Oxford v. Cambridge, former won by 10 points to 8.*

December 15th.—At Bristol, North v. South, latter won by 2 goals 3 tries (18 points) to 2 tries (6 points).*

* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

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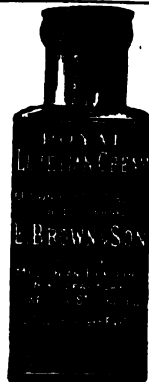
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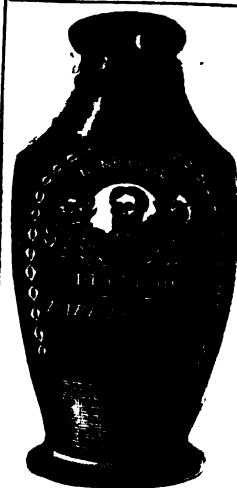
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BAILY'S MAGAZINE OF SPORTS and PASTIMES

FEBRUARY, 1901.

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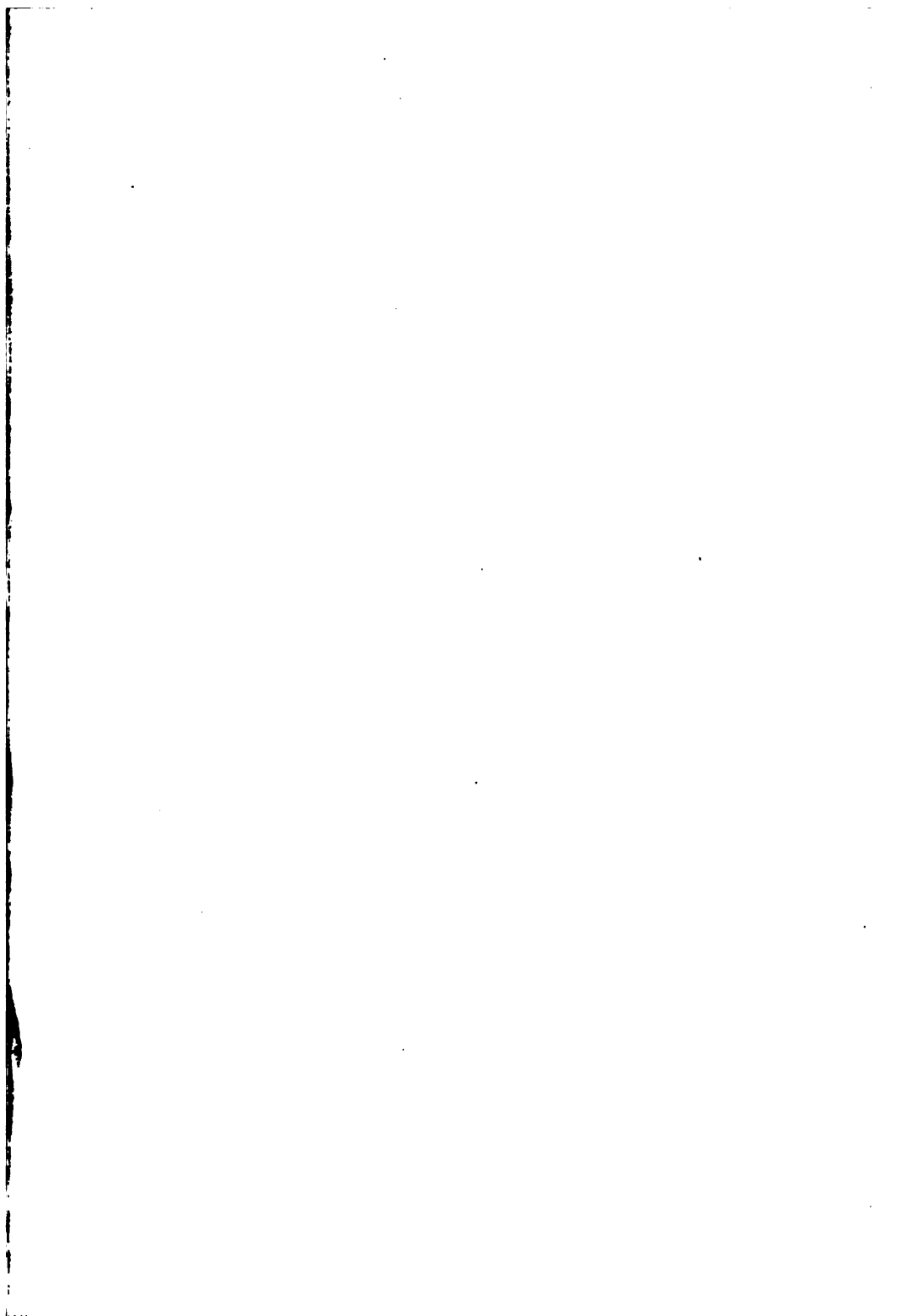
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BAILY'S MAGAZINE.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 492.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

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WITH

Steel-engraved portrait of Mr. J. R. LANE FOX, M.F.H.

Portrait of the REV. E. M. REYNOLDS, M.F.H., &c.

Mr. J. R. Lane-Fox, M.F.H.

THE subject of our biography is the second son of the late Mr. George Lane-Fox, of Bramham Park, Yorkshire, and has been better known by his friends as "Dick" Lane-Fox, to distinguish him from his brother George, of Primrose League fame. Born in 1841, and educated at Eton, he joined the Grenadier Guards in 1859, and going out to Canada, he there showed himself to be a sportsman by riding many winners on the flat and over hurdles, winning, among other events, the

big hurdle race at Saratoga Springs on Garryowen in 1863. Although he did not succeed to the mastership of the Bramham Moor Hounds until the death of his father, the late Mr. George Lane-Fox, in 1896, he had for several years previously undertaken the duties of field master, which he had carried out in the most quiet and popular manner.

It is needless here to refer to the late Mr. George Lane-Fox as a master of hounds, a position in which he held, for many years,

the undoubted premiership, as his biography appeared in this magazine many years ago. Probably his like will not be seen again.

The squires of Bramham have, for several generations, been amongst the leaders of sport in Yorkshire, some of them in their fondness for the Turf, and all of them in their love of hunting. It is an old saying in that country that the Bramham Moor Hounds only peregrinate between Bramham and Harewood, which large estates adjoin one another in Wharfedale, and form in themselves almost a two day a week country, the Lane-Foxes and Earls of Harewood alternately presiding over their destinies.

The late Mr. George Lane-Fox's experience and knowledge of hounds, coupled with his attention to their breeding, has gone to make the Bramham Moor pack one of the most notable in England, especially in head, neck and shoulders, with bone to match, by which their blood can now be picked out in any kennel in England. Bramham Park, as most of the world knows, is one of the most princely places in the country.

The mansion was unfortunately burnt down early in the century, and was never rebuilt; but its beautiful Queen Anne type of garden has been kept up in its pristine style of glory, and adjoining it are the stables and kennels. There are few sports-

men in the north who have not enjoyed the unique pleasure of a summer "At Home" in the Park, and a puppy-show, with its lunch and characteristic speeches from the old M.F.H. The splendid gallops in the Park remind us of the racing days of a bygone squire.

Mr. J. R. Lane-Fox married a daughter of the late Mr. St. John Mildmay, and his eldest son, the present junior, Mr. George, has entered splendidly into the sporting tastes of the family, and bids fair to succeed to the position which his father now holds when he may think well to resign the reins of government to him. May we also venture to say that it would be a glorious thing for hunting if many another M.F.H. would emulate the kindly and courteous way in which the generalship of hunting has been carried on by the past and present squires of Bramham. Perhaps we may be pardoned for here giving an instance of the occasion when the late Squire of Bramham was heard to use his strongest language to his field. It was when the hounds were crossing the Harrogate Road out of Harewood Park and the eager ones galloping through the lodge gates, charged the pack. "Gentlemen, hold hard, please," was the master's call. "Gentlemen!" Still on they went. Then came the thunder of aroused generalship. "Tailors! You are not in Brig-gate!" (the chief street in Leeds).

Small Notes from a Small Shooting.

LITTLE states have their histories as well as great empires, and their rulers and citizens take as profound an interest in their petty administration and politics as if the destinies of far-spreading peoples were deeply involved. The year's record of a small and humble shooting have, in the same way, as much concern to the owners and keepers as those of one of England's princely homes of sport, where magnates of the gun assemble and the total of slain runs into many figures. We have now closed our game books for the season of 1900 and may look back to the fun that we have had and the varying fortunes that have been our lot. We certainly cannot congratulate ourselves on an *annus mirabilis* and indeed in some most important particulars we have had little good luck. If our bags have now been below the average however, we must console ourselves with the thought that they have sometimes been above the average and that, if we have had a lean year, we may look back (and, we trust, forward) to years of fatness.

The staple of sport in the Eastern counties is, of course, the partridge crop, and it must be allowed that this in 1900 has been very disappointing. There was a very good breeding stock left on the ground in 1899, and if only a fair proportion of birds had brought up families, we should have been very well off indeed. But, alas, the fates were against the broods in many places and the results have been that the birds were very patchy. On some few farms they were to be found quite in goodly numbers, while on others, under apparently exactly the same conditions, they were only represented

by melancholy barren pairs or small broods of four or five hardy survivors.

There was a very good breeding and hatching season, and hopes ran high that the rest of the summer would be equally favourable, but at the end of June and the beginning of July there came a disastrous period of cold and wet. The rain by itself would have been bad enough but might not have had such fatal effects, if it had not been coupled with bitterly cold north and north-east winds and a complete absence of sunshine. As an old and very experienced keeper in these parts said, "I think that the young birds never had time to get dry." And yet, inclement as the weather was, it seems difficult to believe that it alone was responsible for all the ills that happened. Why should the young birds in one locality have perished when they survived on another farm not more than a few hundred yards distant, on the same kind of soil, with an equal supply of water, and under the same average cultivation? We ourselves watched several nests (among which was one containing the abnormal number of nineteen eggs) and know that every chick was successfully hatched. The broods all passed on to light sandy soil, where they were well sheltered from the cold blasts, and where there was an unlimited supply of the foods that partridges love; and yet as far as we could tell, every one of them died, while a few pairs of childless parents were left to meet the guns in September.

It may seem odd to some people that the old birds did not make a second attempt at rearing a family, as we know that late broods are often hatched, though of course

they are not mature enough to be shot till late in the season. But an old friend who is a keen naturalist has explained the matter in a way which does not appear to have been noted in any book treating of bird life. His experiences lead him to believe that birds only rear a second brood when the first brood has met with mischance while still in the egg ; if the hatching has taken place and they are live chicks, however young and feeble, that perish, no second attempt at forming a nursery will then be made in the current season.

After some years' occupation of the same shooting ground, we think that we can trace a connection between the game season and the farmers' harvest. We have not had really a first-rate season since 1897, in which year, in the Eastern counties at any rate, the harvest was also very good. Can it be possible that the same influences affect both the partridges and the cereal crops, and may we predicate from the condition of the latter what is the promise of the game? We know that our keepers believe that, if the root crops yield plenty of cover, there will not be many birds to take advantage of it ; and that, when the turnip fields are thin and scanty, the partridges will be strong and numerous, but we have never heard any analogy drawn between the number of broods and the quantity of wheat and barley.

For one thing we have to be thankful in the season of 1900, and that is that the weather has never been so oppressively hot as to render shooting more of a toil than a pleasure. If the birds have been few, at any rate we have been able to trudge after them without, like Falstaff, "larding the lean earth as we walk along," and we have not felt inclined to

cut short our days' sport from sheer exhaustion. The heat in 1898 was terrible, and indeed, for incapacitating sportsmen, was as effective as anything that we ever felt in India, even when pursuing tigers during a Deccan hot weather.

By the way, is it the case that, as has been sometimes said in recent years, people suffer more from the exertion of walking than they used to do in older times? Old-fashioned sportsmen used to pride themselves on their pedestrian powers, but nowadays so much shooting both on moor and low ground is done by driving birds that personal activity, as an essential to sport, has been much discounted and is now comparatively little cultivated. The universal bicycle too has made locomotion so rapid and easy that, when perforce men have to fall back upon "shanks' mare," they find that their legs fail in the unaccustomed work. It is quite certain that men who constantly use the friendly wheel may be observed to tire much sooner than others, when they fall in for a day's trudging over stubbles and turnips, and are very loath to find themselves on the outer flanks of a line of guns. It is not impossible that among the children who are now growing up, walking for long distances may be almost a lost art. Their muscles will not be trained by constant exercise and will fail accordingly. This will not so much matter however, as the comparatively few enthusiasts who still walk up their partridges will have been gathered to their fathers and driving will be the universal practice.

The same spell of cold and wet weather, which is credited with doing so much damage to our partridges, undoubtedly gave great anxiety and in some cases caused

severe loss to the rearers of home-bred pheasants. One large establishment lost about five hundred birds in two or three days. Such a mortality is however very exceptional and in the particular case referred to it caused so much astonishment that the bodies of some of the little victims were sent to London to have their contents analysed, as the existence of some poison was suspected. Nothing unusual was found however and the conclusion was necessarily come to that death had been caused by the sudden and severe chill. Everywhere in our district there was more than the usual amount of cramp and other infantile complaints among the young pheasants, and if the sun had been a day or two longer in retirement, the losses would have been very serious.

One often has heard the remark that "it is a great cock year," and, if there is ever any truth in such an observation, it is true of the season of 1900, at least in our part of the Eastern Counties. The records of three or four shootings and the casual observation of many shooting parties have shown that the number of cocks that have been killed quite equals, in fact rather exceeds, the number of hens, and this we fancy is far from being always the case. It would be worth while to a naturalist to work out careful statistics as to the number of cocks and hens that are bred annually and ascertain authoritatively whether, as a general rule, males or females predominate.

There has been such an absence of frost during the shooting season that the leaf has remained on the trees an unusually long time. Even in November the foliage was quite thick and the undergrowth nearly as green as it was in June. This of course made it

difficult to beat the coverts thoroughly and many wily old birds managed to slip back. Where the cover is so thick also, much of the ground game is able to escape, first because hares and rabbits cannot easily be distinguished, and secondly because it is difficult to know when the beaters are close at hand. Peppering a beater is an expensive amusement, even when little damage is done; and if a man is seriously wounded, the unfortunate and incautious shooter will long rue the day. Our season has been marked this year by an increase of sixpence a head in the wages paid to a man for a day's work as a beater. This has been occasioned by the increase of wages which all country folk now receive. It is now difficult to find a man who will engage to do an odd job and still more difficult to find one who can do a job in a workmanlike way. The farmers are in despair as so many of the younger generation of the country population are flocking to the towns. The present agricultural labourers are all elderly men, and when they pass away there is nobody to replace them. Fortunately much farm work is now done by machinery or it would not be done at all. We have not yet come to mechanical beaters in coverts, but it is by no means impossible that our children may live to see something of the sort.

Another reason that makes labour so hard to come by just now is the depletion of able-bodied men caused by the war. Even from our own small village several men have been called away, either to serve actively in the field as reservists or to fill up the ranks of the militia. The influence of the war has indeed been felt in our sports as much as in any phase of our English life.

Baily's Hunting Directory has shown this very clearly in the noble roll of hunting men who have gone into the field to maintain their country's honour, a roll made most pathetic by the marginal notes telling how many gallant sportsmen have given their lives in action and from disease or have been wounded and invalided. But from our shooting parties also we have missed many familiar faces. When we look in our game-books at the names of those who have joined in our fun in field or covert in bygone years we shall find those of cheery comrades who will press trigger no more. Peace be with them. They have left a blank in our lives, and they are a loss to England, but they have fallen as they would have wished to fall, doing their duty. But, if some are gone from us for ever, we have been able to welcome many back, some indeed, showing too evident signs of the hardships and sickness which they have encountered, but all eager to profit by those best restoratives, English country air and English sport.

Why is it that some gentlemen never seem to appreciate the fitness of things in the dress that they wear when engaged in field sports? We were walking with the beaters, the other day, as they were beating up a long strip of cover. To the astonishment and disappointment of everybody, most of the pheasants would not face the forward guns, and determinedly flew back. The old keeper, whose feelings had been much ruffled by the *contretemps*, afterwards explained the reason. "How could you expect to show the birds with that there ghost standing in front of them?" It was then seen that one of the guns, to guard against a slight shower, had enveloped himself in a long, shiny, white mackintosh,

in which he was certainly a very much too conspicuous object. Whether or not he realised what he had done is not known, but the *sotto voce* remarks of the men on his right and left should have made his ears to tingle.

If partridges have failed us in 1900, we had a partial compensation in the unusual number of ground game. Hares and rabbits appear to have found the season to be everything that they could wish, for they have been, we think, more prolific than has been the case for several years. There is always a fair show of hares on most of the farms about our district, for the farmers have found that the damage done by them is really of very little account, and most of them have sufficiently sporting tastes to wish to see a few hares going about in the fields. And they find their own account in the encouragement of hares to a certain extent, for a large proportion of those that are killed by the occupiers of shootings find their way to the farmhouse larders, they themselves pick up one or two occasionally when they are out for an evening stroll, and there are always sufficient numbers spared by the shooting parties to provide some days' coursing at the end of the season. If the hares were ruthlessly exterminated by either the occupiers of shootings or by the farmers, it would be a matter of regret to both parties, and probably it is the farmer who would have the greatest cause of concern.

But, if the hares are to a certain extent encouraged, bitter war is always waged against the rabbits, and it is nothing less than astounding that, after they have been apparently almost exterminated in one season, they should appear by battalions in the following year. Men are em-

ployed ferreting and trapping them through the whole of the autumn and winter, but the few that escape become progenitors of hundreds in a very short time. We have been at some pains to find out what has been the net result, with regard to the rabbits, of the Ground Game Act, and we find that, before it came into force, the rabbits were as closely killed down as they now are. The only difference appears to be that the value of the trapped rabbits then went into the pockets of the landlord, and now it goes into those of the farmer. Most of the farmers now look upon the rabbits on their holdings as a sort of paying crop. They do not kill them personally, but they let their privilege of trapping to a professional rabbit-catcher, who is at work morning, noon and night in order to recoup himself for the very considerable sum that he has had to pay. (We know of a few fields, under a hundred acres altogether, for the rabbits on which and in the surrounding hedges £10 has this year been paid. They are certainly in the neighbourhood of some coverts from which, no doubt, many rabbits issue, never to return.) Whether this sort of arrangement was contemplated by the Ground Game Act is at least doubtful, but it has the undoubted disadvantage to the game preserver that it legalises the presence of comparative strangers on the land, who cannot always be watched by the keepers, and have therefore many opportunities of helping themselves to other matters besides rabbits. On the other hand, as the farmers make a direct profit on the rabbits (on one estate of about 1,900 acres the farmers make nearly £100), they become very staunch game preservers, and nobody more than they is

eager to prosecute any person who is trespassing or poaching.

It is wonderful how a personal interest makes a man a supporter of the Game Laws. We have in our eye a certain magistrate, a local landowner, who, a radical in politics, was at one time very loath to convict any man who came before him at petty sessions on a charge of poaching. Fortunately for the unanimity of the bench, his son has grown up, and has become a very keen sportsman, preserving his father's land with ultra rigour. The difficulty of the bench now is to keep the punishments of poaching cases within moderate bounds.

There is a matter which is very striking in our country side, and doubtless it may be remarked elsewhere—the extraordinary number of rats. The casual wayfarer or sportsman is not likely to know much about them, but during ferreting for rabbits, the rats will show something of their vast hordes. There is no exaggeration in saying that they are by far the most numerous animals on the ground, if insect life is put out of the question. Every rabbit burrow in covert, hedge or field is full of them. We counted a family of ten the other day, which bolted out of one hole as soon as the ferrets had been put in, and we have seen many individuals each of which was nearly as big as an Indian bandicoot. And it is not only in rabbit burrows that they live, but their holes may be seen wherever there is any chance of finding food, and indeed also in many places where it is not very easy to believe that they can conveniently find their living. The farmers are marvellously supine about the plague of their presence, and will take no energetic measures to get rid of it. And yet one cannot but believe that they

must do an infinity of mischief. We know that they will bore their way beneath coops and kill young chickens as they are sheltered under the wings of the mother hen. They make their way into every pile of beet which is stored for winter cattle feeding. Every cornstack, every granary is full of them, and they must take a vast toll of the grain. They attack the seed when it is put into the ground and do a considerable damage to the growing crop.

But all these ills are resignedly endured, as if they were an unavoidable part of the course of nature. It is perhaps impossible to get rid of rats altogether, but they might certainly by continued care be very considerably reduced in numbers. As it is, individual householders are able, by systematic and not expensive measures, to clear the vermin out of their houses and immediate neighbourhoods; but, when everybody on a country side does not combine in the same efforts, the clearance is only temporary, for other animals come trooping in from the vicinity and fill up the vacant haunts. There is one specially important feature about the number of rats. It is believed, and with much appearance of probability, that these animals have a great influence in spreading infectious disease. The spread of the plague in Bombay was shown to have been very much due to the rats in the city. If this is indeed the case, the necessity for the destruction of the vermin becomes a public question of importance, for we have seen that the British islands are not immune from the plague itself, and there are other diseases of a similar nature.

The great increase in the number of shooting syndicates is by

no means a popular feature of modern sport, and, in some parts of the Eastern counties, is looked upon with anything but favour. It is in the nature of things that, as far as the country folk are concerned, a syndicate takes its amusement selfishly. A band of absolute strangers comes for a week at a time once or twice in a season. They devote themselves to their shooting, and have no intercourse with any of their temporary neighbours. No one is asked to join in their sport, and, as a rule, none of the game that is killed is distributed locally. They are not sufficiently long in the country to join in its interests and charities, and the fact that they have the shooting too often means that the landlord is so poor that he is divorced altogether from his estate. It is certainly a much more satisfactory state of things when the amusements of the country remain in the hands of people who live in the country and have other interests besides the desire to make a big bag. There are many little amenities which are in the hands of people who have sporting rights, and, when these people are complete strangers, many and very undesirable sorenesses must inevitably arise.

The character of almost every English sport has changed completely during the century that has just come to an end, but, we may rest assured, the sporting spirit is as strong in the English people as it ever was. The changes that have taken place have been for the benefit of many thousands who would otherwise have had no opportunity of indulging what, we are proud to think, is a national taste. If we have had many losses and some inconveniences, it can't be helped.

Our Boys.

THE MS. of this article was well under way when it met with very unexpected treatment. Notwithstanding the fact that its author fondly imagined that he had hidden it away from all inquisitive eyes, its title had been altered, and the words "girls and" had been interpolated after the word "our." This daring feat bore the similitude of a woman's writing, but beyond this all trace of the delinquent is lost. Nevertheless, as a consequence I had serious thoughts whether the unasked-for suggestion of dealing with "our girls" as well as "our boys" in this article should not be acted upon.

At last, the decision was once more to restore the title to its original form. Not because our girls are unworthy of consideration in your pages—far from it—but because it is my determination some day to give them an article all to themselves, uncoupled with the boys. This will be only putting them on the pedestal of freedom and independence, which so many of them claim nowadays, and although in many things we poor men give way to them, and allow them to have precedence of us, I have always been brought up to believe in the first creation of man, and therefore "our boys" must come first, and "our girls" must be content to follow on, if you, Mr. Editor, will permit, and I hereby freely forgive the culprit who has caused this digression from the true line of the fox—although it has caused a re-scrawl of the title page, and much subversion of my ideas.

One of our earliest nursery rhymes which clings to my memory was—

What are little girls made of?
Sweets and spice,
And all that's nice,
That's what little girls are made of.
What are little boys made of?
Slugs and snails,
And puppy dog's tails,
That's what little boys are made of.

Happy is the man, who as an old boy, will wager on the truth of this nursery teaching.

What subject can interest us so much, individually and nationally, as "our boys?" Constantly a care, always a joy, generally a hope. From the moment they tear themselves away from their mother's apron strings, and are let loose, as it were, on the world, is not their future likely to be much what we have aided to form in their boyhood? There is nothing truer than the old saying that "the boy is father to the man."

The modern boy, the one to whom these ideas are especially addressed, is let loose on a world far different from his father, say 50 years gone by. It may be now a more polished world, more erudite, more competitive, and more worldly, but is it quite so real, earnest, and thorough-going as of old? Is there not a trifle of artificialness about our modern boys—so much is done for them now by their parents and guardians that they used to have to do themselves, things half learnt and half tested, because the ways and means of gaining knowledge come to hand so much easier than of old?

On the other hand, there is now a danger of premature manhood in our boys, of minds and habits formed ere the body can carry them becomingly. The too early growth of forced plants too often

leads to their decadence when exposed to the outside blasts of a cruel and unsympathetic world, and as Shakespeare puts it in "Henry VIII."—

So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

The history of nations tells this warning tale, that luxury will sap the manliness of youth more surely than aught else. "Yet somehow we trust that good will be the final goal of ill."

It is natural for us elders to dwell on the contrast, which half a century and more has brought in the early days of our boys. When only seven years old, I was sent to school in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. This involved a two days' journey; the first night, I well recollect spending at Ludlow with my great grandmother, of whom I stood in great dread, and my sole delight there was watching a tame deer which was kept in a walled paddock at the back of the house, belonging to a gentleman named Hookey, a well known character in Shropshire in those days. Early the next morning I was deposited on the Red Rover coach under care of the guard, and had a long day's journey, *via* Tenbury, through Bewdley Forest and Kidderminster, ere I was landed at the Hen and Chickens at Birmingham, and there was tumbled into a fly to find my destination, an outlying village of Moseley, now a part of that city. The only railway then running to Birmingham was the L. & N. W., from London *via* Rugby, and on the return journey I left the coach at Wooferton, where my father had sent my pony to meet me, and had also sent me a new pair of jack boots, of which I was very proud; as I rode home (20 miles) and passed Lucton school (where

I afterwards was a boarder) I never shall forget the boys calling out, "There goes Puss in boots!" and how I flogged the pony to escape their indignities! Afterwards, when going to Eton in 1850, it was a long coach journey (60 miles) to Gloucester by The Arrow coach from Kingston, the G. W. R. system not being then completed beyond that city.

These reminiscences may seem egotistical, but they are intended only to illustrate some of the changes in the early life of our old boys, as compared with the young ones of to-day. How few mothers in these days would trust their darling boys to such sufferings at the age of seven (in the winter months, too)? and how many boys would care to undergo them, if they did? And yet it aided to make us self-reliant, and not luxurious. It helped to wipe out that horrid word "can't" from our vocabulary, which British boys should ever deem a slow poison.

It has been a wise dispensation of Providence, and one likely to prolong the life of Britain's greatness, that at the threshold of this new century so many thousands of our boys, both rich and poor, should have been called upon to go through the mill—to be tried in a fire which nobody can deny has not burnt fiercely in their faces, and tested their pluck, endurance and stamina. To them the word "luxury" will ever hereafter be a laughing-stock and a plaything. The fortunate survivors will know what a hard life is, when the call of duty comes; and is it not in the natural course of things that a lesson so amply and practically now learnt will be handed down to their sons and son's sons, and that the rising generation of our boys will learn and profit by the hardships of their

fathers and grandfathers to-day, exclaiming with Goldsmith—

O Luxury ! thou curst by Heaven's decree.

It is said, and truly said, that our boys in these days have not sufficient opportunities given them in their early days of learning to ride, and practise manly exercises. There is so much education of the mind to be got through, and many frivolous functions to be enjoyed in the holidays, that they have few opportunities until they leave college, enter the army, or chance to be cast in business in the country, to know what horsemanship really is, and what an aid it is to health, strength, and manliness; that I would fain lay urgent stress on this weak point in our boys' armour, and press that it may not grow into a noxious weed to our boys' lasting detriment in the future. If all our public school headmasters were such as Dr. Warre, I should not desire to lay so much stress upon this point, as I can speak from old school days' acquaintance that in his case the boy was father to the man, and being himself the personation of manliness, Eton is not likely to become degenerate in his day. But I wish that in all public schools the same example and guidance was more to the front. It is painful to see so many lads with overworked frames, and jaded looks; many of them wearing spectacles, or eye glasses, and with nerves already shaken.

We have recently lost one of Britain's bravest boys in Lord William Beresford, one who held a high place in whatever he undertook, and his undertakings were no light ones. May such as he be found as plentiful at the close of another fifty years. It seems but yesterday, although it was in the 'sixties, that I witnessed a plucky deed, in which a Beresford

(either William or Marcus, I forget which) with two other young cavalry officers then quartered at York (the other two were Wombwell and Clayton, the latter was afterwards killed at polo in India) were the heroes. Ferdy Fairfax was then Master of the York and Ainsty hounds. We had found our fox in the Red House wood, and were going best pace on the grass, when our fox crossed the river Ouse with the pack close to him. In went that gallant trio and swam the river without a moments' hesitation, one of the most uninviting streams in the country. I turned to Fairfax, being much of a mind to follow, when he called to me not to follow the ducks, as there was a horse ferry handy. We had no sooner got our horses in the boat than we spotted the hounds turning again towards the river, which they recrossed below, and again those boys swam across, only to catch us as the hounds were breaking up their fox. As happy as kings they were. I can see them now lying on their backs with their legs in the air to let the water run out of their boots.

This is the stuff that our young soldiers of to-day should be made of, and very many I rejoice to say are, made of.

For many years it was the fashion to belittle our Yeomanry and Volunteers. It cannot be so now; the lessons of the hunting field and the playground have brought to them the essentials of army service, and I hesitate not to say that had it not been for the bravery and endurance of these so-called irregular forces, the fate of our war in South Africa would not have been what now it is.

In this matter I write from personal knowledge, and might quote many interesting letters from a devoted son, no longer a boy, who

gave up a lucrative business at his country's call, and still fights on, saying that he and his comrades that are left feel hardened by endurance to anything, although he complains that even the one black servant that was in his own pay is now not allowed him, and he has been fighting on a common soldier's pay of 1s. 3d. per day! It will be examples such as these, if they survive, that will put vigour into our boys of the future, and let us hope their countrymen will appreciate the sacrifices which they have made. There are many rocks ahead in the new century—too many to enumerate—luxury is one to which we have briefly alluded. The threatened decrease of the population is another. Oh, that we would take warning by France in this matter. It is a delicate subject to handle, and yet one that cannot be put behind our backs. It goes hand in hand with luxury, and her many injurious sisters. History speaks to us on this with no uncertain voice. If it long continues it will tell a tale, when South Africa, and our other great Commonwealths, cry out in vain for more of our gallant boys to help them on their way, and moreover it will emaciate us as a nation.

There is another pitfall which

has to be guarded against. The morality of our trading and business is on the wane. The grasping for money is ruled, aye, too much, by the maxim of any means to an end. The hasting to become rich is a plant that grows too widely already across the Atlantic, and seems to be taking root here. People think it no sin nowadays to rob their neighbours in business, sometimes stealthily, often openly, and he who is the victim is probably reckoned a fool. Yet all this recoils on society, and our boys that practise it become sordid, selfish, and a curse to their country. Once let this evil creep into our professions, and woe to our boys of the future. To sportsmen let us trust that it never may come. Here is the great panacea. The *esprit de corps* of sport will ever uphold its votaries far above the sordid motives of which we have spoken. For who ever saw a sportsman who was ashamed of being one? Sport, if entered into with the true spirit of devotion, will raise our boys to a level of self-respect, which will banish evil habits, and promote healthiness and honesty in every department of their life.

My boys, follow Pope's advice—
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

BORDERER.



REV. E. M. REYNOLDS, M.F.H.

Rev. E. M. Reynolds, M.F.H.

AT Meadow Bank, Ambleside, where Mr. Reynolds, the "Grand Old Man" as he is often called in Westmoreland, has lived so long, hang amongst others, two portraits that directly interest us. One is a large picture of a very small boy, with a spaniel in his lap; the original can just recollect its being painted at Clapham Common, over sixty-five years ago: the dog, too, he remembers well. Never has he lost his deep affection for animals, especially for dogs. The other picture, a fine steel engraving, includes a portrait of Richard Reynolds, a well-known Bristol quaker, with whom Mr. E. M. Reynolds' father claimed kinship: these two were at school together.

At the present time there is no more characteristic personage in the West Country than the keen old master of the Coniston Hounds. His hair, as white as snow, is cropped close to his well-shaped head, his clean shaved face of very fair complexion is a criterion of good health for Mr. Reynolds is very rarely confined to the house though age and severe weather have here and there left their marks upon it; penetrating steel grey eyes deep-set and aquiline nose, serve to give character to a face familiar to all the country side. Mr. Reynolds is of average height.

Beyond wearing a black *morning* coat and a white tie on Sundays, and the latter on weekdays, his dress shows none of the conventionalities of the Church of England parson's dress.

He is an all-round sportsman; an M.A. of Cambridge, where he rowed in his college boat. On Windermere, in the old days, he yachted much, and even raced.

As a figure skater, no one of anywhere near his own age could at one time beat him in the North of England; on Windermere and Rydal Lakes and other tarns in the neighbourhood, directly there is a chance of ice bearing, his presence has been for many years very familiar.

The silver cups in his dining room remind us of him as a veteran lawn-tennis player, whom no contemporary of his in that class could beat on even terms. He has for years past played in the same tournaments in company with such men as the Renshaws, Lewis, Pym and Chaytor, Baddeley, Mahoney, Doherty, the Riseleys and Allans, and on his walls are portrait groups of many distinguished players in which our "ancient warrior" (another nickname of his) may be seen, clad in the well-known short white trousers, a crimson belt and large wide-awake hat.

This worthy master of foxhounds is, besides, a good classical scholar and theologist, as instanced by his having recently written and published a learned little book, "Passages from Writers of Early Christian Times" (printed by George Middleton, Ambleside). Not only does he love the theoretical aspect of religion, but his services are ever at the disposal of the vicar of Rydal, whom he constantly assists.

Mr. Reynolds is essentially a practical man, but he does not care to be called a *sporting parson* in the hackneyed sense of the term. He loves hounds, knows all about them, and has in his day been almost as hard to beat over the fells as any man known or heard of in the Lake district. His duties as master of the Coniston do

not fall so heavily upon him as those of a master of a larger pack that hunts the low countries, but fell fox-hunting makes upon its enthusiastic votaries demands unequalled by any other form of sport. For some time past, he had been the only brother of the cloth in the M.F.H. list. This year the Rev. T. A. Milne, the new master of the Cattistock, shares the distinction.

Scarcely less well known than the master is Henry Lancaster, the huntsman in his cap, big red coat (his horn carried in the breast pocket), red waistcoat, drab breeches, leggings of the same and ankle straps, a pair of boots weighing 7lbs. He carries a stick and a long malacca crop with an

enormously thick thong. The master does not and never did sport "pink." He wears a Harris tweed suit, very tight trousers gathered at the knees with straps, cotton net-work tennis shirt (*no* flannel vest, as a general rule), a round black hat and a red tie. His crop, a unique invention, for which he himself claims the patent, has a ferrule at the end; thus, being strongly made, it can be used both as a whip and a walking stick. Mr. Reynolds is a county J.P.; he is a lover of good books, but strange to say, possesses only one volume on the noble science, but this he swears by; it is a copy of the first edition of Peter Beckford's "Thoughts upon Hunting."

The Coniston Hounds.

WHEN the Coniston Hounds were started in 1825, a good part of the land in the fell districts was owned by "statesmen," that is, yeomen, small farmers living on their own land, and working it with the help of their families, and sometimes of one or two hired servants. Their wants were few, and they took life easily, spending much of their time in dancing, drinking, wrestling, and above all in hunting. Small trencher-fed packs were found in every other dale, each farmer owning a hound or two. Fox, mart and hare were hunted indifferently, the meets being settled by weather, circumstance, or inclination.

Now, the statesmen have almost disappeared. Hardly in any dale are there one or two left. The modern farmer reads the paper; and his son plays football and rides a bicycle. Hunting is no

longer everything, and most of the smaller packs have been given up.

The Coniston is one of the few packs that survive. The pack was set on foot by Messrs. Gaskell and Jackson, of Coniston, to run fox, mart, and hare. Gaskell was a butcher, but, as he lived at Coniston Hall, he must have been a farmer also, and fairly well-to-do. He was succeeded in 1839 by Mr. J. G. Marshall, of Monk Coniston, who was followed in 1853 by Mr. W. Bell. The kennels were built in Mr. Bell's time. Not a penny in cash was spent over them. The land, stone, slates, wood, ironwork, and fittings were given, the labour was volunteered, and completion of the work was celebrated by a supper at the Ship Inn. Mr. Bell showed excellent sport, but he did not escape misfortune, as in his time five of the

leading hounds met their death at once by falling over the edge of Raven Crag, on Holm Fell.

After Mr. Bell came Mr. Kennedy, in 1866, and Mr. Lodge, in whose days a strange mishap befel the pack. Hunting in the Cartmel district hounds ran their fox into Hampsfield Wood on the hills above Grange. What happened in covert is not known, but four of the best hounds were never seen again, and nothing could convince the owners that their hounds had not been spirited away and sold, though every dalesman knows that in this rough country hounds will sometimes disappear. In recent years Grappler was never seen again after a hunt in Rusland, nor Jingle after the disaster in the Hen Toe Ghyll, nor Duster after the unkennel on Eagle Crag, nor the famous crag-hound Bellman after a day on the Langdales. Still it is hard to account for four hounds vanishing at once, and the history of the Coniston, at least, affords no similar case.

From Mr. Lodge the hounds passed to Mr. Bridson, and after him to Mr. W. Penny, then to a Committee, and lastly to the present Master, Mr. Reynolds.

All the Coniston country is rough and trying for hounds. No season passes without a number of severe strains, cuts, and bruises. A hound is of little use for some time after a bad fall; his nerve is gone, and he becomes dead slow among crags.

The danger is much increased by bad weather. The wind blows terribly hard on the high fells, and the writer has seen a hound blown flat down on his side. On such a day there is little chance of scent on any exposed place; and hounds are better at home.

Still worse is the snow. If, after a heavy fall, thaw and frost

alternate for a week or two, the surface becomes so hard that there is no standing on any slope for man or hound. Snow bridges form in the ghylls, and cornices along the edges. The fox, however, with his thick fur and sharp claws, cares little for snow and frost. During severe weather, should a practicable day occur, he is usually found lying not far from the snow line. If the snow be soft he will make for the lower ground; but, if hard, he will point at once to the higher fells, and will almost certainly escape.

Of earths, properly speaking, there are next to none; but the country abounds in strongholds, and a fox is seldom three miles from a place of absolute safety. "Brossen," that is, fissured rock, and the deep places of the larger borran, afford the best shelter. The Brossen Rock on Kirkstone is a noted place, the entrance being protected against working by a mass of rock weighing many tons. A borran consists of rocks and great stones, lying heaped under the crag from whose face they have fallen. Borran sometimes extend over several acres, and many have places where a fox can get completely away from the terriers.

Dow Crag, behind Coniston Old Man—a terrible place extending downwards under Goat's Water—Buckbarrow in Sleddale, Hawkriggs above Levens Water, Broad How and the Park Quarry in Troutbeck, are famous strongholds, and from the first and the last of these, it is said, no fox has ever been driven or got out.

In such a country it is no easy matter to keep a tolerable pack together. Only a few puppies can find homes, and in some years there is scarcely anything like selection. The one thing the Master will care for is efficiency



HENRY LANCASTER,
HUNTSMAN TO THE CONISTON FOXHOUNDS.

in the field. Hounds must have good noses and high courage, with the power of running hard and long over all sorts of ground. Good shoulders and powerful fore-quarters are of the first importance to stand the rush downhill, and jumping from high walls on to rock or screes. Possibly because there is no chalk in the water, hounds bred in the country are apt to run light in bone; and constant infusion of fresh blood from the south is necessary to keep up a powerful frame. The best hounds are usually those that come from a first cross. Entered hounds brought from the south are seldom altogether a success, not taking kindly to the country, or to the style of work. People say they lack nose, but this is a mistake. Fell packs will hunt a cold scent, being allowed plenty of time, and having learnt to depend upon themselves; south country hounds will not, being constantly lifted, and accustomed to look for guidance to the huntsman. After a couple of seasons on the fells, south country hounds will hold a cold scent as long as the others. And what fell hounds do in this way is astonishing. The drag is often successfully worked hours after the fox has gone; and wherever he has been the night before hounds will speak to it, on a sunless day, well on in the afternoon.

Among the fells good terriers are as necessary as good hounds. A terrier must have infinite pluck, should be small, yet hardy and strong, have a good mouth and nose and a good gift of creeping. Creeping and nose are the difficulties; there are a score of terriers that will tackle a fox well enough, for one that can find him in a deep borran.

The perfect fell huntsman must always, we fear, remain an ideal.

He should be young, active, and ardent, a good cragsman, a speedy and unwearied follower. But he should also have a store of knowledge, experience and patience; he should be trustworthy, and acceptable to the country side. And beyond all this he must have a native genius for hunting; his senses must be acute, and he must be a skilled observer, and quick to interpret every faint indication of what is going on. It is not expected of a huntsman that he should keep with, or even near, his hounds when chasing. That is simply impossible. But a good man will seldom lose his hounds, and very rarely come home without them, an unlucky chance, which cannot always be avoided.

When dragging, the huntsman should be close to his hounds; it is then that they most need guidance and control, and the unkennel is also the critical moment of the hunt.

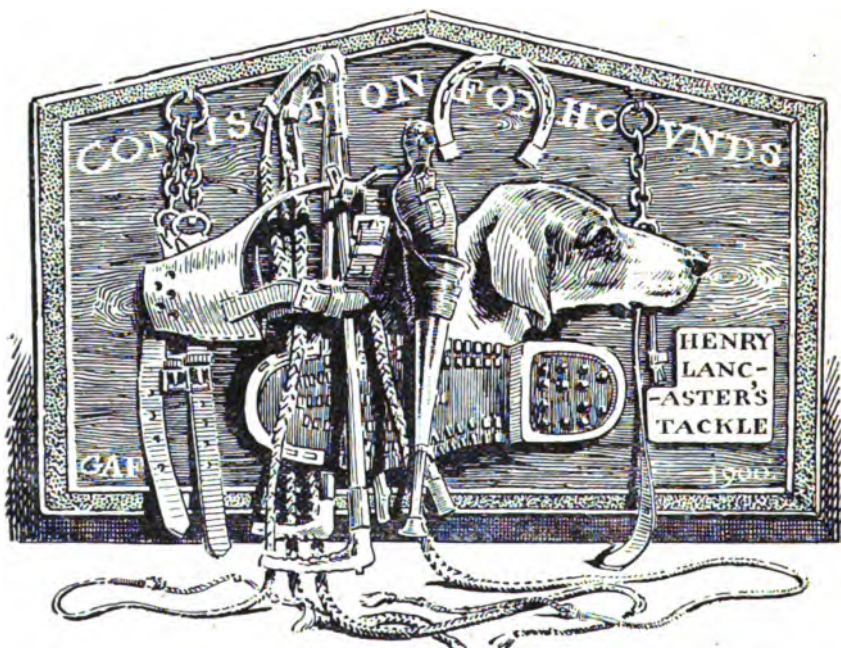
All fell packs follow the old style of hunting, and find their fox by working up the drag. The fell fox does not lie in covert, but among the rocks, usually a thousand feet or more above sea-level. At night he comes down to look for his prey. He does not generally kill much poultry, and never attacks a sheep, though a vixen with cubs will sometimes do a good deal of mischief among lambs. A little before daylight he is off home again, and the sooner hounds are on his line the better. Consequently they should *be at work* by daybreak. Getting on to the ground, proceedings commence by running a line along the fell side between the dale and the tops. If there be a fox about, he will have crossed this line, and hounds will not fail to strike the drag. Often they wind it from a long distance; on one occasion within the writer's recollection

from fully three-quarters of a mile. This was exceptional; three or four hundred yards is common enough.

Scent is a mystery. It does not follow that, if hounds wind it a long way, the drag will be strong; nor that, if the drag be strong, the chase will be fast. On the contrary, it sometimes happens that hounds, after dragging fast and well for three or four miles, will

keen and practised eyes. Getting among the crags, if luck be with us, it is not long ere a fierce rush proclaims that the fox is gone. Open as is the hillside, it takes a quick eye and some good fortune to view him away; he does not usually wait till the last moment, and being faster than the hounds over crag and scree, he is not long in opening out a bit of a lead.

But scent is good on the fells,



be all abroad before going as many hundred yards from the kennel.

On first striking the drag, hounds will almost always take it uphill, and though in general this proves right, every soft place, or, better still, every patch of snow, is sharply scrutinised for a footing. If struck the right way the drag should improve on the higher ground. Sportsmen now watch the work of each hound, and no detail of the hunt escapes

and sometimes burning. On burning days the pace is tremendous; each hound as soon as he strikes the line goes away as hard as he can, the fastest first, and the others stringing out behind.

The fell fox is stout, but at this pace he is ere long in difficulties. On ordinary days he has many chances of escape. He may throw hounds out by any of the tricks familiar to foxhunters; but here he may also go through a crag

where hounds cannot follow, or run for half a mile on the wall tops; or he may hole. With a hot scent this last is his only hope, nor is it a bad one if he be near a strong place. Sometimes there is a regular underground hunt, ending perhaps in the fox bolting twenty or thirty yards from the place where he went in. More often he will be quite deep in, and in that case will not bolt at all.

Once he is marked in, the cry is for tools. On first getting to the hole, the huntsman has blown his horn and shouted with all his might, and is soon joined by every one within hearing. If there be a quarry near, the men arrive with mell, gavelock, and

chain, and now will be seen what a skilled rock hand can do when his heart is in his work. Tons of broken stone go down the fell side, and in time a practicable entrance is made. Someone creeps in, and explores with a candle the recesses of the rock.

It is seen which way the terriers point, and whereabouts the fox is lying. Work is now resumed more eagerly than ever, till some sharp-eyed sportsman spies a bit of the fox through a chink, or feels him with a stick. He will soon be out now. Little law is his lot, for all the countryside is against him; and ere he has covered many hundred yards he will be rolled over by the hounds.

From the Front.

IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY.

THE column starts at 5.30 a.m., and our detached column of Rimington's Guides, M.I., Driscoll's Scouts, section R.F.A. and a pom pom are on the left flank. We send three scouts with glasses to a Kaffir kraal, on the top of a hill, and move to it and halt under cover. They report Boers, some 20 to 30 on our left flank on a hill. We move down the hill, and just as the Adjutant remarks, "What about advanced guard and flankers?" we see some moving figures at the base of the hill which we are on, more than a mile and a half away. To jump off one's horse and get Ross's No. 12 binoculars on them takes three seconds or so. "Boers with led horses making for the donga there!" exclaims our Commanding Officer.

"Bring up the pom pom and let them have it!" is the next order.

Then, "A squadron out to the left there, and gallop at them. M.I. support." Bang, bang, bang, bang, cracks out the pom pom, and we see spurts of dust close by the galloping horsemen.

But now we are racing down hill best pace, and the first obstacle is a wire fence. "Wire-cutters to the front. Come on! Come on!" Now our quarry can be seen away out on the most perfectly flat grassy veldt valley, and they bear to the right. "Thank heaven, they are not making for the Boers on the left, on the kopje, but riding for their lives, *with, apparently, no point.*" We cross the donga, luckily at a good place. But one or two of our flank men are stopped by it, as 30 or 40 yards down stream it is fifteen feet deep, with a fair amount of water in it. One of them is riding a race-horse, Careless, the

one-eyed chesnut, but at the pace we are galloping he is never in it again.

Now we are on level grass, rather heavy from the rain overnight, and though we started so far behind, the Boers have to cut the wire, or stand on it if loose, to cross the fences, while we can gallop straight on. So we gain hand over hand. The Boers keep together, but one on a splendid Basuto pony shoots out at each fence and cuts it—gallop, gallop. "Tallyho! forrard on to them," rings out from one enthusiastic foxhunter. The pace is telling on our horses too, and ten of our people lead the chase after the first two miles. Then our sixteen-stone captain's horse begins to feel the pace, gallant chaser though he is, and his rider drops off him to send a few bullets after the Boers at 800 yards, and is up again and going almost as well as ever.

Now our four best-mounted horsemen single themselves out and lead the chase; young Rimington, on a chesnut colonial Galloway; Sergt.-Major Harvey on a brown English mare; Sergt. Vice on a grey Colonial stallion; Trooper Lee on a horse which had been taken from Theron's Volunteer Corps. But already a native with a led horse belonging to the Boers had dropped behind and been taken, and a little further on one Boer on a grey pony had his "hands up," and was under a guard. But five are still racing on, but they are headed off from the left every time by the above-mentioned horsemen, and the remainder of the squadron are riding on the cord of the arc. Now Harvey puts on a spurt, but cannot keep it going. Captain Brown is firing at them from behind, but after a gallop of five miles who can hit galloping Boers

at 800 yards? But, by the holy! that bullet struck the dust up close by the last Boer's horse. It must have frightened him. Now we are galloping only 300 yards behind them, and they are bending more to the right and making for a Kaffir kraal. By Jove! they are going into it. Will they stop? Yes, they are dismounting; but one goes on, and there is another half a mile ahead going strong, on the bay Basuto. The squadron will settle the four in the kraal when they come up; we chance their bullets and gallop past it.

Harvey and Rimington ride for the Boer who has gone on, and thank Heaven, another of our men, who has ridden "clever" on a good pony, comes up. Harvey jumps off and fires at the Boer, and Rimington on the other side of the wire does the same. Up go the Boer's hands with a white handkerchief in one of them, and he is taken. We have galloped nearly eight miles, and it is a good six-mile point. How beat all the horses are!—but we have got the whole party, except the one on the Basuto. They include three Boer farmers, one Johannesburg policeman, one scout, one nondescript.

I had written so far, when I saw the Colonial Division passing, and in conversation with them I found out that three of their native scouts had got news later in the day of a Boer sleeping in a donga, and creeping up had jumped on him suddenly, and secured him before he could escape. This turns out to be the man on the good Basuto who had galloped clean away. So now the whole lot are prisoners, and will soon be on their way to Cape Town. *Vive la chasse.* Lest anyone should pity the Dutchmen, let me add that on being searched *all* had expanding bullets, and two certainly had previously taken the oath of neutrality. RAIDER.

Loch Leven with Rod and Skates.

OF course everybody has heard of Loch Leven,—not the arm of the sea which stretches from the beautiful Loch Linnhe and the shores of Morven northward into the solitudes of Inverness-shire mountains and deer forests, but the fresh-water lake of the midlands of Scotland, celebrated alike for the excellence of its trout and its memories of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. In the mind of the fisherman the former of its claims to fame naturally holds the foremost place, and its historic associations are but agreeable additions to the pleasure of catching trout, or at least of fishing for them, amid such an environment. To the historian, the archæologist, the Jacobite, and the sympathetic lover of the beautiful and the unfortunate, on the other hand, its islets, its ruined cloister, and its grey battlemented keep, which for ten long months imprisoned the Scottish Queen, alike appeal with a special significance and force. For the ornithologist, too, it is undoubtedly a place of parts as a favourite home of the mallard, teal, and widgeon, and all the other members of the duck family in this northern land, which seem to find in its seven islands all requisite nesting and feeding facilities, combined with a climate and a seclusion much to their mind.

Although, since the middle of the seventeenth century at least, Loch Leven has been specially famous for the quality and size of its trout, their gameness, and the delicate pink colouring of their flesh, it is a somewhat curious fact that until within the last half century they were never known to rise to the artificial fly. Often had they been fished over by deft and cunning hands without result,

until at last, sometime in the early 'fifties, a sudden and unaccountable change took place, and fish of good quality and weight came to be taken with this the most "gentlemanly" of lures. Then in the course of years the high character of the fishing began to attract widespread attention, and the proprietor of the loch discovered that he possessed a valuable property which had within it great intrinsic qualities of development.

Statistics are sometimes delusive and seldom particularly interesting, but it is nevertheless somewhat remarkable that the take of trout should have risen in the eleven years from 1877 to 1888 from 6,092 trout of 5,385 lbs. in the former to 23,516 trout of 21,074 lbs. in the latter year,—figures which have in more recent years, been not unfrequently exceeded. Naturally, however, the take varies much according to the season and other conditions, so that it had in 1890, for instance, again fallen to less than one-half of the numbers and weight of two years before. Still the figures we have quoted show the wonderful character and productiveness of this comparatively small loch, for it is less than four miles long by two broad. The Loch Leven Angling Association have certainly done much to improve and protect the fishing and to clear the loch of pike and perch, but still it is, after all, questionable whether, with something like thirty boats available, and almost endless competitions during the best part of the season, it is not now at once overfished and too much converted into a commercial emporium for the cultivation and catching of trout, so that the

charm of purely natural production and surroundings which should be incidental to the taking of all *feræ naturæ et piscationibus*, has, in large measure, been lost.

Not that the element of glorious uncertainty in angling for trout has there in any sense been eliminated, or that the trout are in themselves easily caught—quite the contrary. The fisherman may indeed be fortunate enough to hit upon a specially favourable day for Loch Leven—a steady east or south east wind of moderate strength, and an atmosphere reasonably temperate and saturated with moisture—and then, it is true, the fish may rise with a freedom and determination which leave nothing to be desired. But taking the season all over such days are comparatively few and far between, and there are many more when from one cause or another scarce a fish is seen to break the surface of the water. Moreover, as we have already indicated, much fishing has undoubtedly made the Loch Leven trout an extremely wary and circumspect fish, so that specially favourable conditions as to weather, good boatmen, a personal knowledge of the loch and how and where to fish it on particular days, and with certain winds, of the best flies to use for the time, and the prevailing atmosphere, are all things which usually tell more or less when the day's fishing is over, and the baskets come to be weighed in. We say "usually," for it is one of the unfathomed mysteries of loch-fishing, and it certainly applies on Loch Leven as well as elsewhere that, now and again, given a tyro at one end of the boat and an expert fisherman at the other, the tyro will catch more fish than the expert, and all the knowledge, faculty of obser-

vation, and experience of the latter will have availed him but little in filling up the basket.

The elements which go to the making of the trout of this loch so exceptionally good are probably various, and climate, elevation above sea level, rich feeding, good spawning grounds in the tributary streams, and an admixture of fine grassy banks and shallows, and gravely, sandy beds in the loch itself, all seem to combine in forming conditions favourable to the production of these fine fish. For ourselves we have had, we must confess, but very varying fortune on its waters, and although we have known of excellent baskets of from 40 to 50 lbs. of trout made by two rods in a single day, that has never been our own happy experience.

Still we do remember one day, many years ago now, when under very curious and changeable weather conditions two friends and myself fishing from one boat (for circumstances had rendered the presence of a third rod necessary on that particular occasion) killed in the two hours from 10 to 12 o'clock, 18 trout, which weighed exactly 20 lbs. It was, we recollect, a very fine morning in early August as we rowed out from the pier and swept round to the east side of the Castle Island. There was scarcely a breath of air stirring, or a cloud in the sky above us, and fly fishing seemed, for the time, a hopeless task. By-and-by, however, a light breeze sprung up from the south-east, the sky became partially overcast and some clouds seemed to gather with marvellous suddenness from nowhere. A sharp shower came down, the wind got up, and the trout rose as if in obedience to a magic spell. Alas! it was all too quickly over, but during that brief time we practically made our

basket. Once the three reels span out with merry music almost simultaneously, three rods were, in the boatmen's language, "full" and bending like whips, and ere very long three lusty trout, safely netted, were dancing in the bottom of the boat, and three men, for the time at least, looked happy! One fish weighed $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., one $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and one just over 1 lb. But this kind of thing could not, in the nature of things, last long; the wind soon died away again, and a sharp thunderstorm began during which, contrary to all established precedent, we killed two very respectable trout; then one or two more were picked up in a fitful breeze off St. Serf's Island, and the tale of the day was complete. For within another hour the waves were showing their white tops before a rising gale, the sky had become leaden, the water black as ink, and we were virtually driven from the scene—which an hour or two before had been hot and smiling under a summer sky—by a fierce south-wester. Still, despite all this change of fortune, we cling to the memory of those brief hours, with their bent rods, their spinning reels, the flying fish with their strong leaps for freedom, and the sighs of relief as we saw the panting, speckled, golden beauties lying safely in the capacious net, while Donald and Archie are signalling in triumph to some cronies in another boat hard by that the three rods had all landed their fish.

The boatmen of Loch Leven are certainly a class by themselves, and their characters are probably as various as their idiosyncrasies. Some, most of them, perhaps, are good sportsmen and keenly anxious to have the "best-fished boat," but some are also less taciturn than others,

and more given to imparting information and advice, or offering their stock of anecdote and reminiscence for the edification of their temporary employers. Two we remember having on one occasion who had, on the previous day, buried a brother boatman in the old churchyard hard by the loch, and, while descanting freely on the many virtues and eminent social and convivial qualities of the deceased, they had also, apparently, been led to think about the serious question of all time. Both, indeed, were seemingly much concerned about the uncertainties of the future life, and the elder one, while evidently at heart a good Christian, was something of an Epicurean philosopher as well, for he had doubts as to whether the final dissolution was not more or less, to most men at least, just what he called "a leap i' dark." On another occasion one of our boatmen entertained us with a graphic description of the scene which ensued when a certain distinguished judge, until but lately an ornament of the high judicial bench, over-balanced himself in the effort to make an extra long cast, in order to reach a rising fish far out, and fell clean overboard into the water. The judge was stout, and not an athlete, in his later years at least, and, as many people know, it is always easier to get out of a boat than to get into it again once you are out. So the end of it was that the judge had a rope passed to him, and was *towed* ashore—albeit in a somewhat exhausted condition—with all convenient speed.

When last we revisited this historic loch it was under somewhat different conditions. The frost had held keenly for ten days or more, but no snow had fallen, so we made up, or rather joined ourselves to, a skating and hockey

party for Loch Leven. It was an ideal day in February, brilliant sunshine, no wind, scarcely a cloud in the sky, but freezing still. As our train steamed along the side of the loch in the early forenoon, we saw what seemed a vast sheet of pale blue water, unruffled by a breeze, and shining in the sun. It was indeed, difficult to believe it to be an expanse of solid ice, so that some one said, quite naturally, "Don't you see them rising?"—and we could almost persuade ourselves that we did! But on this occasion the wary trout was far down in the green depths, beside the grass and rushes, and amid the surroundings of his winter habitat.

As we skate out to the Castle Island, carrying with us a paraphernalia of coats, rugs, luncheon hampers, and the like, and pass over well-known spots, the distance from the shore to the ruined keep seems enormously increased from what is our recollection of it under water. Yet all the way there are indications of a track made over the clear black ice by the blades of earlier arrivals. There, in the distance, are one or two skate-sailors trying, somewhat vainly to-day, to catch the fickle breeze. But it will not come except in the lightest of airs, and it is only towards evening that they are able to spread their white wings to advantage, and to reach and tack with ease, as a favouring night-wind comes out of the west. On our right, where there is a beautiful stretch of clear glassy surface, between the Castle Island and a small islet to the west of it, are three ladies, evidently sisters, skating together with marvellous grace and finish, now right now left outside edge, and anon wheeling in perfect unison—an almost ideal picture of colour, symmetry, and motion.

But the scene is kaleidoscopic, and the combinations endless—the sense of distances across that stretch of frozen surface is seemingly vast, while the pleasure of skimming over its virgin thresholds towards a "boundless contiguity of space," and between these island fortresses which rise around us, is a thing to live in the memory. Our luncheon, among the dry and frozen reeds of a little island, has been eaten, our game of hockey has been played through the long bright afternoon, and the hopes of tea and toast at the village inn rise high within the breast as the sun is setting rose-red behind the Kinross-shire hills, while the sky takes on a sapphire blue overhead, and we wend our somewhat skate-tired limbs back towards the shore.

The scene at the village inn that winter's afternoon must have rivalled anything that even the old stage-coaching days could have produced, for we found the place simply invaded by a horde of tired and famishing skaters—with whose wants it was soon painfully evident that the resources of the establishment were quite unable to cope. The visions, therefore, of a chaste and well-ordered meal, to be partaken of in comparative quietude, were speedily banished, and if we were not to perish from inanition, manifestly the only thing to be done was to carry the kitchen premises by storm, and seize forcibly for ourselves whatever was to be had there in the way of food and drink. And that, I fear, was what, in the end, was done. But it was an amicable and friendly "foray," in which the host and hostess perforce joined, and for which due compensation was made.

One may fish perhaps a hundred days or more in every year

over Loch Leven's broad surface, instinct with hopes of its yellow-golden and spotted beauties which may or may not be realised. But it is probably only once in a decade, if even then, that you can swiftly cross the vast expanse of

its frozen bosom and sweep round its island shores, borne on the plane of a clear and shimmering ice-field,—as we did on that perfect winter's day. *Vale!* Yet we should much like to do it again.

J. A. S. M.

Cricket Topics.

As a rule there is during the winter some cricket of interest being played in Australia, South Africa, or the West Indies; but there has been nothing of this kind during the last few months to occupy the attention of those who talk and those who write about the national game.

And so a sort of "silly season" of cricket came in with November and we had a long discussion in the columns of our respected contemporary *The Field* newspaper, in which various cricket reforms were discussed from different stand-points by acknowledged authorities upon the game. Mr. W. E. Denison was delivered of a scheme for attaching some measure of value to a drawn match in the County Championship, by authorising the umpire to declare to which side in an unfinished match victory was likely to go. This proposition was rejected by the captains of first-class counties, who met in solemn conclave at Lord's in the middle of December, and they also registered their opinion that the law of leg-before-wicket should remain unaltered. At this same meeting of county captains measures were discussed which, when a few weeks later they leaked out in the columns of the press, fairly stirred up all the sediment of the silly season, and ever since Christmas we have had good large doses from doctors dis-

agreeing over the eternal questions of unfair bowling which amounts to throwing, its existence and various schemes for its promotion or suppression. Excess of zeal has by this time so affected county cricket that yearly the umpire as representing the law becomes a more and more important personage; it is possible to play a so-called "friendly game" of cricket under favourable conditions and without any *fracas* or strained situation, but a Championship cricket match is nowadays fought with as much zeal and feeling as an *election petition*, and the two umpires in the cricket match are likely to have a trying task. The captains too are overwhelmed with the cares of office, and the risk of the weather for in showery weather the captain of the side fielding is likely to be hooted by the crowd, and any external influence such as the smoke at Sheffield may bring upon the captain of the visiting team a prolonged storm of booing and hooting such as the captain of Surrey enjoyed last season at Bramhall Lane what time he was compiling a magnificent innings of 109.

It may be said with regard to captains of county teams and to the men who umpire in county matches that "taking one consideration with another their life is not a happy one," and we com-

mend the action of the captains in endeavouring at their winter meeting to do the best they can for themselves. Mr. Archie Mac-laren found himself in a very awkward place last season, when Lancashire went to play Notts at Nottingham, for the umpire James Phillips so resolutely no-balled Mold for throwing that he was taken off after delivering one over, and not again put on during the match.

Now although other umpires had for some twelve years by their silence tolerated and acquiesced in Mold's method of delivering the ball there arose this danger for Lancashire, that whensoever Phillips should stand umpire in a Lancashire match Mold was not likely to be allowed to bowl, and since Phillips might be sent to umpire in every Lancashire match or not one Lancashire match, Mr. Maclaren found himself in a position of some perplexity and might well think himself well advised to turn to his friends the captains of the other counties for advice. Mr. Maclaren would appear to have given the other captains some assurance that if he were convinced of the unfairness of Mold's delivery he would not again be a party to his bowling in any matches, and then on putting the question to the meeting whether in their opinion Mold's delivery was unfair, we are told that Mr. Maclaren was himself the only man who did not condemn it. It is likely that of all the county captains the captain of Lancashire would be the only one who would desire that Mold should continue his operations with the ball; and we think that if centuries ago there had been a meeting of captains of the states of the United Archipelago of Greece and the captain of one of the Northern states, say Bœotia, had left it to

the captains of the other states to determine whether he should employ against them in their Championship matches the most deadly fast bowler in Greece, we should be prepared to hear that such exception had been taken to the action of Outis, or whatever might be the name of the fast-bowler, or to render it impossible for him again to appear in important contests.

If the matter had rested at this decided expression of opinion against the fairness of the action of Mold the captains would not have exposed themselves to the criticism which they proceeded to invite; but emboldened by their own daring they proceeded further to take other reputations also away, and that moreover spontaneously and so far as can be learned without any invitation from the bowlers or their captains. And so it happened that Mold with some seven other men of varying reputations as bowlers were pronounced by the captains to be such confirmed throwers, that without a word of warning or any *locus penitentia*, they were then and there by the captains convicted of unfair practices, and the captains mutually agreed never again to employ these men as bowlers.

The next step taken by the captains was interesting as showing the sense of proportion which exists in the mind of a captain of cricket: having blasted the bowling reputations of some eight men in perhaps as many minutes, it was time to temper justice with mercy, and so a line was drawn after this list of malefactors of the deepest dye; and another list was drawn up of bowlers who, although strongly suspected of unfair practices, were nevertheless to be warned of the perils which beset the path of the thrower,

and were to be urged to mend their ways before they too should be sent to Siberia. It is over this point that our views are at variance with those of the captains; so long as there is a law against throwing instead of bowling, so long should that law be strictly observed, and since there seems no authority in the cricket world more competent or more qualified to deal with cricket matters than the combined wisdom of the captains of the counties, any crusade undertaken by them against unfair bowling is worthy of the highest respect, but we are still wondering why they should say that one man must never bowl again, because he is incorrigible, and that another who has a reputation no better is to be warned to mend his ways, and is to be allowed to go on with the game rather like a "first offender to come up for judgment when called upon." This is the point that

beats us, and we can imagine no reason why of two offenders A should be convicted and for ever condemned, whilst B is offered a chance of repentance and pardon. It remains now for those counties who are dissatisfied at their bowlers being included in this *Index Expurgatorius* to appoint a fresh young gentleman as captain of the county eleven, one who has not pledged himself to this much-discussed arrangement.

However the action of the captains and their committees may modify or develop before the cricket season comes round again, it is likely enough that at any rate the men appointed to umpire in county matches next season will feel that their hand now is sufficiently strong for them to noball anyone whose action is doubtful, and if that consummation be at length arrived at the captains will not have conferred in vain.

Some Sportive Notes by an Old Boy.

I.

WHEN we meet old friends again after long absence, we are loth to part with them; so it is with old associations — pleasant and companionable ones at least — when a look, a word, or a touch brings them back once more into our life. Then some of us, in the hope of staving off the inevitable day which consigns these visions of the past to the limbo of forgetfulness, strive to pin them down with pen to paper, and, perchance, only spoil good stationery in the attempt.

This last remark does not apply, however, to the interesting "Reminiscences of Oxford Life

and Sport" in recent numbers of BAILY, the reading of which put me on a similar scent. But if I follow the writer in his pursuit of old memories, it will be only at a respectful distance, for I am not in the same field with him as a sportsman, and could not stay over his line of country. This will be sufficiently apparent if I mention that when, in the early sixties, he was bestriding Nimrod and unconsciously laying up materials for a BAILY article, I was fain to be content with Shanks' mare. As what I saw of sport was from this humbler standpoint, which did not offer

facilities for a practical acquaintance with horseflesh and horsemanship, my recollections must necessarily relate to human rather than animal traits—must be rather sportive than sporting. If, under such conditions, they are permitted to form a pendant to those of your recent contributor, I shall be well content at finding them in such good company. I was equally out of the running with him from an academic point of view, for when he was *in statu pupillari*, I had reached no further stage on the road to knowledge than the Cathedral School on Wolsey's foundation of Christ Church.

My father had a connection with Oxfordshire which rendered the doings of the rural population thereof, especially in relation to sports and pastimes, "familiar in our mouths as household words." Consequently I early realised the special purpose for which foxes were created and the beneficence of the arrangement which distributed them in those quarters of the globe where sportsmen do flourish and abound. I had likewise a keen appreciation of the kindly forethought and consideration of the Early Fathers or the Early Christians—which ever it was—who instituted the observance of saints' days, inasmuch as we had a whole holiday on these occasions. I will not go so far as to assert that these respites from our classical studies were originally designed to afford us an opportunity of gratifying a taste for sport; but this I *do* know, that the hunting appointments were eagerly scanned by some of us when saints' days were imminent. It might possibly, though it is a moot point, have been more to the good of our spiritual health if we had devoted such opportunities, as, perhaps,

it was intended we should, to the quiet contemplation of saintly virtues in strict seclusion; but I am quite sure this would not have been of the same physical benefit to us as were those trudges over hill and dale which we took amid the fresh air of the country when "a-hunting we would go." After a good spin, with what cheerful appetites we disposed of bread and cheese, washed down with shandy-gaff, at the "Bear" at Cumnor, the "Royal Oak" at Stow-wood, or some other equally well-known hunting house-of-call! Sometimes we were lucky enough to drop across a good-natured farmer with whom we had a nodding acquaintance, and then an invitation to "come in and tell the missus all about the run" led to a cut off the joint and nothing to pay.

When on sport intent, three or four of us, "birds of a feather," usually kept together. Of the company to which I attached myself—one member in particular—a lean, lanky individual named Linwood—stands out distinct in memory from the rest. *In* school he was a nobody, and nothing he ever said or did there was considered to be of the slightest importance. But *out* of school he was looked up to as the embodiment of as much wisdom as we could ever associate with any fellow-mortal wearing turn-down collars and a short jacket. He certainly had a knowledge of the world which occasionally stood us in good stead when we got into scrapes on saints'-day excursions, but his chief claim to distinction was his legal erudition. His profundity in this particular line was, as he gave us to understand, mainly due to the fact that his father sat on the borough bench; hence the son drew his supplies

of legal lore direct from the very fountain of justice itself. He it was—the son, not the father—from whom we derived the belief that, in the eye of the law, shooting a fox was only one degree less heinous than shooting a man. Once during a paper chase, when we were in full cry, the two hares came flying back into our midst with the tidings that a dog, who objected to their laying the scent across his master's kitchen-garden, had not only insisted upon their returning post-haste the way they came, but, to ensure despatch, had, with the help of a good set of teeth, put special pressure upon the fleshy part of the leg of one of the hares. Linwood had the law of dog-bites at his finger-ends, and knew exactly the proper course to pursue. "Every dog," he explained, "had his day," *i.e.*, was entitled to one good bite—"the law allows it and the court awards it;" it was his right, his due, and no one could legally deprive him of it. But once let a dog so far forget himself as to indulge in a second nip, his doom was sealed. Hence, he pointed out, it behoved the bitten one to return with all speed and beguile the animal into further impressing his views upon his person. This course commended itself to all of us except the hare, who, to our disgust, did not take sufficiently kindly to the idea to act upon it, and so the soundness of the advice was never brought to the test in a court of law.

"Contempt of court," of which the unenlightened of us had very hazy notions, was on one occasion the theme of his discourse, and this is how he brought home to our minds in what it consisted. "Supposing you wish to show your contempt for the law, you just put your finger up to your

nose at a p'liceman, who collars you and brings you before a judge. Then the judge shows his contempt for *you* by ordering you to be birched—and *that's* contempt of court." All which we steadfastly believed. Verily, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," sometimes!

But my readers will, I fear, and with reason, credit me with getting off the line of scent, and will be echoing the injunction of Philip Astley to "get to the osses," which I will do forthwith, or, leastways, to some of the bipeds in connection with them. Linwood was, however, too closely identified with my sportive days to be entirely overlooked. I will only add that, after all, he never justified our expectations by becoming Lord Chief Justice, or even a Q.C.; and there is no chance of his doing so now, as he long ago embraced a journalistic career. Doubtless he has by this time found occasion to revise some of his legal dicta.

In the days of which I have been speaking, when agriculture was more prosperous than it is now, there was a good sprinkling of farmers at every meet who, well-mounted, could hold their own over a stiff bit of country. Since then, alas, the pinch of depression has done much to thin the fields in this respect. But the good-fellowship which fox-hunting engenders has not ceased to be a bond of union between owner and occupier, and it will be long 'ere "Tally-ho" loses its virtue as a rallying cry.

Even in those days there were farmers and farmers, and "Lawyer H." was one of the latter, as we boys, with a wholesome fear, fostered by our afore-said legal adviser, of the penalties attaching to trespassing, took care to remember whenever we were

on the borders of his territory; for trespassers, particularly fox-hunters, were his special abhorrence. H. was a farmer pure and simple, but by his extraordinary fondness for litigation, and for conducting his cases himself, he deservedly earned the prefix universally accorded to him. Probably the fact that he usually acted as his own attorney and counsel accounted for the frequency with which he was non-suited.

One day some undergraduates, riding over his land, were promptly warned off. They took the hint and turned round, but also took the liberty to indulge in a canter over another bit of the proscribed domain before finally departing. H., who had kept his eye upon their movements, thereupon mustered his farm-hands and waylaid the offenders, with intent to secure one of them as a hostage, as they turned into the high road. After leaving the forbidden land, the trespassers had been joined by other horsemen returning from the Hunt, and these united with the defending party in their resistance to capture. A desperate fight ensued, which resulted in an undergraduate being dragged away as a prisoner to the farmer's house. Here he was forcibly detained for a considerable time, being only released upon giving a pledge that he would appear to answer for his doings in the Vice-Chancellor's court. He duly fulfilled his undertaking, but not exactly as had been anticipated by his captor, for he summoned the latter and also one of his servants for assault and illegal detention. During the hearing of the case it transpired that "Lawyer H." had, in the excitement of the battle, carried off in error one of the second party of horsemen who had not been on

the land in question at all. Hence, he had no case as to the trespass, whilst he was fined 20s. and costs for his own and 10s. and costs for his servant's share in the assault and detention. One of the adjudicators was Dr. Marsham, Warden of Merton College, who, in view of the particularly good friend he always was to hunting, must have derived peculiar enjoyment from assisting to hoist the engineer with his own petard.

The memory of the *contretemps* which this attempt to take the law into his own hands resulted in rankled in the discomfited one's bosom, more especially on account of "the innocent merriment" which it everywhere gave rise to. Hence, he was ever on the look out for an opportunity to exact retribution. And this provided a dramatic sequel to the trespassing story.

The Prince of Wales, in his undergraduate days, frequently attended the meets of the South Oxfordshire Hounds, then under the mastership of the late Lord Macclesfield. One day, when sport was not of the best, his Royal Highness, with one of his equerries, Col. Keppel, and two or three undergraduate friends, rode across country, and all unthinkingly came on to Lawyer H.'s land, finishing up by riding into his farmyard with the intent to take a short cut through it. No sooner, however, had the horsemen got into the yard than H., who was on the watch, had the gate at each end promptly closed and guarded by a party of his farm hands, armed with pitchforks. Having issued instructions to his force to forcibly resist any attempt on the part of the entrapped ones to escape, he saluted the discomfited horsemen with "Now I've got 'ee!" Asked for

an explanation, he announced that he claimed a pound for trespass, and gave all concerned to understand that they would remain where they were till it was forthcoming.

Someone hastened to impart the name of the illustrious personage whom he had impounded, the informant being under the impression that it was only necessary to mention this to ensure an instant release and a humble apology. But Lawyer H. was not built that way, and the only response he vouchsafed was, "Prince or no prince, I mean to have a sovereign before any of you go."

His Royal Highness, who was intensely amused when he grasped the situation, took the affront most good-humouredly. As it happened, not anticipating he would ever be called upon to pay ransom as a prisoner in a land over which he was predestined one day to rule, he had made no provision for such an emergency, and had not so much as a sovereign in his pocket. His friends, happily, were able to come to the rescue, and by satisfying the demand in full, secured the release of their future sovereign and themselves. Perchance, if some centuries hence the historical novel comes once more into fashion, the scene in the farm-yard may furnish a striking incident for one of the chapters, and may serve to illustrate the revolutionary tendencies of the nineteenth century in England.

Both as schoolboys, deriving our education from the "House" which claimed the Heir Apparent as a member, and as sportsmen, we were much moved at thought of the indignity which had been put upon his Royal Highness, and only regretted that we could not have been taken prisoners at the same time in order to show

what bloodshed it would have resulted in. Linwood, as our legal adviser, however, thought the correct course was to mete out to H. the punishment due for high treason, and behead him on Tower Hill.

Lawyer H. departed this life long since, but, in my mind's eye, I can still see his thick-set figure and rugged weather-beaten face on which dogged determination—or, as some would describe it, unyielding obstinacy—was writ large. His countenance was framed in by an antique form of headgear with lappels, which came down over his ears and were tied under his chin. He invariably had a thick stick in his hand and a faithful dog at his heels. He was entitled to be called "a character" and was of a type of which, in these more prosaic days, when eccentricity is at a discount, there can be few, if any, survivals. Even in the fifties and sixties, he seemed out of date, and gave one the impression of being a derelict from the remoter past represented by novels of the "Tom Jones" era.

A strong contrast to Lawyer H., in appearance as well as in other respects, was Joseph Harris, of Woodperry, the thought of whom recalls many pleasant memories. He was a fine specimen of the old type of yeoman-farmer, and a real good sportsman, if ever there were one. Hale and hearty, with a cheerful countenance, ruddy with the hue of health, and set off by hair of silvery whiteness, he was redolent of the country in look, speech, and everything else. He was an enthusiastic foxhunter, and in his younger days kept up with the best, but when I knew him he admitted he felt a bit too old and stiff to do more than a gentle toddle after hounds afoot. How-

ever, horse, hound and fox were alike welcome on his land at all times.

He had a wonderful reputation for the brewing of ale, which was thought to rival even the audit-liquor of Brasenose and Magdalen. Many a sportsman has had a taste of it, and gone on his way afterwards "like a giant refreshed," for Joseph, being given to hospitality, did not keep his good things to himself, whether they were meat, drink, or stories of hunting exploits, of which he had a rare assortment.

The fame of the old sportsman reached the ears of the Prince of Wales, and one day, when out with the South Oxfordshire, his Royal Highness determined to give him a call and taste his ale. The old man was in a fine flutter when he found who had pulled up at his door for a drink. In double-quick time and a high state of excitement he was outside with a jug of foaming ale in one hand and a horn in the other. Advancing to his Royal Highness, who was mounted, Harris, with a beaming face, was just about to fill up the horn and hand it up to his distinguished guest, when a sudden look of horror came into his eyes, and he stood transfixed as though he had made some terrible discovery. And so he had, for the awful truth had flashed across him that, in his bustle and excitement, he had clean forgotten to remove his headgear. Truly, he was in a dilemma, for, with both his hands full, how could he uncover himself, and yet he felt he daren't stand there, in the presence of royalty, as he was!

Happily, nature came to the rescue by unloosing his tongue and setting free what was on the tip of it, though without giving him time to choose his words.

Hence, his pent-up feelings found expression in the agonised appeal—"For God's sake, somebody, take my hat off!"

This was too much for either Prince or people to bear with equanimity, and soon was "laughter holding both his sides" all round. The Heir Apparent with the ready tact and grace of courtesy, which, many a time and oft since then, has helped to smooth over a difficulty, put an end to the old man's perplexity by requesting him as a personal favour to keep his hat *on* out of doors. Then his Royal Highness praised the ale, and expressed his thanks in a way that left Joseph in the seventh heaven of delight and, as an old countryside expression has it, "as proud as a dog with two tails."

There is a sequel to *this* story as there was to my previous one, only prettier, for shortly after the episode in question Joseph received from his royal visitor, as a memento of the occasion, two drinking horns, handsomely mounted in silver, accompanied by a kind message.

Shortly afterwards I had the pleasure of tasting some of the ale that the Prince so appreciated out of one of these particular horns, and of hearing from Joseph himself the story of his absent-mindedness.

Long years afterwards, I was reminded of the kindly consideration which put old Harris at his ease when, on a scorching day in a show-yard his Royal Highness insisted upon my carrying my hat on my head instead of in my hand, lest I should have a sun-stroke.

Harris not only knew every inch of the country round about him, but appeared to us boys to have a personal acquaintance with every fox in the neighbourhood,

for he would often predict with remarkable accuracy the line Reynard would take when hounds were after him. I remember on one memorable occasion, when some of us had seen the hounds throw off, he remarked that he knew enough of the fox they were after to make a pretty good guess as to what he would do, and that, if we followed him (Harris), he thought he could show us some of the fun. Needless to say, we asseverated our desire to stick to him as tight as wax. Forthwith he walked us clean away from huntsmen and hounds and across several fields to a little knoll, where, putting us behind a clump of trees, he told us to keep a sharp look-out. After a bit we saw "the old stager" as Harris described him, coming across the fields and making straight for us. "Don't breathe, lads," whispered Harris, "till he's by." It was a thrilling moment as he came up the rise, and, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but intent only upon how he could best save his brush, passed within a few yards of us. Never before had I been so close to a fox, and never shall I forget the sensation. The nearest approach to it was the thrill I felt many years afterwards, when I caught sight of our late beloved Queen on Jubilee Day.

Then out pops Harris, and says he—"Now, lads, a good 'un," and led by the old veteran, we gave a view-halloo that was enough, like John Peel's, to "waken the dead." This brought up horse and hound and soon we were enjoying the ever-delightful spectacle of a field in full cry. We followed as fast as our young legs would carry us, but Harris took one of his short cuts and saw more than we did. The hounds, ere they came up with our particular fox got on the scent of another, and Harris, with his usual intuition of what was

going to happen, settled in his own mind that our Reynard would make for a certain spinney, so he posted himself on the line of route and had the satisfaction of seeing Master Fox quietly sneaking towards "home, sweet home," 'neath the shelter of a friendly hedgerow.

Harris gave us a very hospitable send-off ere we parted, and added to our delight by presenting us with a souvenir of the occasion in the shape of a fine brush, a trophy of his younger days.

Whether it was due to the exhilaration of the chase, the effects of the home-brewed, or a combination of the two, I am not at this distance of time prepared to say, but I remember we were in a high state of jubilation as we started on the return journey. A friendly poultryman, with whom we scraped acquaintance, gave us a lift homewards and the three of us who were his passengers stowed ourselves away in pretty close quarters among the straw at the back of his market cart. Here, during our progress, we took it in turns to triumphantly wave the brush so that it might be "plain for all men to see," with a view to creating an impression that we had been in at the death and received the reward of our prowess. To further emphasise the fact, every flourish of our trophy was accompanied by a "Tally ho, gone away!" which made the welkin ring as long as we were in the country and shocked "the High" out of all propriety when we emerged into it from Magdalen Bridge. Joseph Harris has long since departed for those other "happy hunting-grounds" whence there is no return. Hence, I may perhaps be excused for having attempted to depict him "in his habit as he lived" before he finally passes out of remembrance.

THOMAS FORDER PLOWMAN.

(To be continued.)

The Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

THE thirty-second Winter Exhibition consists of works by British Artists who died during the latter half of the nineteenth century and includes over 200 pictures by about sixty men, the names of all of whom are familiar. It cannot be said that sport is very well represented, nor is the exhibition conspicuously strong in studies of animal life; though in the latter school quality atones for lack of quantity.

"The Melton Hunt" (No. 71), by Sir Francis Grant, is the only hunting scene on the walls. This work (executed in 1839, as Sir Walter Gilbey has told us in his biography of the artist published in *BAILY'S MAGAZINE*, for May, 1898) is most remarkable as a series of portraits of men well known with the Quorn in those days. Treadwell is the huntsman and Jennings and Ball are the whippers-in; following the dog-pack towards the Ram's Head covert, which lies up the hill-side above the track, are Lord Suffield, the Master; Lord Gardner, the Earl of Darlington, Mr. Walter Gilmour, Sir David Baird, Mr. "Billy" Coke, Sir James Musgrave, the Earl of Wilton, the Marquis of Waterford, and twenty or thirty more owners of names familiar in hunting history. The horses are painted with all Sir Francis Grant's skill and knowledge of the hunter's shape and anatomy: the hounds taken individually are equally good, but it must be confessed that taken as a pack they are represented as a rather uneven lot. The pity of it! This famous canvas is now covered with unsightly white cracks, though the colours are

still bright and fresh. In the same room hangs Sir Edwin Landseer's "Stag at Bay" (No. 77), lent by Lord Iveagh, and known to everyone through engravings. This, one of Landseer's most popular works was one of the four pictures exhibited by the artist in the Royal Academy of 1846.* The originals of Landseer's paintings are sometimes disappointing, by reason of his superiority as a draughtsman rather than as a colourist. "The Stag at Bay" is certainly not one of these, for the stag and deerhounds lend themselves in their comparatively sombre colouring to the artist's treatment. "The Connoisseurs" (No. 62), which was exhibited in 1865, and is lent by the Prince of Wales, is one of Landseer's less familiar paintings: it is a portrait of himself with a colley looking over each shoulder at his drawing board. "Midsummer Night's Dream" (No. 67), shows Sir Edwin at his best in fanciful work, and affords opportunity to display his mastery of animal portraiture. Sir John Millais' portrait of the late Duke of Westminster in hunting gear, catches the eye at the end of this room. The horses in Sir John Gilbert's battle pieces deserve passing notice; but, apart from landscape pieces in which farm horses appear, there is little to claim attention till we reach the Black and White Room. Here are a few of John Leech's inimitable sketches for *Punch*: The lady cricketer whose crinoline puzzles the bowler, unable to see the wicket; Miss Ellen admonish-

* "Animal Painters of England" (vol. 2, p. 77). By Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart. (Vinton and Co., Ltd.)

ing the family coachman who attends her in the hunting-field, that she is only obeying papa's injunction to take care of the pony, when she jumps him off the "nasty hard road," over the wattle fence—in the direction hounds are going, of course;

Jones who has come out with the Harriers because there is no jumping on the Downs, and finds something as formidable in the steep descents to which the horse *may* be used but he is not. Charles Keene is largely represented, but sport was not in that clever artist's line.

The Sportsman's Library.

THE clever artist and author to whom we owe the "Old Raby Hunt Club Album" has now produced another equally sumptuous work,* which has the merit of appealing to a much larger circle of readers than its predecessor. Dr. Fothergill is not only an enthusiastic sportsman, he is a remarkably clever artist, and the examples of his work which have appeared as *Vanity Fair* cartoons, give promise richly fulfilled in the book before us. The work divides itself into five sections. The first deals with art chiefly in its relations with sport, and the author makes some exceedingly cogent remarks in course of his reference to the portrayal by old and modern horse-painters. The second section, consisting of notes from twenty-three years' diaries and of reminiscences, will perhaps commend itself most strongly to sportsmen. Dr. Fothergill, in spite of the demands of his profession, has found time to travel in saddle and on wheels over many parts of England, and he sees with the eye of the enthusiastic sportsman. The third section deals with portraits of horses and their painters, and the fourth discusses action in horses and the services rendered man in

gaining proper understanding by instantaneous photography. By no means least entertaining is the concluding section which describes a visit to Halston Hall and sheds a little new light on the career of that remarkable personage, Jack Mytton. The book is copiously illustrated, and many of the plates are coloured. The most notable feature of the pictures is the truly marvellous versatility they display. Dr. Fothergill portrays a country landscape, an historical ruin, a field mouse, a type of human character, a polo pony or a hunting scene with the same astonishing accuracy and artistic skill. It would be hard to say in which of his varied lines he most excels, for he is equally happy in touching off with a few familiar inimitable strokes the head of "an Out-patient" and in investing a delicately finished horse portrait with unmistakable individuality. A more attractive and appropriate gift book could not well be put together, and we most cordially recommend it as a desirable addition to the sportsman's library. We note that the edition is strictly limited.

In this nicely got up book* Mr. Collins gives us a dozen tales of the kind which is always sure to

* "Notes from the Diary of a Doctor, Sketch Artist and Sportsman." 250 illustrations. By George A. Fothergill, M.B. (John Sampson, York.) £2 12s. 6d.

* "Tales of Pink and Silk." By George E. Collins. Illustrated by J. H. Jalland. (Vinton & Co., Ltd.) 6s.



ALLAND III

'Why I've got a croon on
Muster Foswith you feul.'

(From "Tales of Pink and Silk.")

find readers. At home in the hunting field and the paddock, the sporting element is natural to him, and he writes with the ease of knowledge; the love interest is seldom wanting, and is handled without the mawkishness that too often mars the pleasure of readers of stories wherein sport and love are the motive powers. Mr. Collins' tales are much better written than many of the same class, and he does not fall into the error of taking himself and his characters too seriously. He writes brightly and pleasantly, never offends by lack of taste, and so contrives to enchain attention that, when one story is finished, we are quite ready for the next. "Captain Bleater's Coup," an excellent tale of defeated roguery, recurs to mind when we take a mental review of the contents and essay the invidious task of selecting the best of the bunch; but "Bell's Chance," "Drive a Nail Where it will Go," and "A Distinguished Stranger" among others justly claim our good word, and we must renounce the pleasant duty of choosing a favourite to the reader. The appearance of such books as this of Mr. Collins is a gratifying symptom of the taste for literature dealing with sport, and "Tales of Pink and Silk" forms a wholesome and excellent contribution to a class of work which, at its best, is all too rare. Mr. Jalland's illustrations, a good example of which we are allowed to reproduce, are exceedingly good; they are worthy of that capable sporting artist's pencil, and very happily illustrate the crucial point of each story. If we say that Mr. Collins is happiest when in the lighter vein, it is probably because the lighter vein is most in harmony with the spirit in which we take the road on a hunting day; the tragic note,

when it occurs, is managed with judgment and restraint. The book is just the thing to while away a railway journey, to which purpose the publishers contribute by printing the stories in good, clear type.

We welcome the punctual appearance of the *Badminton Diary*,* which has now taken its well-deserved place as an established favourite. The diary is a marvel of condensed information.

The thirty-eighth edition of "Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack"† is this winter more than ever welcome.

There has been no foreign cricket to keep our minds occupied and a kind of "silly season" has intervened during which letters to editors with reference to proposed reforms have been our only cricket diet, and it is with feelings of great relief that we turn to the interesting articles, the accurate statistics and the full history of last year's matches which is so regularly supplied from the little house in Cranbourn Street.

Although this edition numbers 477 pages, Mr. Sydney Pardon, the editor, has again succeeded in placing the Almanack in the hands of the public before Christmas-day. The first thing that greets the eye is the photographic frontispiece with Mr. R. E. Foster in the centre crowned with a panama hat and surrounded by four of the champion Yorkshire Eleven, Tunnicliffe, Haigh, Hirst and Mr. T. L. Taylor, the Cambridge captain.

There are full biographies given of these cricketers, and after this we come to a short and interesting essay upon Fielding in 1900, by

* "The Badminton Diary." Edited by Captain Fitzalan G. Manners. (Webster & Co.) 1s.

† "John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack for 1901." Edited by Sydney H. Pardon. (London: John Wisden & Co., 21, Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square, W.) 16mo, paper, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

Mr. D. L. A. Jephson, who takes a gloomy view of his topic and says, "To write well of the fielding of 1900 is but to forge a romance that exists nowhere, save in the writer's brain. Taken as a whole the fielding has been bad, thoroughly bad. Men stand to-day in the field like so many little mounds of earth or wax figures in a third-rate tailor's shop." Mr. Jephson appears to be intimately acquainted with the worst side of fielding, he has not omitted to notice the growing inclination on the part of certain fieldsmen to remove themselves as far as possible from the dangerous ball that travels at too great a speed. Another feature which the Surrey captain suggests may present itself is the laziness, the wonderful yearning for rest in our great batsmen. Credit is given to some first-rate fields, such as Messrs. MacLaren, Jones and Jessop—of the latter of whom Mr. Jephson says, "besides having saved dozens of runs that the restful field would willingly have given the other side, he has thrown out thirty or so batsmen."

Mr. W. J. Ford writes as usual upon Public School Cricket, and in this connection we may mention that school cricket each year claims and gains more space in "Wisden's Almanack," and in the present edition, besides Mr. Ford's article, there are 50 pages devoted to reports of matches and averages of School Elevens.

There is a summary of the doings of Ranjitsinghi in first-class cricket, an article on the tour of the West Indians, from that celebrated writer Mr. P. F. Warner, whilst Mr. Pardon gives in brief form his own views upon one or two cricket topics. Cricket records, statistics and the reports of the season's matches and results are as well done as ever, and we

must congratulate all concerned upon their successful work.

Horse and hound supply only a minor interest in Mr. Phillpotts Williams' book.* He has struck out a new line in novel writing, and has certainly succeeded in creating a startling condition of affairs. Given a heartless and vicious Prince Regent, whose only love is the gaming table; supply him with a baron whose modest income is £200,000 per month; and surround this pleasing pair with unscrupulous and ambitious nobodies, and you have a situation rich in possibilities. Mr. Phillpotts Williams has not allowed the probabilities to curb his pen in his dealings with this disreputable court, and his story is full of sensation. Two delightful children in an ideal country home furnish the humorous element and do it exceedingly well.

Mr. George Underhill's book† betrays much industry, and he deals with a subject which is sure to find readers. The list of Masters of English Foxhounds during the nineteenth century will be useful for reference, but the lighter portions of the work—"Nutshell Biographies" of famous masters—provide us with many pages of enjoyable reading, and the author deserves credit for having found something new to say concerning men whose sporting careers have furnished text for so many able writers. Mr. Underhill has been rather badly treated by the printer, who has committed several mistakes in nomenclature, but these are in all cases so obvious that they cannot mislead any reader who possesses even superficial knowledge of hunting history.

* "The Golden Circle." By W. Phillpotts Williams. (Brown & Co., Salisbury.)

† "A Century of Foxhunting." By George Underhill.

Cricketomachia.

IN one of the old newspapers in the British Museum of the earlier part of the eighteenth century there is a programme of old English sports to which "all people" of jovial disposition were invited, and amongst the other entertainments, such as "The baiting of a mad ass covered with fireworks," "Grinning through a horse collar," "Catching a large cheesetrundled down a steep hill"—prize, the cheese to the man who stopped it—there was a grand special performance for the finish, which, according to the advertisement, was as follows:—"Twenty-one gamecocks and a gander turned into one pit at the same time." This *finale* seems to me somewhat similar to the grand old game of cricket being turned over to captains of counties, the gander foreshadowing the "umpire," who seems to be made the scapegoat, which amongst the Israelites of old, bore the sins of the people, or was supposed to do so.

If I am alive—as I hope to be—on May 1st next, I shall enter Lord's ground for the sixtieth year of my cricket life, dating back to 1841, when I played as a boy in the school matches against Eton and Harrow.

It is just over seventy years ago since I saw my first cricket match, which I pretty accurately described in the Badminton "Cricket Volume," when Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. A. G. Steel did me the honour to ask me to write "Country Cricket," and as a thoughtful kindness, much to my surprise, they introduced a picture of Mitcham Green, where I trained the youngsters and captained the eleven for fifteen years for my own pleasure. I say "pretty accurately," as one of

the players whom I described in Badminton, by name Charles Smart, "a tall young fellow, son of a rich farmer, a hard hitter," is still alive, and, though a very old man, asked his lawyer not very long ago if I was the son of a parson at Rainham in Kent, and remarked, "The Badminton book was lent to me by a friend, and I read the account of the country match at Rainham in Kent in which I played in 1830, and the writer is strictly accurate, especially as regards the names of some who were playing, and their places in the field."

And now for the hundredth time, or many more times perhaps, may I say that most of the best bowling in the earliest days of my memory was *not* under *hand*, but under *arm*. After 1828 it was allowed to bowl with the knuckles uppermost, and to extend the hand away from the body, so long as the hand in delivery was below the elbow. The bowlers of eminence by degrees, in the earlier part of the 'thirties, "poached" a little, and got the arm higher than below the elbow and much nearer the shoulder. Alfred Mynns' delivery was level with the shoulder, and if William Caldecourt was *not* umpire, old William Lillywhite, amongst others, got a bit above the shoulder; but in 1841 the law of "below the shoulder" was rigidly enforced [as Wykehamists had cause to know.] William Caldecourt, the king of umpires, was down in a second on a bowler whose hand was above the shoulder. It was intimated to us at Winchester that it would not be enforced in the school matches at Lord's; and Harrow, our first opponent, won the toss and went in first, and all

our bowling was no-balled. Some of it was palpably above the shoulder, but not higher than the ear. We ought to have known about it, and I seem to *dream* of a broad-shouldered man with a broad-brimmed hat at the back of his head, who had watched a short preliminary practice the evening before, and was talking earnestly amongst his fellows in the pavilion on the morning of the match. If he *did* tell the umpires to watch us he did *quite* right, as we ought to have known better; but we struggled on as one after another of our bowlers was "no-balled," and did the best we could, but were in for a long leather hunt, and lost the match single innings. Need I say that "Bob" Grimston, one of the best and honestest sportsmen ever known, was the man who watched our preliminary canter?

Then came the Eton match. The Eton bowlers were Walter Marcon, "the six-foot Eton boy" whose pace was unsurpassed by any bowler I ever saw; the batsman could only see a "streak of red"; George Yonge—certainly one of the finest boy bowlers of any day; Harvey Fellows, whose pace was almost equal to Marcon's; and Cyril Randolph, whose fame was more *prononcé* (that is about all the French I know) at Oxford in later years than at Eton. Those four bowlers are still alive, and I have seen two of them who bowled in Gentlemen and Players and "All England" frequently, and we have a chat over old times. Winchester had first innings, and we scored 121, and V. C. Smith, the immortal "Podder" [named after one of the heroes in the All Muggleton and Dingley Dell match], who played five years for Winchester and wound up with a score of 91 against Eton in 1843, owned to

his intimate friends that he was twenty-two years old when he played his last match against Eton in 1843, began bowling against Eton. Unquestionably "Podder" had reduced the height of the hand in delivery well below the shoulder, but Good, one of the umpires, called him three balls running. William Caldecourt, the other umpire, remarked, "Good is as green as a yellow goose, the young gentleman's delivery is quite fair." "Podder" threw the ball on the ground, rather in a peppery manner, and quoting Pickwick, remarked to Good, "'Well, I am damned,' as Sam Weller remarked"; and to the field he said, "Put on a second longstop, I am going on under-arm." And go on he did as quick as lightning. I never shall forget Emelius Bayley's, the captain's, face when his wicket fell. He was certainly one of the finest boy-bats I ever saw, as he was tried against four or five Marylebone bowlers—one down, t'other come on, in the morning of the Winchester match, and scored against Harrow (after the Winchester match) 152 runs. I saw him do it. He went in first for Eton, and looked like making a stand, when I saw his wicket go down, with a crash, for five runs to a "bail full pitch." His look of astonishment when he turned round and saw the ruin behind him was never to be forgotten. We got Eton out for 94—put on 195 in our second hands, and won by 106 runs.

And now please listen, ye "scientific padders." Not *one* of our fellows had ever had a pad on, and nine out of our eleven in our second innings scored double figures. I do not believe that one out of a score of the modern "average hunters" would have faced that terrific bowling without

pads, or could defend a wicket under the laws of that day, when it was compulsory to defend the wicket with the *bat* only to any ball which pitched within a line from bowler's hand to the inner stump. The immortal "Podder" got thirteen wickets in the match, pounding in the ball dead straight, for *he* had no wides—though wides were frequent in the public school matches from 1839 till 1842, during which period round-arm bowling was a *quasi*-novelty in school elevens: most of it was half-round. It is a funny thing, but that defeat of Eton still vexes Sir Emelius Bayley Lawrie's (formerly Emelius Bayley) soul, and I will tell you why; I am afraid I must figure on the stage. It was in his second innings against Winchester, after he had scored 14 runs supported by one of the greatest stickers I ever saw, who, to our amusement, stopped bail full pitches with a straight bat (and much the wisest thing to do), and apparently doing the "chopping block," not dreaming of getting runs, when suddenly a ball hit by Bayley rocketed and went straight up a skier between the wickets. I was some way off at mid-off, and I felt the catch was mine, and shouted in agony, "Let me come, let me come—I have him!" And luckily, as it happened, I was fortunate enough to grab the ball just about the height of my knees, and Bayley's wicket fell for 14 runs. I mention this as a curiosity for two reasons. First, when I was in Canada within the last ten years I received a long letter from Sir Emelius, whom I never saw since 1841, when I met him as E. Bayley, explaining what he ought to have done with the fatal ball; and within the last fortnight a gentleman whom I know very well brought a friend (I fancy he

was an old swell, but I did not catch his name at the time), who wanted particularly to be introduced to me. He told me that he was a small boy at Eton in the "Bayley year," and saw the match, and had recently seen a good deal of Sir Emelius, who, in talking over cricket days of the past, was bitterly deploring the loss of that Eton match, and his bad luck at being caught by a chance catch—for *that* it certainly *was*—to a great extent, as the odds were against it.

But, if you please, I may add that possibly the constant practice at catching and throwing had something to do with its coming off. And this is a good place for congratulating gentlemen whom I read of for commencing a system of scoring dropped catches in grand matches; and I only hope they will continue to do so.

I admit that it was a rash thing for a fieldsmen to "claim" a catch for himself when three or four fieldsmen were much nearer to it, and I can hardly fancy what my feeling would have been *now* had I missed it, and that Bayley scored 152 runs against us, instead of against Harrow.

And here I may venture to say that in the old days before railways, constant omnibus and tram service existed, when cricket was mostly a home amusement played on open downs and commons such as Blackheath, Chislehurst Common, Chatham lines, Mitcham Common, Clapton, and such places, where "boundaries" were never dreamt of, and all runs had to be run out; the winning or losing a match depended for the most part on excellence in running, throwing and catching by the field, and throwing and catching—without bowling or batting—were constantly practised at odd times. To this day you will see

the Yorkshiremen throwing and catching at grand matches, pending the exit of one batsman and the entry of his successor.

And this last remark brings on the *tapis* (a second French word, I know) the question of practising fielding. In all the suburban cricket grounds round London and on most rural grounds there was always once and sometimes twice a week regular evening practice, when all in turn batted and bowled and fielded. No score was kept, but it was strict practice, and good fielding was a passport for a place in our eleven. Read Gilbert Grace's book, and mark how the family under the keen eye of the "good mother" of the gallant band of brethren, practised cricket at home. No doubt fifty years hence some people of the day will say the Graces and Walkers and Lubbocks, and such like, would be no good in these days, just as the "Solons" of to-day preach earnestly that Napoleon really won the battle of Waterloo—the French excuse for losing all the guns being that there was not daylight enough for Napoleon to carry them away! It is the fashion of to-day for some people to write ancient history of facts which occurred long before they were born, utterly ignoring the evidence of those who were alive at the time.

Very many of the modern schools do not believe that years ago before the "pad" era, directly youngsters were taught batting, the first step was to teach them a thorough defence of the leg stump, standing left leg foremost and defending the wicket *wholly* with the bat, the penalty of putting the leg in the way and stopping a ball with the leg in front of the wicket, to any ball which could have taken the

wickets and which pitched within an imaginary line drawn from *bowler's hand*, would have been out—*plus* the penalty of limping about with a game leg and with a unanimous verdict of "served him right" against him sounding in his ears.

The difficulty of the present controversy is obstinacy, as the modern batsmen will not admit the fact that they depend upon the pad as much as the bat; they will not admit the fact that the boundary question is founded on a desire to save their wind and limb and chance of being run out when batting, and to save themselves when in the field. They maintain that umpires cannot judge the no-ball, whether owing to bowlers putting their foot outside the return, or over bowling crease as bowlers, or "throwing" or "jerking," as the case may be. What on earth do *they* know about it, unless in their day they *have* stood umpire? As a boy at school the first promotion, with an eye to getting a place in the first eleven, after a fellow had a good place in the second eleven, to which he was appointed after having played the matches between college and commoners in the junior eleven, on the top of St. Catherine's Hill at seven o'clock in the morning in the months of March and April, was to stand umpire in the best school matches. And I think we knew as much about umpiring as most umpires of to-day. We were almost born into it, and anyone who has a quick eye, nerve, knowledge of the game, and courage must go right.

In Canada, where cricketers are few and far between in the prairies, they think nothing of starting at sunrise, and driving twenty miles or more to the ground in one of the light "buck-

boards," four-wheelers drawn by a pair of Canadian horses, and with an hour's bait and breakfast for horse and man midway at some farm, are ready to begin at ten o'clock. Of course supernumeraries were scarce, and when I have been in the neighbourhood of a match I have stood umpire, and sometimes, if one was wanted, on two or three occasions, and it came back to me quite naturally.

Not all the cricketers of to-day will ever persuade me that a man who has a quick eye and cool judgment cannot judge the fall of the bowler's foot, the motion of the wrist in delivery, and the pitch and direction of the ball, particularly as regards the direction, considering that the umpire has given the batsman guard over and over again. Robert Thoms, with whom I have spent many a happy evening in "cricket talk," told me—and *authorised me* to repeat it—that he could administer the old law easily. True, the decision must be given *instantly* on what the umpire has seen at a quick glance; but remembering that the ball is delivered *after* the bowler's foot has fallen, the umpire has only to throw his head a few inches back so as to catch sight of the bowler's hand and turn his head a few inches round to watch the line of the ball. The modern schools say it is too much for one man to do. That is absolute rubbish.

There are umpires and umpires, and if some are indifferent it is the fault of committees who nominate a "used up" player as an umpire, "just to provide for him," utterly regardless of his qualification. I have been constantly in communication with the most eminent cricketers in England, Gentlemen and Players, and have played with many of them, who,

in their different ranks, have been most excellent, at public schools and universities, and in county and "All England matches," and whose names are well known. They bitterly deplore the tangle into which cricket questions have now drifted, but are powerless to interfere.

Why do not the modern school submit to an ordeal which would test their ability to play the game which their forefathers did? They have only to go to Chatham lines, or some such place, and pitch the wicket on a "fair level green-sward with a very short surface of grass." As an experiment, extend the bowling crease two feet beyond the end of the return crease (within which the bowler must keep his foot), put a peg in the ground, and from it draw a light cord to the inner stump of the opposite wicket, paint a line with whitewash, *vice* cord removed before match begins, get any world-known honest cricketer for umpire, and let him judge the law of l.b.w. as regards any ball pitched within the line from bowler's hand to wicket, and would have hit the wicket. There —*sat. prata liberunt.*

When I wrote in BAILY on l.b.w. some years ago, I was answered by a now well-known cricketer whose initials were W. J. F. The writer suggested that my definition "the draw" to a ball which would have hit the left leg, viz., "shifting the left leg and meeting the ball with the face of the bat," savoured much of "funk." As an answer I sent two pairs of pads, one for the Marlborough masters and managers, of which my friend Mr. Ford (he was the "W. J. F.") was one, which measured only four inches across the shin-bone, though well padded at knee and ankle, and another smaller pad

for the small boys; they were returned with thanks as "*too small*." They were the same size as the largest I ever wore against the fastest bowling on any ground, and I never put a pad on till I was nine-and-twenty.

Not very long after, I met an old schoolfellow who was a great military swell—K.C.B. and many letters to his name—at the Wykehamist dinner. I had not seen him since he was a big boy rising 14, and at that period—1841—I was 18; we then were boys together, he a strong fag, myself a prefect who was in the Lord's eleven, and who had fags at command. We had a cheery greeting in the tea room after dinner, and he said, "I fought your battles at the cavalry mess (in India) last year." "BAILY" had just arrived and was in the mess room, and it had an article from you on l.b.w., and it was answered by W. J. F. One of the subalterns said, "F. G. knows nothing about it;" and I explained to the young officers how, when I was a boy and a pretty strong fag, I used to throw for an hour at F. G.'s left leg, for him to practise leg hitting and the "draw," and he not only had no pads, but if he thought he funked he pulled off his flannels and I threw at his bare leg.

And now "good-bye all." I have never professed more than to be a man who has been and still is very fond of cricket, and during sixty years have mixed and been intimate with very many cricketers—real cricketers—of all classes and countries; and in my humble way never spared time or money towards helping on youngsters, especially in most parts of Surrey, and sometimes captaining the Colts from 1860 to 1883. I laid down my bat in 1883, when I had a tournament at the Oval early in the morning, beginning

at 11 o'clock a.m., which consisted of meeting the attack of all the ground bowlers, eleven in number, Bowley being the first, and he was fast enough. Amongst the eleven men who bowled they had nine shillings to divide at the finish, as I had a shilling on the wicket every ball all the time. They bowled me 235 balls amongst them, and hit my wicket nine times, and we played the fair law of l.b.w. from bowler's hand to wicket. It took between two or three hours to get through, and I was *not once* touched on the pads. I learnt the leg stump defence as a boy. This is the way I kept my sixtieth birthday. I don't count my success as a grand feat: as on a good wicket after the first ten minutes you get your eye in, and a cricket ball looks almost as big as a football.

In September, 1874, I received a letter from Mr. Baily, who was a stationer and publisher of great note in the Royal Exchange (who was a stranger to me) asking me to come to see him, and he asked "if I knew the men of the old Kent eleven and the England eleven of the past, in Pilch and Mynn's day, and could I say something about them." The old town Malling matches when I was a boy were the delight of my life, and for many years I never missed a Kent match anywhere if I could help it. In answer to Mr. Baily's request I wrote for the magazine "Fuller Pilch's Back Parlor." The instigator of a cricket article of this kind was the Hon. Robert Grimston, the "Bob Grimston" of Harrow; and after the "Fuller Pilch" article appeared Mr. Baily asked if I would write something about the prize ring at Bob Grimston's request. I had nothing to do with broken-nosed ruffians, who graduated in gin and blasphemy and bullying,

but I knew many of the old warriors of the past, Tom Crib, Tom Spring, Jem Ward, and such like, and a few good men and true later on, as I was fond of real good boxing exhibitions, when supported by peers, members of Parliament, and the leading sportsmen in England; but only once I saw a real good fight, 'cause why—it was too expensive. It was a grand fight between Keen and Grant, in 1849, to which I went with Tom Spring. It was a middle-weight championship; and I counted large numbers of peers and members of Parliament round the ring. I would go 100 miles to see it again. Then I wrote "Tom Spring's Back Parlor," and ever after that Mr. Baily, who was the owner of the magazine, gave me a *carte blanche* to write on any subject which was connected with sport which I had actually witnessed; and among them, of course, cricket was one great subject *inter alia*. My connection with the magazine from start to to-day has always been very pleasant, but in the future as regards *cricket*, I say "good-bye all" in BAILY, and to all men who follow the noble game *honestly*, regardless of self-glory, and egotism and slang, I wish many happy new years of this twentieth century, and may the sins and errors of those be forgiven who really *mean* right and

sin in ignorance—of which there are plenty about.

To some of the modern school I say: "If nature is *really* exhausted after the herculean labours of playing from 11.30 to 6.30 on a brilliant summer day, I shall not complain if after your dinner and 5 o'clock tea you call for a glass of sherry and a biscuit before the clock strikes half-past six."

The matches which I look forward to every year are the two day matches between counties whose players are little known in London and the M.C.C. and Ground. Probably there will be only a few hundred spectators at Lord's—there generally is a blessed absence of the cricket "bores," whose talk is nothing but about average and championship, and those who attend the matches will often see a jolly English match, with plenty of sport in it, and generally played to a finish.

There is a "bar-one" to everything, and if the managers of BAILY will allow me, at some future time I will submit a scheme for establishing a *Private* Cricket Club in London for the benefit of young England who are in *statu pupillari* during the summer vacation, to meet and have *real* practice matches inexpensively and pleasantly. That will be my final cricket article in this magazine.

F. G. .

A Gun-Room Causerie.

LONG SHOTS.

SPORT, as we men of to-day understand it, is of quite modern origin, dating only from the time when "law" was given to the game pursued. Some of us are old enough to remember when firing into the brown of a covey was not generally considered a heinous offence, or at least not more so than the wildfowler's method is regarded at the present time. America has discontinued the use of big guns, and in Australasia the punt-gun is absolutely forbidden. The sport of shooting is now developing very rapidly all the world over, and here we shall soon regard as unsportsmanlike several ways of bagging game we now gleefully pursue. Ideals change, and already there are signs that the "long shot" is to pass from its high estate, even as Colonel Hawker's "cannon shot" has done.

It is a mistake to suppose that the shooting of game on the wing at long distances is a recent innovation—dating from the introduction of chokebores, chilled shot and breech-loaders. I am inclined to believe that the proportion of long shots to kills at ordinary ranges was greater a hundred years ago than it is to-day. Granted that the records are trustworthy, and I know of no reason why they should not be credited, then as aiming at a bunch was as common as aiming at single birds is now, the chances of killing one bird at an extreme distance was greater.

The opinion generally prevalent as to the ability of sportsmen of past ages is quite erroneous. The further one goes back, and the more thoroughly one understands the way sport with the gun began,

the more one is convinced of the prowess of the marksmen of long ago. We know from actual tests what their guns were capable of doing, the performance was greatly inferior to that of the poorest shooting gun of to-day. We know what the practice was. In the seventeenth century they loaded with a dozen pellets of swan-size shot, and Bonfadini advises the shooter not to fire beyond four-score paces. The object then, as now, was to make a bag. To get within the very close range before firing was to run greater risk of frightening the game, so the stalker would take the chance of a long shot, as the wildfowler of to-day has to do. As to the comparative skill of gunners: to shoot at a number of birds with a load of a dozen pellets, and to shoot at one only with a load of three hundred, makes the chances of hitting more nearly equal than we have been in the habit of considering them.

The main factor in the fashion of shooting at close ranges was the introduction of drop-shot. At first this was procurable only in small sizes, and partridges were shot with pellets of a size about equal to No. 10. It was known that the small shot was not effective at long distances, but very early last century Colonel Hawker pointed out that whoever wished to bring down birds at seventy yards, or over, could do so by using No. 2, and states that he put three pellets into one bird at that distance, and killed a hare at over eighty yards.

About 1875, choke-bores were introduced. These added some twenty yards to the killing range,

and for some years the long shot seemed to be the sportsman's chief ideal. There was nothing wrong with the choke, there is nothing wrong with it to-day, but the fact remains that by driving birds to the guns the advantage of the extra range is minimised. There is little need for shooting at long distances. The object of shooting is, as it always has been, to make a bag. Success depends upon successful marksmanship, and reputation as a skilful shot is obtained by a high proportion of kills to the cartridges fired. This means taking only average risks; it is expected only that the shooter will not pick his shots, but shoot at all that come well within range. His reputation will be enhanced if he is so speedy in the manipulation of his guns that he is ready for all the birds that come to him. It may be that occasionally he could get in an extra chance by taking a long shot; that is the exception, not the rule.

Few sportsmen, even amongst those who prefer the modern practice, but are attracted by long shots. A clean kill at a great distance is as delightful as a successful all-round cannon at billiards. The records are probably held by Earl Grey and Lord Walsingham, who have also shot more game than other men, and to the late Sir Frederick Milbank, himself the creator of a record bag, the long shot was ever a temptation not to be resisted. But these sportsmen would rarely shoot with game guns at the distances the wild-fowler considers ordinary. The

record shot with a shoulder gun is, so far as I know, that made by "Fleur de Lys," 151 yards. There are many shore shooters who get few chances at anything under 100 yards, and will risk shooting at anything under 140. The longest distance at which I have known a man fire at game with a shot gun is 511 paces; he had made several long shots that day, but this last was an unpardonable misjudgment of distance.

The sportsman who thinks he can kill long shots from the practice he has made at driven birds should try his skill at wood-pigeons or take a day at wildfowl; he will then find how inconsiderable are the distances at which it is usual to shoot when in company. The long shot is nothing to boast about, it is only taken of necessity by a real sportsman, the knack is soon acquired, and, when everything is taken into consideration, it is not so difficult as the hardest shots at driven birds. The tendency of modern shooting is towards concentration — the crowding of more chances into a given period. Success therefore will depend upon ability to handle with speed and certainty a gun of the type which can be most quickly manipulated. And that brings me again to the statement I have already made that the gun of to-day is too long, too cumbersome and too heavily loaded for ordinary sporting purposes. The other point for sportsmen and gun-makers to settle is, whether or not the choke-bore is to pass as the long shot is about to do.

TRIGGER.

Hunting a Century Ago.

Now that a new century has dawned, those who delight in the chase may ask themselves how far the present mode of hunting differs from that in vogue in the time of our ancestors who welcomed in the nineteenth century? In what particulars did the hunting of 1799 differ from that of 1800, and what alterations were to be noted in 1801? Changes in mastership there necessarily were as at the present day; some old packs were given up and new packs were started; some masters who had with the same hounds hunted both hare and fox were beginning to agree with Somerville that a different hound was best for each form of the chase, and were beginning to confine their attention to one or the other. As year succeeded year, however, there was remarkably little change. The greatest during the century was perhaps when the old-fashioned staghound became a thing of the past—when the old Royal Pack were bought by Colonel Thornton to go to France about Waterloo time, and when the old Devon and Somerset pack was broken up and went to Germany. Since that time the foxhound has hunted the stag in all countries.

The changes from year to year have been gradual, yet when we compare hunting to-day with that of a hundred years ago we are driven to admit that things have altered—whether for the better or worse is a matter for individual opinion. There is nothing in the world which has had such an effect on our sports, amusements and our country life generally as the introduction of railways. It has in a manner of speaking made the Tynedale Hounds near neigh-

bours of the Four-Burrow, and rendered it possible to hunt in Lincolnshire on one day and in Wales on the next.

In the old coaching days sport and its followers were very much more localised. A century ago the rich members of the fashionable world betook themselves to Leicestershire and hunted with Mr. Meynell, Lord Sefton and their successors; but the ordinary squire stayed at home, seldom hunting with any hounds which were beyond riding distance, though that sometimes meant fifty miles. Many packs met very early in the morning, and the whole season, so far as the hours kept are concerned, was like a perpetual stage of cub-hunting. Early rising was necessary, and in the days of unclipped horses there was no galloping to the covert side, so the journey to the fixture was generally made at least partially in the dark.

Just, however, as the hunting men of a hundred years ago complained that hunting was an amusement instead of a serious business as it had been at a previous period, so now the same thing is said, and with some truth. As time goes on all sport becomes more and more artificial, for the growth of towns and the operations of the builder have rendered nearly all the hunting countries more circumscribed, yet packs have increased in number, and so have foxes. It is, however, in riding to hounds that one of the greatest changes has occurred. Unfortunately we have little trustworthy information to go upon as to the physical state of the country a hundred years ago. It is, however, quite clear that early in the last century fences were neither

so numerous nor so large as they are at present, nor were ditches so many or so wide, while brooks and watercourses were ever so much narrower than they are now. As time has gone on flowing water has worn away banks and brooks over which our ancestors skipped gaily, but are at present in some cases unjumpable. Alken's pictures are full of life and "go," but that renowned artist drew a perfectly conventional fence when depicting Leicestershire. In that famous shire the fences grow clean out of the ground like so many hurdles, and do not grow on banks or "cops," as they call them in Cheshire. The Leicestershire fence of old was often unkempt and untrimmed, but there is no means of knowing when stake and bound fences first came into fashion. Had they been in vogue a hundred years ago we may be sure that our ancestors would not have jumped them with the flippancy of the Young Rapids of the present day.

It is not a little curious to notice that hunting the carted deer, which certain people who know nothing about it abuse as roundly as they can, was a known sport more than a century ago. In the first number of the *Sporting Magazine* is an engraving showing one of the Royal herd making his way over a country after being released from a two-wheeled cart with a tilt on it which is standing on the brow of a hill. Since that time staghound packs have increased and multiplied until a list of the known masters would take up a considerable amount of space. It is enough, however, to say that, since the last century opened, staghounds have hunted over Devonshire, Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, Buckinghamshire, Surrey, Sussex, Berkshire, Kent, Essex, Middlesex, Norfolk, Suf-

folk, Yorkshire, Northumberland, Hampshire, Lancashire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire; but so far as is known, Scotland has never seen a pack of hounds running a deer. And how some of these masters of staghounds have dropped out of remembrance! Not many people could probably localise Mr. Shard, Lord Ossulston, Mr. Craven, Mr. Berkeley, or Mr. Angerstein, or say in what county Lord Waterford hunted the stag.

No cursory notice of a century's hunting could omit notice of hare-hunting, which a hundred years ago was a form of hunting even more popular than it is now, which is saying a good deal. Foxes were then far fewer in number than they are now, for the great masters of foxhounds had outlying kennels where they kept their hounds when they went on tour, and many of the masters of smaller packs, as already mentioned, hunted both hares and foxes; but harrier packs abounded in almost every parish, each, so to speak, having its "cry," as they called it then. Within recent years packs of beagles have greatly increased in numbers; but in olden days many of the harriers were followed on foot, and hare-hunting was such a fully recognised sport that comparatively few hares were shot. Lord Egremont, for instance, seldom allowed a hare to be aimed at, the local harriers, then under the management of a Captain Gascoigne, having the free run of the Petworth estate. Then, until Assheton Smith opened out the Tedworth country in 1826, it was seldom that any hounds but harriers were seen in the district, for the enormous woodlands, then without the rides which Assheton Smith cut through them, simply frightened away all the neigh-

bouring masters of foxhounds, so harriers had the place to themselves, and the story goes that a pack which ran a hare into one of the wide-stretching coverts in the Tedworth country were not recovered for three days. A century ago there was nothing like what we call hard riding, and as hares were far more plentiful than foxes, they were the favourite game, and as each sportsman knew that if he stood still the hare was almost certain to return to where she was found, there was no reason for the field to risk their necks to any great extent in the pursuit of hounds. Yet when Assheton Smith opened out his Tedworth country, one of the first things he did was to ask the wife of one of his neighbours to beg her husband to give up his harriers. This form of hunting has always been popular, and not a few masters of foxhounds have learned the rudiments of their business as masters of harriers and beagles.

Hunting literature is a subject which one cannot well forget when taking a review of a century's hunting. When the nineteenth century opened there were none of the handbooks or histories which now abound to amuse the hunting man as he sat in his easy chair before his fire. He had two excellent works, it is true—Somerville's "Chase" and Peter Beckford's "Thoughts on Hunting." There was also an "Essay on Hunting," published anonymously in 1733, which shows that the author possessed a wide knowledge of hare hunting. The treatise on hunting supposed to have been written by Edmund de Langley, one of the sons of the third King Edward, was in manuscript, and therefore not procurable by the world at large, and, so far as I am aware, nothing

was known of it until "Cecil," having heard of its being in the possession of Mr. Dansey, of Herefordshire, gave some extracts in his book, "Records of the Chase." Of hunting books, therefore, there was a great dearth a hundred years ago, though curiously enough a good deal of hunting news was given in some of the London papers as early as 1750-1760.

Then as to hunting correspondence; as everyone knows, "Nimrod" (Mr. C. J. Apperley) was the first writer to take the description of runs and hunting establishments into serious notice, and his "Hunting Tours," "Northern Tour," and other books were compiled from his writings and published in book form. Hunt histories have been invented during the century. The Warwickshire Hunt has had three chroniclers; while the Fife, Essex, Pytchley, Quorn, Grafton, Cleveland, and Bramham Moor have volumes devoted to them; while histories on a smaller scale appear in chapters in other books; Colonel Cook, Mr. Vyner, and Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, all masters of hounds, have written treatises; a master of harriers, who prefers to be known under a pseudonym, has treated on hare-hunting; "Scrutator" (Mr. Horlock), also a master of hounds, wrote a couple of books about hunting, and some sporting novels. The various hunting countries have been described, reports of runs have been re-published, and the Foxhound Kennel Stud Book has made its appearance; while books innumerable, in which hunting and riders play a part, have been turned out of the press, as also have sundry biographies of men more or less connected with hunting, while a publication of sundry verses and hunting

songs must not be left unmentioned. Mr. Bromley Davenport, Mr. Egerton Warburton, Major Whyte-Melville, alas! gone from us, and Mr. Phillpotts Williams, being the chief contributors.

The names of masters like Mr. Warde, Mr. Assheton Smith, Mr. Osbaldeston, the late Mr. George Lane Fox, Lord Stamford, Sir Watkin Wynn, the present Lord Spencer, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Colonel Anstruther Thomson, Lord Macclesfield, and several others, are of course well known to everyone; but it may be doubted whether some of the present generation could say of what packs Mr. Trelawney, Mr. Harvey Combe, Lord Kintore, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. J. C. Thackwell, Mr. Donovan, and many others were the masters, so quickly do once well-known and honoured names pass out of the remembrance of all but the student of hunting history. To go further back than the period included in a century of hunting, few perhaps know that Lord Weymouth owned a pack of hounds for many years from about 1750, or that Lord Abingdon hunted in Berkshire at about the same period.

When the last century (the nineteenth) came into the calendar there were some family packs in existence, and they for the most part remain to the present day, though some changes may have taken place, and in some cases subscriptions have been asked for. The Duke of Beaufort's foxhounds were about forty years old in 1800, and have never left the family from the day they were established; they had been staghounds before. It is only recently that the Belvoir have passed out of the possession of the Dukes of Rutland, while the Eggesford are no longer mastered by Lord Portsmouth's

family. Sir Watkin Wynn's have not had a quite uninterrupted existence, but the Petworth, now lamenting the death of Lord Leconfield, have been with the family for over a century. Lord Tredegar's, Lord Galway's and the Marquis of Zetland's, are institutions of later creation; but one and all are kept up in excellent style, and are likely to endure for a long time.

In the eighteenth century the majority of packs of hounds were kept in unpretentious style by country squires, but subscription packs like the "Confederate" hounds were not unknown, and we learn from a London paper that when about 1771 there was a proposal to amend the Game Laws, the suggestion was made by a country gentleman that no one should be allowed to keep a pack of hounds unless he had an income of £500 a year from real, that is to say, landed property, and that no one should be permitted to contribute towards the maintenance of a subscription pack, or to hunt, unless he were similarly qualified. Those who would now like to reduce the strength of the fields could not do better than to take up the old cry. Whether the plan would succeed is quite another question; but the suggestion was seriously made years ago, but so far as one can discover was never entertained by anybody except the writer of the letter.

During the last hundred years hunting of all kinds has become more and more popular, though certainly not more scientific, so far as the majority of the field are concerned. Our huntsmen, however, be they amateurs or professionals, may be fairly congratulated on the success they have achieved. The modern huntsman has to cope with difficulties unknown to the professors

of eighty or ninety years ago. Large fields, many of the members "bent on the ride," as the late Charles Payne used to say in his Pytchley days; railways intersecting most countries everywhere, the invention of artificial manures, and the thorough draining of land, have all added to the huntsman's difficulties, and it is nothing less than surprising that they can show the sport they do.

The amateur huntsman is an invention of the last century, as in 1800 there was not one in England, and when Assheton Smith elected to hunt the Quorn, there were not wanting those who inclined to the idea that he was

entering on an undignified calling. To-day, however, the number of amateur and professional huntsmen is about equal, and though this necessarily delays promotion, it is beyond doubt the means of keeping many masters in the country. "When I give up the horn I give up the hounds," once said a well-known M. F. H., and no doubt several others would echo his sentiments.

Here is a short retrospect of the hunting century, a subject on which one might write for weeks. What will he have to say on hunting who writes a similar paper to this in 2001?

W. C. A. B.

Cavalry Horses for India.

THE September number of BAILY contained a practical article on the breeding of cavalry horses, a subject of special interest at this moment in India, as a commission is even now engaged in considering the question with regard to the conditions obtaining in this country.

A number of circumstances render the problem of how to breed troop horses particularly difficult in India. For the first seventy years of the nineteenth century the Government expended all their energies, and vast sums of money, in endeavouring to solve the matter by a system of stud farms. The results, however, were unsatisfactory; the studs were managed on most extravagant lines, and the supply of remounts obtained was so small that when active service caused an unusual demand, it was necessary to have immediate and urgent recourse to South Africa and Australia, where purchases were made at fancy prices. In

consequence of the evils of the system, the Government studs were abolished about 1876, and for some years all idea of mounting British troopers on horses bred in the country was abandoned, entire dependence being placed on annual imports from Australia, supplemented by a few Arabs and Persians for light cavalry.

Nevertheless, attempts to improve the indigenous breed of horses were continued by the annual importation of a limited number of stallions of various descriptions. These attempts, which were at first supervised by a distinct Horse Breeding Department, were gradually developed, until in 1893 a Civil Veterinary Department was formed for the direction of all matters connected with horse, mule, donkey and cattle breeding. Simultaneously efforts to obtain a certain number of country-bred horses fit to carry British troopers were revived.

This, then, is the position in which we now find ourselves. For some twenty-five years Government stallions have been annually imported, and a good deal of money has been spent on their original price, as well as on their keep, and on the expenses of the department which looks after them; in return the Government buy a few young horses annually which are intended for cavalry remounts, but the vast majority of British cavalry and artillery are horsed with Australians or (for hussars only) Arabs.

The number of stallions annually imported is about forty-five. They consist of English thoroughbreds for which about £300 is paid in England, Australian thoroughbreds costing £350 in India, and Arabs costing from £130 to £160 each. Some years ago a number of Norfolk Trotter stallions were imported, with the idea of giving more substance to the country breeds; whether this end would have been attained had the Indian Government been able to afford the price of really good Trotters, it is impossible to say. At any rate, the right article was not procurable for the money, and the only result of the attempt was to produce a number of animals with bodies far too big for their legs; with lots of bulk, indeed, but no bone, and still less breeding. The total number of stallions now at work is something over 350. They are distributed at stallion "stands" throughout the whole of north-western India, and they are allowed to serve only mares which have been passed and branded by officers of the Civil Veterinary Department as suitable, and likely to produce stock fit for cavalry purposes.

A glance at the map of India will show how enormous is the area, including the north-west

Provinces, Rajputana, the Punjab, Baluchistan, Sind, and parts of the Deccan, within which horse-breeding operations are carried on; and when it is remembered that mule-breeding is included under the same department, as well as the development of donkey and cattle breeding, and the treatment of disease amongst equines and cattle, it will be naturally assumed that the Civil Veterinary Department must be very strong in *personnel* in order to cope in any way efficiently with the duties. But this is very far from being the case; the veterinary work in the whole of this great country is in the hands of only ten officers, of whom one, the Inspector-General, is entirely employed in administrative work. There are, indeed, other officers in the Department, such as the Superintendent of the Government Cattle Farm, the Principals and Professors of the Veterinary Colleges, but the whole executive work of superintending the breeding operations is carried on by ten officers only. Needless to say, under these circumstances the superintendence can only be of a most superficial nature. The stallions, as has been said, are scattered about the country in ones and twos, are practically in the hands of the native assistants, and all that the British Superintendents can do is to look after the animals at the head-quarters of their districts, to make an inspection tour annually, visiting all the stallion stands in the district, and to attend all the horse and cattle fairs under their superintendence, where the breeding operations are concentrated as much as possible, and where the officials of the Civil Veterinary Department are able to see the results in the young stock brought in for sale.

But in the nature of things it

can hardly be wondered at that the results from such a system are unsatisfactory. In the first place, what effect could some 350 stallions be expected to produce when scattered broadcast over a country amounting in area to more than 350,000 square miles? And how much less must even that effect be when the superintendence is practically limited to the will and pleasure of a half-educated native. The stallions are supposed to cover none but branded mares, but what guarantee is there that this rule is not broken through whenever an owner of an animal not possessing the required qualification is willing to grease the palm of the man in charge of a stallion to the extent of a rupee or two?

Nor are other reasons wanting for the ill success of the Indian Government to improve the indigenous breed of horses, although the entire lack of control is of itself sufficient to account for this. No attempt whatever is made to suit the stallion to the mare, and (still more fatal where men are concerned so ignorant as are the ordinary Indian breeders) an owner is at liberty to take his mare to any stallion he may fancy. Thus he may put her one year to a Norfolk Trotter, and if he be not satisfied with the produce, he will perhaps on the next occasion try her with an Arab, and again possibly with a thoroughbred. In his choice he is guided by sentiment, or more probably by superstition, certainly not by intelligence or any knowledge of the elementary rules of breeding; and the results are ill-gotten stock, barren mares and general failure.

Even were the breeding operations in India better controlled, the final results would never be fully satisfactory so long as these same ignorant and prejudiced owners have the rearing of the

young stock in their hands. If the year be one of scarcity the dam will be starved even during the period of gestation, and in any case the foal will not after it is weaned get a sufficiency of wholesome food, though the young stock are frequently allowed to kill themselves with a surfeit of green grass or other dangerous fodder. Moreover, they are never allowed to run free, but are penned in a foul, unventilated stall, or, if turned out, they have their legs tethered together from their earliest days. The results need hardly be described, and the wonder is that the officers of the Remount Department are able to find any young country bred horses at all fit to carry a British trooper; indeed, they only succeed in doing so by purchasing the stock very young and rearing it carefully and under healthy conditions at Government depôts.

This description of the conditions of horse breeding in India will probably be a surprise to many people in England, where there is an idea that the native of northern India is a born horseman and a horse breeder by the tradition of ages, much as is the nomad Arab. There could be no greater delusion; however excellent the horsemanship of the yeoman of the Punjab, he is certainly one of the worst horse masters in the world. All the facts noted above are well known to every native cavalry officer, and to every one else who takes an interest in the subject, and they have been well known ever since we first occupied northern India. It is then the more surprising that such a system—or want of system—as the present so-called horse breeding operations could have been expected to prove anything but a failure: and most surprising of all is the fact that the officers

of the Civil Veterinary Department have failed to long ago represent the hopelessness of the task which is set them.

What then—it may be asked—is required to improve matters; and what can the Commission do or suggest to further the attempt to breed troop horses fit for British cavalry? The answer must, it is feared, be, nothing. No Government can afford to provide and maintain a number of stallions sufficient for the vast areas concerned; still less can efficient supervision be ensured over such an extent of country and such large numbers of animals. Even supposing that stallions and efficient supervision could be found, both would be useless so long as the mares and the young stock are in the hands of people as ignorant, superstitious and prejudiced as is the small farmer of northern India. Any attempt to develop horse breeding amongst the people is foredoomed to failure just as the present system has failed; and the only chance of breeding indigenous horses fit to carry British lancers or dragoons or to go in an artillery gun team, is either to conduct the whole operations in Government stud farms, or to so control the breeding, the choice of stallion for each branded mare, and the disposal of the produce, that the result will approach as nearly as possible to State breeding.

Against this assertion it may be objected that India has bred horses for hundreds of years, that the qualities of the indigenous horse, its endurance and hardiness have been tried in more than one quarter of the globe, and that the possibility of developing the existing industry must be greater than this paper would lead readers to believe. The answer is that among the large numbers of horses

bred annually in India a small proportion are naturally more successful than the rest; they are, in fact, the fittest which survive the disadvantages of their breeding and rearing. Moreover, it is certainly true that amongst the native breeders of India there are here and there to be found intelligent and educated men who have formed some views on the problems of horse breeding, and who appreciate the necessity of freedom and fresh air in order to develop young stock. But one swallow does not make a summer, nor does the existence of an occasional individual more enlightened than his fellows alter the fact that for the most part the horse breeding class of India are hide-bound in their stupid traditions of ignorance and mismanagement.

This article is headed "Cavalry Horses for India," and it must be remembered that the object which has been kept in view is the provision of indigenous horses to carry British cavalry. The better class of country-bred horse is well up to the requirements of native cavalry, and there is neither need nor advantage in these regiments going outside the Indian and the Arab markets for their remounts. But for the British cavalry in India the case is different. At present, as has been seen, they are mounted almost entirely on Australians, a class of horse which is excellent in quarters, but which goes to pieces on field service more quickly than any other in the world except perhaps the Argentine. The Indian Government are well advised for every reason in wishing to change this system and to provide an indigenous horse fit to carry the British trooper. But the end will not be attained by sprinkling stallions about India like the raisins in a charity-school

suet pudding; and until the native breeder has advanced a good deal in education—more, indeed, than he is likely to progress in the next

quarter of a century—the only method of gaining the object desired must be by State breeding in some form or other.

PUNJABI.

“Our Van.”

Racing.—The racing man cannot escape the common lot of mankind, but we are accustomed to see leading Turf personages attain to a ripe old age. Connection with the Turf, whether the occupation be one of pleasure or for profit, seems to tend to longevity. When one meets with a case of one of our foremost owners departing this life in the fifty-fourth year of his age, it jars, and the English Turf world will take a long time in becoming reconciled to the demise of Lord William Beresford. Racing is a different thing from what it was in the days of our fathers, and men of money find it not impossible, with luck, to come quickly to the front, but even in such a time the five years' career on the Turf of Lord William Beresford was remarkable. It was stamped by originality—a scarce element in English racing—and it was connected with events that produced an epoch in the history of the Turf.

In India Lord William had raced in partnership with the Maharajah of Patiala, and in England he again sought a confederate, a very satisfactory one indeed presenting himself in Mr. Pierre Lorillard, an American gentleman, who had long before identified himself with the best traditions of English racing. The partnership actually began in 1896, the stout Diakka, Sandia, Gradus and Berzak being the most

notable of their joint winners. For Lord William, the Australian horse, Paris III., who had been leased by him, gained most of his winnings for him. In the following year the scope of the partnership began to grow, and the original portion of the scheme to develop. This eventuated into the extensive importation of American bred animals, chiefly geldings, and with the aid of these and of American jockeyship the partners, and when Mr. Lorillard returned to America owing to ill-health, Lord William alone, kept the racing world in a state of ferment and expectation for three seasons. Diakka, as a four-year old, won three good handicaps, and at the close of the season Sloan came over to ride. What has resulted from this visit of Sloan need not be recapitulated.

In 1898 forty-eight races were won, Caiman, Diakka, Jiffy II., Sandia, Chinook, Elfin, Myakka and Dominie II., being the chief contributors to a total of £16,710 10s. won. Caiman, with the material assistance of Sloan, defeated Flying Fox in the Middle Park Plate of this year; and Sloan was engaged to ride during the whole of the season of 1899, the retaining fee being £5,000, it is understood. Much of the success could be attributed to the trainer Huggins, who, moreover, made a good deal when he purchased Knight of the Thistle;

and another English bred one that did good service was Blacksmith. Sibola would have won the Oaks, but for getting a bad start, and the lead in the winnings was taken by the two-year-old gelding Democrat, whose total reached £12,933. This year Lord William was racing the partnership horses alone, and but for Flying Fox he would have headed the list of winning owners with the sum of £42,739 10s.

The engagement with Sloan was not renewed in 1900. As had been the case with Caiman, Democrat's three-year-old career was a failure compared with his first year, and Blacksmith, Dominie II. and Sibola also failed, on the whole. The brothers Reiff rode a good deal for Lord William during this season, and it was understood that they would have been his chief jockeys in 1901. In Valodyovski, a leased colt, and Star Shoot, a partnership one with Captain Eustace Loder, they would have had some good ones to ride. Lord William also owned a few steeplechasers, the most promising of which was Uncle Jack.

No one keener than he owned horses, and his life may be truly said to have been occupied in following their fortunes. Whoever was absent on account of weather, he was sure to be present, and with him no meeting was on the *Cataloga Expurgatus*. He went to all alike, and everywhere he was known as a kindly, courteous gentleman. He was an avidious speculator, and this part of the business he transacted in so easy a manner that even in his most prosperous year on the Turf the balance was not on the right side. On more than one occasion when one of his American jockeys got home a forlorn chance, he would be found lamenting the

fact that he had backed something else. Not that he lamented loudly, or long; and possibly his methods were such as commend themselves to the English sporting world more than does the practice of economy that verges on the parsimonious. When Turf history is written fifty years hence the Beresford epoch will be prominently mentioned.

Racing under National Hunt Rules.

The exigencies of dividends to be gained have so far stood in the way of making January a clear month for racing, though the weather assists towards this much desired end. Since BAILY last appeared the racing that has taken place has been of the poorest; and such it must continue—since it cannot grow worse—until some radical alteration is made. So long as we foster racing amongst animals that change hands several times in a winter for a hundred guineas, more or less, so long will sport under N.H. Rules remain the beggarly thing it is. In France, hurdle races are contested by animals costing at times thousands a-piece, real racehorses. This is because the prizes offered are remunerative in amount to winners; and the management is able to give these good prizes because the racing is held at a time when people can go out of doors with some hope of meeting decent weather. It is the simplest problem of cause and effect. I am aware that French race managements do not have to provide dividends for their shareholders, but this plea on the score of dividends does not go very far, for it is by issuing seductive programmes that the public is best attracted. Meetings at which one race of £200 and five of £100 each form the day's card, are judged to be run upon liberal lines. In

plenty of cases the stakes range from £40 to £70, and one need have but an elementary knowledge of the cost of racing to know that there is no profit in this sort of thing, even to the winners.

When Hurst Park was started the first year's programme contained the startling item of a steeplechase meeting at Midsummer. The meeting was never held, but in France it would have been quite possible. If we refer to our racing guides we shall see that steeplechasing and hurdle racing take place in countries on the Continent at a time of year when it is deemed impossible in England. It would often be impossible on the Continent also if special means were not adopted for preparing the courses. Such of our steeplechase jockeys as summer in France, Germany or Hungary, can tell of the way courses are there systematically watered so as never to become hard, and it does seem strange that we have never attempted anything of the kind. More than one racecourse can be indicated that has an excellent system of hydrants, and it would be exceedingly interesting if one of these would venture upon the experiment of a steeplechase meeting well into what is now regarded as the close time. Hunting is a winter pastime, yet we hear of a May fox. A May steeplechase meeting, entered upon earnestly and with a determination to make it go, might easily open up a new era for racing under N.H. Rules.

Hunting—Melton.—There is no doubt that Captain Burns-Hartopp will resign the Quorn. Though this step is little less than a calamity, it is necessary both for the interests of the hunt and for the recovery of the present much-esteemed master. There is much business connected with

hunting a country besides the work of the field, and it is probably necessary that Captain Burns-Hartopp should have perfect freedom from all cares in order to make a perfect recovery. It is fortunate that the interests of the hunt have so popular and capable a man of business to watch over them as the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Tempest Wade. It will be a long time before events at Melton Mowbray cease to be dated before and after the flood. This misfortune—for to many poor people it was nothing less—was remarkable for its suddenness. The evening before the brooks were all at their usual level, or even below it. In twelve hours all the lower part of the town was flooded, and the Midland Railway Station only to be reached by boats. In some stables full of valuable horses the water was up to the horses' knees. The meet of the Quorn at Grimston was reached with difficulty by some, and not at all by others. Melton was at its high tide of fashion. Several of the owners of big houses were back from their Christmas entertainments; Lady Warwick at Kirby Hall, Lord and Lady Downshire at Leesthorpe, while strings of horses belonging to Lord Castle-reagh, Mr. Spender Clay, and the American polo player, Mr. Foxhall Keene, had arrived. Then came the frost and the snow, and people began to scatter.

The Quorn.—In spite of a second fall of snow, the Quorn were at Rearsby on Friday, January 11th. There was a small field, but a capital gallop. The country was deep, but, as was to be expected after snow, there was a scent when hounds began to run. Besides the deep ground, the small-sized field (small for the Quorn, that is) favoured the foxes,

which in the district of small coverts are apt to be headed and baffled. However, it was an excellent run over the best of country, but wanting blood at the finish. The line was from Brocksby spinnies to Gaddesby, from thence to Queniborough, and then to Barkby Thorpe, Barkby Holt, and back over the same line, or nearly. Hounds crossed the Wreake and marked a fox to ground near Hoby Village.

The Belvoir.—The same day the Belvoir wandered about in the fog, and at last Sir Gilbert Greenall decided not to draw. But a day or two earlier these hounds had a really good gallop on the Lincolnshire side of the country. The meeting-place was Cold Harbour, and the occasion the day after the Annual Hospital Ball at Grantham. There was a big gathering, but a day of stout foxes and good scent scattered the morning gathering all over the country.

Let me summarise a memorable run, the best of the season with this famous pack. Ropsley Rise and a rare scent in covert. Though hounds told us where they were all the time, six men only saw the pack fairly as they raced to Boothby Wood. The order of going was first hounds, then a space, then six or seven pursuers, then the rest, trying to keep the leaders in sight. In Boothby Wood there was time for a pull, but only the leaders as usual had the benefit of it, the others, moving with half-blown horses, had to gallop to Little Ponton. Suddenly something reminded the fox that he "knew a way," and a sharp turn followed by "who-whoop" over an earth. Later in the day Mrs. Cuthbert Bradley, the wife of the clever artist so well known to BAILY readers, had a very nasty fall.

Her horse, which, as her custom is, she had been sending along, crossed his legs while trotting over some plough and turned right over on his side. Some very severe bruises were the only result, for luckily the ground was soft.

Mr. Fernie's.—The pack have had quite their usual good fortune, and their average of sport is at least as high as any of their neighbours. Nay, higher; for those who can ride over it there is no such hunting country in England. Readers in many lands, and especially friends in Africa, listen. Noseley Wood, and hounds with a burning scent literally sweeping their fox out. A few men with them, and the Stanton brook ahead with its ragged banks. It is a picture to see the bold horses sweep over it. There is blood and bone, too, yet hounds actually gain as they strive and strain up the hills, and the wisest followers stand in their stirrups and pull their horses together. To gallop wildly now were to beat the best hunter out of Melton. Then came level fields, and men sitting down could send horses along without fear. The back of Hallaton (we have seen many a check there) Charles Isaac catches hold and lifts hounds right over the road, and as they settle on the line they swing left-handed. At Vowe's Gorse a pull? Not a bit of it. They swept through it, only the chorus telling of a lessened pace or a more rapturously intoxicating scent than in Allextion Wood. Away again, some were left here, but the huntsman and two ladies, Mrs. Fernie and another, went on into Cottesmore territory. In the dusk hounds were stopped, as they hesitated near Ridlington. A great gallop, and over such a country!

The Cottesmore.—Brook jumping has been rather in evidence lately with this pack. The other day a good many people had a cut at the Whissendine—the real genuine Whissendine, I mean. I am sure Mr. Bernard Wilson got over, and I am sure—but no, BAILY's pages are too permanent to record the misfortunes of one's friends. But we do admire pluck. Lady Downshire got into a brook (not the Whissendine) and then went home and changed and came out and finished the day. This deserves to be recorded. By the way, when one jumps a brook and is not a bit more forward for it, it is vexatious, or is brook jumping, as a friend asserts, like virtue, its own reward? Thatcher is too sensible a man to be spoiled with praise, but we have never seen a huntsman more resolute to show sport. No day with the Cottesmore is bad till it is over. Take Wardley Toll Bar the Saturday before Christmas. A merry, disappointing sort of day. Fox dodging about and no sport. Then Quaker spinney. Then over the hill of Ridlington down into the valley into Prior's Coppice, out again after a short delay along the ridge, then down into Launde Wood, with the shades of evening closing. Not too dark to recognise Bilton, but too dark, and the horse too tired to do more than hear that hounds turn. This blotted shadow is Allextion, and the ringing notes of hounds tell us the (or is it a ?) fox is there. But Thatcher is blowing hounds out. Good night—how far to Melton? About twelve or thirteen miles.

Market Harborough.—Here, too, have been floods and snow and frost, and no great story of sport to tell. It seems as though the good fortune that has pursued

Mr. Wroughton for the past six seasons has deserted him. Who will be master of the Pytchley? This is a question which each one answers according to his own predilections, but as the V.D. objects to prophecy till after the event, the readers of BAILY will have to wait till next month. Nevertheless, there has been some sport, and there has been a run in a storm of wind; but in a wind even hunting is scarcely enjoyable. Let me take Boxing-day at Cold Ashby. A Christmas crowd, two frightened young foxes, and a middling scent did not make for sport. But to him who waits and has a second horse everything comes in the way of sport. We have a kind of theory that, apart, of course, from the advantages of a smaller crowd, the Pytchley Wednesday country is a land where scent is best in the afternoon. There may be nothing in it, very likely not.

By the way, you could have picked a capital polo team beside Sulby Gorse. There ought not, strictly speaking, to have been a fox at all. It was drawn successfully but four days before. Headed from his point, a resolute fox swung round again for the hills at Marston. In doing so he ran up against two of the worst enemies of sport, a boy and a dog. The fox turned up wind and hounds, hunting before, began to race. Between this and Clipstone is a beautiful stretch of country, the wire all taken down, and fences such as to weed out the field. It was pretty to see Isaac sitting quiet at Clipstone while hounds worked out their own line. A touch of the horn, a crack of the whip, and the writer believes there would have been no more. Patience is a virtue, and is sometimes rewarded, and now the

huntsman can give a satisfied cheer as hounds, once across a road, paused, clustered, and with a joyful cry stretched away over the wide pastures. The trail lengthened behind them, the hounds ran faster. On the plough some could only raise a trot. In the meantime, hounds overran their fox, and casting themselves prettily back, ran into him. Quite fifty minutes from find to finish. Four men actually saw the end, some others heard the "who-whoop."

The South Notts.—Not equal in point or pace, but a very fine hunt was Lord Harrington's run from the little peninsula of his country that runs up to Newark. The whole of the hunt—it was only now and then a gallop—took place on Belvoir ground. The patience and skill with which the master hunted his hounds over one of the most difficult countries in England, the Stubton district of the Belvoir, was the feature of the day's sport. Everyone enjoyed a run which we are accustomed to call old-fashioned, but which happens often enough now. The truth is we write chiefly of the spins while our fathers recorded the long chases.

The Duke of Beaufort's.—In a private diary of the late Duke of Beaufort it is related how that when he was hunting the hounds himself on two or three occasions, his pack and Lord Fitzhardinge's met and hunted together. The same thing happened the other day, when Will Dale, hunting the Duke's hounds, was running a fox up a hill. Suddenly another pack appeared over the crest, also running hard. In a moment 40 couples, or to be exact, 41½, were in full cry. Mr. Butt Miller (for it was the Cricklade V.W.H.) told Dale to hunt the united packs. They lost and recovered,

but at last killed their fox. What a cry there must have been as the united packs picked up the line! It is, of course, not uncommon for packs to clash, yet it is a sight worth seeing and worth commemorating.

Lord Galway's.—This wet season has just suited the Grove ploughs, which carry a good scent when the weather is wet and the ground deep. The pack has had its share of misfortunes, for both the master and huntsman have been laid up. Mr. C. Wright was entrusted with the horn, and was able to show some good sport among the stout foxes of the country. But then the famous old pack is as good now as ever it was.

The Atherstone.—This pack has been having some good sport, and in particular one gallop on the Ashley-de-la-Zouche side. The run was a long one, finishing twenty miles from home in the Quorn territory. Unlike some great runs, it ended with blood. The fox found in Old Wood was a traveller, and he set his head for the Quorn country from whence he had probably come. After a few turns at first, and then clearing the road and the railway, he ran fairly straight. The pace was good and the country is rather rough, but it carries a scent. When hounds reached the valley below Belvoir they had a very tired fox before them, and it was just a chance whether he would reach Piper's Wood (in the Quorn Saturday country) before the hounds. They ran into him just short of the wood. The distance between the two extreme points is about nine miles, but as hounds ran quite sixteen. They took about three hours doing it, so the pace was pretty good. Nor were there many to see the end.

The Warwickshire.—This hunt has had bad luck in the loss of

Mr. Hanbury, one of the keenest of the older members of the hunt. A less misfortune, but still a great one, has been the accident to Brown, their excellent huntsman. He fell over barbed wire and broke his collar-bone, so Mr. Verney had to carry the horn. Then he, too, had a fall after showing some good sport, and hunting the hounds fell to the first whipper-in. Mr. Verney, however, is out again, but all these mishaps interfere with sport. Yet it is, perhaps, impossible to spoil hunting in such a country. "Leicestershire without the hills," I have heard it called, and with a capital pack of hounds. Lord Willoughby de Broke's presentation portrait has been engraved, and the reproduction is being exhibited at Mr. Baird Carter's in Jermyn Street. It is quite a successful portrait, and the pictures of the hounds are delightful, and are a credit to Mr. Paton.

The V. W. H. Cirencester.—Mr. Burnett is acting for Lord Bathurst, who is still with his regiment at St. Helena, where Lady Bathurst has gone to join him. Warwickshire and Belvoir men will be interested to learn that Jem Cooper is doing well as huntsman in that charming country.

The Meynell.—Ranelagh polo is rather well represented in this famous hunt. Is not Mr. Fort the master, and did they not find two foxes and have a good run to boot out of Cubley Gorse, which is the property of Captain Clowes? The Meynell bitches can run, but they are sometimes a bit eager, though they can and do stick to their hunted fox. They took a fox into and out of Bentley Car, which is or used to be full of foxes, without changing, so it is said. Altogether Captain Clowes' fox gave them a brilliant twenty minutes.

The Worcestershire.—This hunt will want a new master next year if, as is most likely, Lord Dudley goes to Ireland as Viceroy. They have so far had a fair season, but their great run is yet to come.

The Coming Changes.—Captain Stacey resigns the North Cotswold, Mr. Algernon Rushout the Cotswold, Mr. Gordon Russell the Vine. Mr. Arkwright goes on alone with the North Warwickshire to the close of the present season, Lord Algernon Percy retiring from the partnership. Lord Chesham has consented to remain in South Africa, so that Lord Churchill will continue to act as Master of the Buckhounds for the present. The latter has been most successful, and the Royal pack have had a most excellent season under his mastership. I hear that the fields are improving, as well they may, for these hounds have hardly ever been out without a gallop. The death of Lord Leconfield removes a master who has hunted a difficult country in Sussex with great success. His huntsman, Charles Shepherd, who retired last year, was an excellent woodland huntsman. Lord Leconfield, who took no subscriptions, disliked a crowd, and it used to be said, when the V.D. hunted in his country, that if many strangers were out he would order hounds into the big woods. Be that as it may, his memory will always be connected with much good sport in a rough, wild, but on the whole good scenting, woodland country.

Staghunting.—The Royal pack had been having good sport when the death of the Dowager Lady Churchill deprived them for a time of their master, and that of Miss Goodall of their huntsman. Strickland, the first whipper-in, has been carrying the horn, but has been rather unlucky with his

deer, so that there is nothing much to record. Possibly the run from Maidenhead Thicket after the thaw, was the best they have had lately in the Berkshire country.

The Enfield Chase.—This pack of staghounds, after which many a busy man has had a welcome gallop in Colonel Somerset's time, has fallen into good hands. One of the secrets of successful stag-hunting is that those who hunt the hounds should be able to keep near the pack. Mr. Hills Hartridge, the present master, mounts his men well, consequently the pack have had some capital runs lately.

The Modern Type of Foxhound.—The *Globe* has had an interesting little controversy on the change in the type of foxhound. Surely the real truth is that (say fifty years ago) there were many types. We can remember four types almost as distinct as if they were different breeds. The square head of the sensible looking Badminton hounds, colour badger, or hare pie; the Belvoir type, rather fine, with short heads; the Fitzwilliam, with a most beautiful and elegant long head (the hounds in the picture of the Warwickshire remind me very much of the old Fitzwilliam type); and the rough Welsh, which were hard, dour-looking hounds. What we have done is to unify the type, and make all packs of hounds much more alike. Then we are more particular about legs, feet, necks, and shoulders, and in these matters the average level of excellence is much higher than of old.

Welsh Hounds for India.—The Belgaum hunt imported some Welsh hounds last season, and have found them most suitable for Indian hunting. No doubt what

is wanted in India is a low scenting hound. Scent is often bad, and very often catchy, and hounds that are not very close hunters are no use. One of the difficulties of sport of this kind in India is that they have usually small packs, whereas some of the best coverts need a great deal of routing. The writer once with fourteen couple taught the jacks in one Government reserve to fly by continual persecution, but always felt twenty couple were needed to do the work thoroughly.

The Whaddon Chase.—The latter end of December was remarkable for two excellent gallops, recalling to mind the style of things which were the order of the day in the 'seventies and 'eighties, when the "Old Squire," as he was called, the Hon. Robert Grimston, Mr. John Foy and their contemporary stars used to follow Edmund Bentley and his Fitzwilliam - bred pack to the death of their fox. Nash has ever been a popular fixture, but on this blustry December day no one expected to find a Highhavens fox within earshot of the tryst, and surprise was rife when, entirely ignoring the shelter the depths of College Wood might have afforded him, he set his head resolutely for his far-off home. Hounds raced away with a strong head by Foxholes and the Spoil bank at the L.N.W.R. until Mursley was reached, when they checked for the first time, and, unfortunately, so much time was occupied in settling them to work again that scent vanished and the chase gradually died out in the valley under Highhavens. A stout woodland fox was afterwards hunted to his death in Whaddon Thrift.

December 18th saw yet another repetition of this good luck, for, finding a fox in Christmas Gorse,

hounds ran at a great pace up the Swanborne and Mursley valley to The Potash, and with Stewkley on the right traversed a rough district to Dorcas Farm and Stoke Hammond. Water Eaton proved the farthest point in that direction, for, doubling back from the boundaries of the country, hounds hunted their fox on through Bletchley to Salden and killed him at Newton Longville, a long point and a very creditable performance for hounds and huntsman.

December 22nd from Woolstone, on the other side of their country, they followed a twisting fox along the boundaries of the Grafton territories for a considerable time, then turned back to Great Linford Wood to lose him just beyond. The afternoon was spent in the Shenley and Whaddon district, a stout woodland fox beating hounds at dark when his death appeared most assured. Boxing-day was productive of great slaughter of the innocents in and around Puttenham. A typical holiday crowd foregathered at Marston Gate Station, and the whole country side came out to welcome the hunt, the earlier stages of the programme being worked out in that immediate neighbourhood. From Aston Abbots in the afternoon hounds hunted a fox by Rowsham and Wingrave to Wingbury and Ascott, where Mr. Leopold de Rothschild solaced the hunt for their disappointment of a kill with a welcome beaker of champagne.

January 1st from Swanborne proved somewhat disappointing, for although there was a plethora of foxes in evidence and each one selected a rough district to pilot his followers over, they placed no record point to their credit; in fact, the hunt never left the Winslow district throughout the

day. Then followed frost, and they were unable to take the field again until the 12th, when they hunted in a dense fog from Shenley Brook End, a fox from College Spinney leading them to Narberries and Little Horwood, finally beating them below Great Horwood village. January 15th, stopped by frost at Whitchurch.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds.

—Beachington, December 20th. A hearty welcome from Messrs. Flowers and a sharp, keen gallop by Putlowes and Berryfield to Pitchcott is the cream of the day's work, for although Lord Rothschild uncartered his second deer, hounds failed to achieve anything worthy of record. December 27th, with Fleet Marston on the card, assured a large gathering at Mr. John Sanders' portals. Unfortunately the sport was not in accordance with the expectations of the people, for after a short but merry gallop the first stag was recaptured at Little Collick in a pond, by no means the least amusing portion of the proceedings being the amateur efforts of a few to assist in the retaking of an obstinate quarry. With the second deer hounds worked out a pretty ring by Cranwell and Winchendon to Waddesdon.

The first meet of the new year was held at Rowsham on January 4th, when hounds worked out a double circle in the valley below Wingrave before they set their stag at bay at Hulcot at their second visit there. Being unable to hunt on account of frost at their regular days of the second week, Lord Rothschild gave his followers a bye day on Friday, January 11th, when Wingrave was selected as the fixture. The first stag was retaken at Whitwell after a short ring of thirty minutes, but his companion afforded the hunt the

most enjoyable gallop of the season, for hounds raced along for forty minutes from Wingrave and Boarscroft to Rowsham, and bearing back by Wingrave Cross Roads, and Wingbury-Wing Park was crossed as they ran on by Old Park to Mr. Manning's farm, where he was retaken in the brook.

January 14th, Hoggeston Guide Post, and a long hunting run lasting two-and-a-half hours the result. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild uncartered his deer at Mains Hill, and having crossed the Grand-boro' Gutter, hounds turned back from the village, ran fast on to Swanborne and Mursley, and having passed Salden and Drayton Parslow to the Stoke Hammond bottoms doubled back over much of the same country to Swanborne Station and Little Horwood Park, retaking their stag in a pond at Mr. Goode's farm at Hollowhole.

Hunt Servants' Benefit Society.—Mr. Merthyr Guest, late master of the Blackmore Vale Hounds, who has ever been a generous patron of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, has recently made a munificent contribution to its coffers. To the ordinary fund he has sent £100 in memory of his old pack which was established in 1833, and broken up in 1900 (at Rugby). The Marquis of Zetland has tried his hardest to further the interests of the "Earlier Pension Fund," and to this Mr. Guest has given in addition the handsome donation of £200, a gift which should induce others to give of their abundance to so deserving an object. The Hon. C. Brand has collected 25 guineas in the Southdown country; Mr. Rigden, of the Tickham, and Mr. Cockburn, of the Blankney, have given £10 apiece; Mr. W. Brown has sent £5, and Mr. Ralston a guinea.

Sport in the North.—During the latter weeks of December there was a fair average of sport in the North, most Yorkshire packs having more than one good day to record, and though we have had a slight spell of frost and some very bad scenting weather since the New Year came in, there have been one or two smart gallops to gladden our hearts, and there is every prospect of the season being above the average. That it is deep and dirty—deeper and dirtier perhaps than we have had it for some years, taking the average of days, must be admitted. It is also true that we have almost forgotten what sunshine is like, but grey skies and dirt and sport go together, and we don't complain.

Lord Middleton's.—Lord Middleton's hounds have had a very good average of sport on the Wednesdays and Saturdays. On December 12th they met at Kexby. The morning was dull and close, the thermometer registering 50° at 9 a.m.—a very abnormal temperature for the time of year. They found in the Hagg Farm Wood and raced past the North Farm and Scoreby Grange to Gate Helmsley, where they checked, the pace being a cracker up to this point. The fox ran the road, then a flock of sheep caused delay and a good deal of time was lost, but they hit off the line again and hunted on to Sand Hutton, where they were run out of scent. A second fox from Buttercrombe Moor pointed for Stamford Bridge. Then hounds brought him round right-handed by Upper Helmsley and by Sand Hutton Hall, as if for Bossall, whence they ran back to Buttercrombe Moor and turned to the right by Warthill and Gate Helmsley, running along the bank of the Derwent to Kexby Wood, and through it on the Dunnington side to the high road, where they

rolled their fox over after a capital hour and fifteen minutes. Every one had had plenty, as was evidenced by the fact that hounds went home at the unusually early hour of 2 o'clock.

On January 5th they had a capital day's sport. The fixture was Hovingham Hall, and they found in Hovingham Wood, and ran first a ring by the village and Grimstone Manor, and back over Colton Moor into Hovingham Wood. They went away again at the old place and ran on to Gilling Castle, where they turned right-handed over the railway and rose the hill to Ampleforth, which they left on the left, and ran hard on to Stonegrave. Here they turned right-handed again over the railway and crossed Hovingham Carrs into Hovingham Wood, where they marked the fox to ground after a capital run of an hour and a half during which hounds were never touched.

The Badsworth.—The Badsworth had a great day's sport on December 15th, a day when most of their neighbours were suffering from the inconveniences of a bad scent. They met at the kennels and found their first fox in Hagg Wood. They ran at top pace from the first over the Knottingley railway and across the Badsworth Model Farm, running parallel to the line till they came to the viaduct near the Moorhouse Farm. Thence they raced on towards Rockingham, keeping along the left bank of the Went on to the Pontefract and Doncaster road which they crossed. The plough brought them to their noses, but they hunted on over the Little Went to Went Hill where they changed foxes and hunted by the Vicarage up to Stapleton Woods where so many foxes were on foot, that Mr. Fullerton stopped them. They

found a second fox in Badsworth Whin and went away sharply by Upton Beacon and Walton Wood to Thorpe Plantations, and through them to Wentbridge and on to Brocodale, where they changed foxes. They raced their fresh fox on to Stapleton Wood and by West Lodge to Darrington Whin, whence they ran a ring by Went Hill Wood and past the kennels back to Darrington Whin and into Stapleton, where they pulled him down after a capital run of two hours—so far probably the run of the season.

The Sinnington.—December 20th was a red-letter day with the Sinnington, who had a lawn meet at the residence of a former master, Mr. Thomas Parrington, of St. Hilda's, Kirby Moorside. Muscoates Whin provided a good fox, and hounds ran him at a fair pace by Sunley Court and Sunley Hill. Leaving Bowthorpe on the left they ran over the Dove at Cold Dyke Wath and crossed the Edston lane to Brecklands. The pace was a little slower as they ran on in the direction of Rookbarugh, whence they ran to the Salton lane which they crossed, and pointed for Hob Ground. They checked at the River Seven, but luckily the fox had lain down and was viewed, and they ran him back at a good pace over Salton Hill and thence along Muscarrs, leaving Northolme on the right. Scent began to fail when they left the grass and turned down wind, and they were run out of scent at Welburn after a good hunting run of an hour and three-quarters over the cream of the country.

The York and Ainsty.—The York and Ainsty have had some good days during the last month, and two days stand out as excellent of the kind. December 18th found them at Ashfield, and after a short ringing run with a

fox from Mr. Lycett Green's whin, ending in a kill at Bishopsthorpe, they went on to draw Askham Bogs. Here they found and went away at the Askham end, leaving Askham Bryan well to the right. They hunted at a nice holding pace, past Colton Hagg down to the railway and along the railway side nearly to Colton Bridge. Crossing the railway, they ran on by Woolas Grange to the Grange at Appleton Roebuck, where they checked, and then for some ten minutes or more some very slow but very pretty hunting took place up to the Brickyard plantation at Nun Appleton. Here the pace improved, and they ran at a holding pace again nearly to Bolton Percy. The fox had waited for them on the river bank, and getting on good terms with him they raced him back by Nun Appleton Park and Woolas Hall to Brockett Hagg, where they ran into him after a very good hunting run of an hour and thirty-five minutes.

On January 12th they had a very different kind of run. The fixture was Foggathorpe Station, and the fog was thick enough to be cut with a knife, it being impossible to see across a good-sized field at times. There was a wait of course, but there was no serious thought of going home without hunting. Hounds went first to Laytham Whin, but before they were put into covert a fox was holloed away at the far end of it. The pace was a cracker from the start. They raced along by Laytham Grange, over the Seaton and Laytham road and across Hell Dyke to the Fosses. Then skirting Birk Rush and Cherry Wood they pointed for Fishpond Wood, where they turned left-handed and ran by Seaton Wood, which

they left on the right, to Seaton Mains through a corner of which they ran pointing for Dog Kennel Wood. Turning rather sharply to the left they ran, leaving Everingham Carrs on the right, and bending still more to the left they left Seaton Ross to the left and ran on to Bibbill Farm at Melbourne, where a sheep dog coursed the fox and caused a check, and hounds were never able to recover the line. It was a brilliant gallop of thirty-seven minutes over a good country and hounds covered at least six miles in the time. Several coverts were drawn blank and no more was done.

A Testimonial to Mr. Lycett Green.—The members of the York and Ainsty Hunt and the followers of the York and Ainsty hounds for the last fifteen years, have decided to present Mr. Lycett Green with a testimonial in recognition of his valuable services in hunting the country during that period. Mr. Lycett Green's tenure of office has only been exceeded twice in the history of the hunt, viz., by Mr. George Lloyd and Sir Charles Slingsby, each of whom hunted the country for sixteen years. Mr. Lycett Green, however, has had a harder task than either of these gentlemen, for during his mastership the country suffered heavily from mange, and only those who have had to deal with a country under such circumstances can know how disheartening as well as how difficult a task it is to manage a country when foxes are decimated by mange. Mr. Lycett Green persevered amidst serious difficulties, and this season he has his reward in a fine show of foxes and good sport. It should be added in reference to the testimonial, which will take the form of a

portrait, that in order that all classes may partake in it there is no limit to the amount of subscription. Mr. Richard Lawson, Ousecliffe, York, is the Secretary, and to him subscriptions may be sent.

Ireland. — Hunting. — A very cold but curious freak of weather smote the Emerald Isle in the second week of the New Year, for while it lasted some hounds were stopped hunting for a day or two, while their neighbours carried on gaily for the whole week.

In Cork, for instance, we got news of snow and hard frost which completely stopped the spell of good sport the U. H. C. and other packs have been enjoying; though in the next county of Waterford there was no such stoppage.

In Carlow also they were able to hunt on Tuesday, the 8th, and had a very nice day's sport, though their neighbours in Kilkenny were obliged to stop hounds while running, so hard was the ground, much to the chagrin of several visitors from Meath, who had come down for the week.

The Carlow day was a good one, though the ploughed land was a bit "rocky." They had a good ring from Knockroe after rattling Squire Bruen's foxes well at Oak Park, and then they went to draw for an outlier in a patch of furze near Prumplestown. He had been doing a lot of damage, the said outlier, and if he had he paid for it; for the hounds raced him to Oak Park, chased him round the demesne, and rolled him over in the deer park after 40 minutes of the fastest sport.

Sport in Carlow has really been good of late, and hounds have given their followers something to talk about on most days they have been out since the 20th December. They had a nice little gallop from Newtown hill one evening, a clinking good

gallop from Rath to Leaney and back another evening; 40 minutes this, and done, the first part especially, at a very great pace.

Mr. Watson, who will be eighty this month, has been riding hard over the country, and seems in better health than he has been for years, while he is as keen as ever, and can still keep his field in the best of order.

Galway. — The sharp weather attacked Galway also, and when we last heard from the "Blazer" country they were in great dread of a long stoppage; but the change must have come in time to prevent anything more than an alarm. Mr. Poyser has up to date had a very good season, if a very wet one. He has now an ex-Master of the Blazers in the field, for Mr. de Burgh Persse, who hunted the country before Lord Clanmorris took the hounds, has returned again from Queensland, and, as becometh his pedigree, seems as keen as ever about the chase. Colonel Mahon, the hero of the relief of Mafeking, has also appeared in the hunting field, and received a great ovation in Galway.

Kilkenny. — Although sport in the south part of Kilkenny has been excellent from the commencement of the season, Mr. Langrishe declares that in the north he has, so far, had much the worst season he can remember since he took the hounds. However, in that country he recently brought off a run which is declared to have been "quite perfection," though we have not often heard of such a thing in fox-hunting. This was in the first week of the new year; Freshford was the place of meeting, and from the big wood of Uppercourt behind the village came the great run. The bitch pack ran their fox up and down the wood and sent him away towards the Punch Bowl,

but he made a wide loop to the left towards Knockroe at first; hounds absolutely racing over that fine country till they swung round to Browne's wood, when they drove their fox down through the middle of it and out into the open close to Freshford. They crossed the road and the brook and then ran hard over a flat, dry country of enormous enclosures and easy fences till the fox swam the flooded Nore handy to Lismaine bridge, which the field took advantage of. Shortly after this they crossed the Waterford and Central Ireland Railway, not far from the level crossing, and ran on past Foulksrath Castle. From Freshford village to this is a six-mile point, and hounds had run over a level tract of large fields, and generally bang in the middle of them. After that the country became undulating, but here the fox was running very short, and they nailed him just above Conighy gorse after an hour and ten minutes, a very fine old dog fox; he had made a point of over seven miles, and run fully twelve. Hounds were only cast once, but it was the perfect galloping country, where no one ought to have lost sight of hounds for a moment, that made the pursuit such a super-excellent one.

Another very good day with these hounds since the "Van" last appeared was in the southern end of the county, when a capital thirty-two minutes from Tory hill was followed by a rare gallop from Lower Killeen to Knocktopher, and through Mr. Langrishe's demesne to ground in a quarry; this was fifty-three minutes, and a better gallop none could desire.

Kildare.—The "Killing Kildares" have not belied their nickname this season, for Fred Champion has been bringing a

lot of good foxes to hand, and in spite of very variable weather has shown fine sport. Unfortunately, the season in Kildare has so far been marked by a good many bad accidents. Captain "Bill" Hall has not been able to ride over a country since he hurt his knee badly in November, but is now out on a hack. Mr. Warren Bonham was unfortunate enough to break two of his ribs in the Dunlavin country, and his horses are for sale—good ones too; while still more recently Major Robert Alexander, in a good gallop in the Narraghmore country, got a bad fall and broke his thigh, and sustained other injuries, besides being nearly drowned when lying helpless under his horse in a deep, wet ditch. Happily he is doing right well, and his collar bone is not broken as was feared.

Thursday is still the day in Kildare when Diana smiles most sweetly upon her votaries, and on that day, some weeks ago now, they had another brilliant gallop from Bull hill to Narraghmore wood, forty minutes in all; much the same gallop as they had in November, only some call "the last the best," as usual.

The dog pack also had a great mountain run from Three Castles to finish the century with, and after making a seven-mile point Champion took his fox from the hounds near Lord Waterford's shooting lodge in the Wicklow mountains. A few days before this the same pack accounted for a fox in Corbally covert which they had found in Sherriffes hill and taken to Tinoran, and back to Corbally before they killed him, after an hour and ten minutes.

They had sharp touches of frost in the second week of the year and the ground was not really fit to ride over on one occasion, when that most gallant veteran, the po-

pular Baron de Robeck, "took" what looked like a very nasty fall; but he got up and was at it again. How many years is it since "the Baron" mastered the Kildare hounds, and how many are hunting now who took the field with him then?

Lord Milton's.—Lord Milton's hounds are having a very good season, and have brought off several fine runs of the old-fashioned type, finding wild, hill foxes who can run till dark. His lordship had one run from Cranford to the Wicklow gap, which was considered good enough: but the next time he visited that place he found a fox close by the covert, who ran to the hill over to Wooden Bridge, which is a twelve-mile point, and it was run in not much over the hour. It is true that hounds were three fields in front of the foremost horseman at the finish.

Limerick.—There was great rejoicing at the home-coming of the master, Captain Frank Wise, from South Africa, for few men are so universally popular. His *ocum tenens*, Mr. Higgins, who has shown good sport, hunted the hounds for the first day after the master's return, and they had a very good day indeed. But sad news has reached us of the loss a few days later of Captain Wise's good grey horse, who was killed in the hunting field. He was probably the best known hunter in Ireland, for Meath, Kildare, Kilkenny and Tipperary were to our own knowledge fields of his fame, and "Frank Wise was with them on the grey" was a sentence very often heard.

Meath.—Mr. John Watson, whose popularity increases as the years roll on in Meath, has had a consistent run of sport, "something" nearly every day, and often something very good, though it

has not been so far at all a really good scenting season. In the last number of BAILY details were given of a long pursuit of some nineteen miles, when hounds, owing to the intervention of a river, got away from the field for a time, and on one of the last days of the year they ran from one of Mr. Naper's coverts "all over the Loughcrew country" for two hours and twenty minutes, again covering fully nineteen miles of country. They ran quickly from Loughcrew to Hamlinstown gorse and on to Cloneybraney, past the house to the long wood. They went away from this towards Crossakeil, out on the hill, looped round to the left, brushed by Cloneybraney and went on for Loughcrew. Being headed, the fox came back and took a turn of Cloneybraney demesne, looking for a place of refuge but finding none ran a very wide ring by Galmalston back to Loughcrew, where eight men out of a good field saw hounds whipped off. This fine hunt followed a pleasant gallop from Drumlerry of 18 minutes.

On Thursday, 3rd, the Meath hounds were at Killeen and killed a fox from Warrenstown after running him for fifty minutes in a very wide circle, and then they ran a fox from Pellatstown to ground in the Bush Farm; but from Poorhouse gorse came the really nice gallop of the day. They ran round Dunshaughlan and went on for Pellatstown but rattled away close past the gorse, on by Batterstown Station, over the Bush Farm to Rathbeggan, where hounds were stopped, it being past 4 of the clock; hounds had been running for forty-seven minutes, and were going really fast at times.

Tipperary.—The frost just touched Tipperary hard enough

to prevent Mr. Burke from hunting on the 8th January, that hard Tuesday, but news has just come to hand of a great run on the 16th from Ballylennon to Ballydavid wood, hounds pulling down their fox when just reaching the woodland—eight miles in 45 minutes.

Waterford.—Nothing but good sport has been the happy lot of the Waterford hounds until they suspended hunting when the sad news of poor Lord William Beresford's death became known. It is a long time ago now since he was the very hardest of the very hard riding field that followed his brother's hounds in the old Curraghmore days, but his popularity never waned, and all were proud of him in Co. Waterford, a part of the world which is prolific of heroes and fighting men. These hounds will do well if they have a better run than they brought off in December from Rathaney to Crohaun Mountain. They ran towards Waterford at first, then turned and made a seven mile point and thirteen as hounds ran, going by Carriganure and Guilca and on past Ballywad to Ballydurn gorse or within a field or two of it; they never touched the gorse, but raced on for the mountain and gained its foot when hounds were stopped. The line throughout could hardly be improved upon, and this must be looked upon as the run of the season so far.

Polo.—The final of the Bengal Tournament was played at Lucknow, November 30th. The two teams left in were:

15th HUSSARS.
Mr. Barrett.
Capt. Bald.
Major de Crespigny.
Mr. Learmouth.

3rd HUSSARS.
Mr. Laverton.
Capt. Kennedy.
Major Oswald.
Mr. Granville.

It was a good fast game, won by the 15th by three goals to one. The 15th played a capital defensive game at first, and then when the strength of the 3rd Hussar

attack was broken, in their turn attacked successfully. It was the old story, superior steadiness and combination against dash and brilliancy, and a win for the former.

Bridge.—In the article on "The Principles of the Declaration at the game of Bridge," which appeared in our issue of October last, the views of the leading authorities on the game so far as then published were considered, but the titles were not given. They are as follows:—"How to play Bridge," by Badsworth (De la Rue & Co.), "Bridge Conventions," by John Doe (Pioneer Press, Allahabad), "Bridge and how to play it," by A. Dunn, jun., (Routledge & Son), "Bridge for Beginners," by A. Hulme-Beaman (Methuen & Co.) Among these works Mr. John Doe's "Bridge Conventions" contains, in the opinion of many, the best chapter upon the subject of the "Declaration." It was largely drawn upon, and it may be remembered, in one or two cases, the writer's propositions were criticised. Practically the same book is now published under the title of "The Bridge Manual" (Mudie & Sons) and we hope to give a review of it in our next issue.

The Royal Agricultural Show.

—The R.A.S.E. have issued their prize sheet for the Show at Cardiff, which will take place on Wednesday, June 26th, and following days. The total value of prizes offered is £5,889, and includes liberal provision for the horse and pony classes; among those offered by the Cardiff Local Committee may be mentioned prizes for four special classes of hunters, four for hackneys, two for ponies, two for Welsh ponies and one for polo ponies. The Polo Pony Society provide prizes for no fewer than six classes of polo ponies.

Sport at the Universities.—

From a titular point of view, Lent term is almost the most eventful of the academical year. Outside purely 'Varsity competitions of the Isthmian order, a good sequence of inter-'Varsity and Olympian contests are decided on river, path and field, etc. What is more, the various representative teams, crews, &c., are pretty well advanced in practice and preparation, hence they can devote themselves to final polish right away. Unlike wild part-ridges after their flight, it doesn't take Light and Dark Blues long to settle down, and thus early some idea of respective strength can be given in many cases. Happily, most of the inter-'Varsity tussles promise to be very stubbornly contested. The Association football match, fixed for February 16th, at Queen's Club, should produce a capital struggle. As last year, the Cantabs are superior forward up to date, and the Oxonians in defence. So far, the Light Blues boast the better record, and have shown the better form, but their all-round superiority is much more apparent than real. As likely as not 1890 history will repeat itself. At hockey (another representative tussle played this month) we anticipate the victory of Oxford. Both in attack and defence they are smarter, and, as a team, they excel in combination and dash. On vacation tour form, especially, the Dark Blues should certainly stem the torrent of Cantab successes.

Other representative contests during the term are those at golf, boxing and fencing, chess, billiards, the point-to-point steeplechase, racquets, athletic sports, and the great "Water Derby of the Year." It is far too early to speak with any confidence of the probable issue of most of these. All in

good time, as usual. We may add, however, that the boat race is likely to produce a thoroughly old-time tussle from start to finish. Despite the enforced defection of Messrs. J. H. Gibbon, W. H. Chapman, and other "Old Blues" at Cambridge, a fine combination (stroked by G. M. Maitland) has already commenced practice. They are a very level-weighted, experienced lot, and (after the inclusion of President Brooke) few changes are anticipated. No fewer than seven "Old Blues" are available for Oxford, but it is doubtful if several of them will be called upon again. At present a smart combination (stroked by F. J. Huntley) is giving pretty general satisfaction—but full and critical comment both ways will best come in next month. Of the "Lents" and "Torpids" annual races it is also somewhat too early to speak authoritatively. Exigencies of the Press demand very early "copy," and (at the time of writing) we can only predict some fully average crews on both rivers. The favourable conditions of last term were conducive to that sound theory which always produces successful practice. Next month we shall have a good deal to say of respective progress, &c., all down the line.

Vacation and current general news of interest can be briefly vouchsafed. Messrs. J. M. Freemantle (Oxford), and F. Mitchell and F. S. Jackson (Cambridge)—the well-known athletes—have all been awarded commissions in the Army. The first-named for "valour in the field"; *i.e.*, he gave his horse to a wounded officer and ran five miles into camp. At such a time, surely his store of Oxford training stood him in good stead. Diplomatic honours have also been conferred upon Messrs. Chandos Leigh and

G. V. Fiddes (Oxford), both of whom are old-time cricketers of repute. The first-named is an ex-President of the M. C. C. Further congratulations are due to the Rev. A. B. Southwell, H. A. Tapsfield, and H. S. Gedge (Oxford) upon recent Church preferment. Canon Southwell rowed in the University Eights of 1878-79-80, and Canon Gedge was a famous International football player. The young Marquis of Bute is shortly to matriculate at Oxford, in fulfilment of the late Marquis's desire that his son should be personally familiar with his own *alma mater*. Admirers of Prince "Ranjy" (Cambridge) will be glad to learn that he is wintering well there, and is now a full-blown Freeman of that famous University town. Old Oxonians, who associate their four years of 'Varsity life with the hunting field rather than the schools, will be sorry to learn that much of the old stabling and Harry Day's old cottage is rapidly going the way of all flesh. Where many a good horse has been sold, aye! and many a sorry one also, now Nonconformist ministers are trained and taught. The old paddock and Love Lane—renowned in the days of "the Fighting Waterfords," Mr. "Merton" (W. H. P. Jenkins), Lord Rosebery, etc.—have similarly disappeared. Thus another relic of the old Oxford hunting days has vanished to make way for the march of education.

Regattas in 1901.—The Henley meeting this year will be held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, July 3rd, 4th, and 5th, and will, rather unfortunately, clash on the two last days with the Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Match at Lord's. At a meeting of regatta secretaries held at the London Rowing

Club headquarters at Putney on January 12th, the dates of other leading amateur regattas on the Thames were arranged. Walton will try the experiment of holding a regatta before Henley, Saturday, June 15th, being the selected date. The regattas after Henley will be Kingston, on Saturday, July 13th; the Metropolitan at Putney, on Thursday, July 18th; Staines, on Saturday, July 20th; Molesey, on Friday and Saturday, July 26th and 27th; going to Streatley on Saturday, August 3rd; Reading on Monday, August 5th; and Marlow on Saturday, August 10th.

Golf.—The visit of Bernard Nicholls, the Boston professional, who twice defeated Harry Vardon in America, playing him on level terms, excited hopes in the minds of those golfers who delight in high-class match play that there would be an interesting series of engagements. Nicholls came quite prepared to meet anyone who cared to challenge him, but though he stayed for over a month in this country, and took some pains to let his brother professionals know of his presence, he had only two matches, one with Peter Paxton at Tooting Bec, and the other with James Braid at Romford. He beat the former somewhat easily, and was defeated by Braid by 9 up and 7 to play in a match of 36 holes. Unfortunately, owing to bad weather and the condition of the ground, neither match gave Nicholls an opportunity of showing his best form. The course of the Tooting Bec Club, like so many other inland links, gets wretchedly heavy in winter, and on the occasion of the match it was even heavier than usual, while the Romford match was played for the most part in a fog, with the ground whitened by hoar frost. Nicholls, however, spent some time at Deal and Sand-

wich, and there he played a number of private matches, and the opinion of all who saw him was that he is quite up to Championship form, and a dangerous rival for our own professionals. He has a free and easy swing of the North Berwick and Musselburgh rather than the St. Andrews pattern, and drives a long ball, though not perhaps so long as Harry Vardon or James Braid. He putts well, and handles his brassie very effectively, and indeed, if he has a weak point at all, it is in the matter of approaching. Nicholls is not American born, as some golfers seem to imagine. He belongs to Folkestone, and before going to America he was for some time at Bournemouth with Tom Dunn, who has a high opinion of his play, and also at Cannes. The two matches he played with Harry Vardon were at Ormond, in Florida, where he beat him by 5 up and 4 to play and at Braeburn, near Boston, where his victory was won by a single hole.

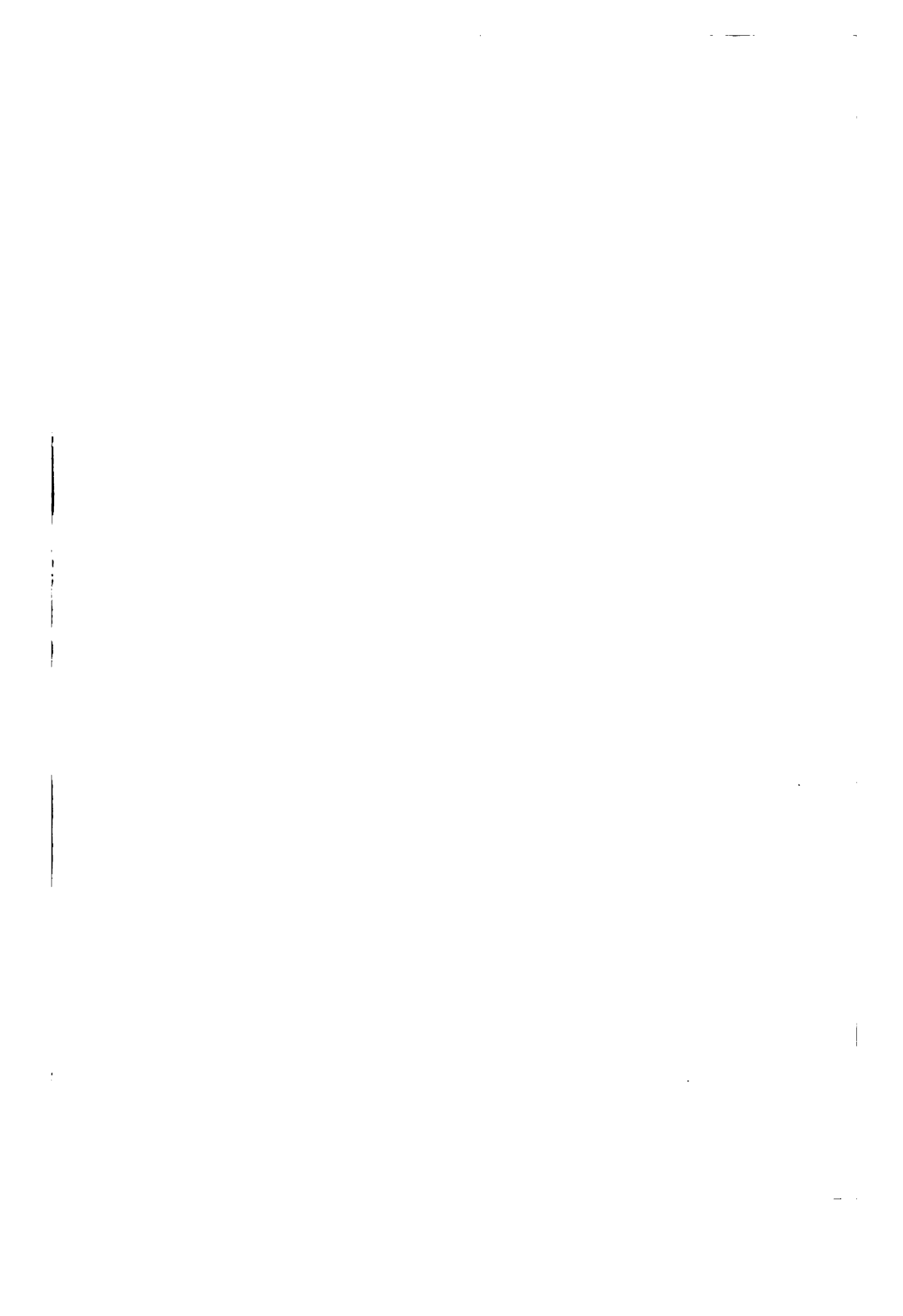
"Patience" at the Savoy Theatre.—It must be eighteen years ago that we first saw this masterpiece of Gilbert and Sullivan, and there could scarcely be better proof of the excellence of the work than the fact that to-day the opera seems as popular as it was when it was written to burlesque a craze of twenty years ago.

Only the best stuff can stand the test of time, and we wonder how many of the musical entertainments of to-day could stand the test of revival twenty years hence so well as "Bunthorne's Bride." Miss Rosina Brandram plays her original part of the Lady Jane as admirably as of yore, and Miss Isabel Jay gives a charming rendering of the title role, whilst the other rapturous ladies are well represented by Miss Gaston-Murray, Miss Lulu

Evans, and beautiful Miss Agnes Fraser. The parts of the rival poets are played by two old Savoy favourites, Mr. Walter Passmore being the fleshly Bunthorne and Mr. Lytton the idyllic Grosvenor, and all that they do is well done, although for ourselves we would like Bunthorne better if he were a shade less boisterously funny.

The 35th Dragoon Guards are a fine regiment, and the songs of the colonel were as well received as any. For us the opera appears more charming than ever despite the sad thought which must prevail of *Tempus Edax Rerum*.

"The Thirty Thieves."—At Terry's Theatre, Messrs. W. H. Risque and E. Jones are to be congratulated upon their fresh version of an old story. The stage of Terry's Theatre is hardly large enough for the original number of Forty Thieves, but the limited company of robbers under the captain, Mr. Sidney Howard, provide plenty of good sport. Miss Florence Perry, who has done such good work at the Savoy Theatre, shows to great advantage as Mariana the light-hearted servant girl, whose hand is sought by all, from the Lord Mayor down to the wood-cutters. Miss Perry sings and dances in charming fashion, and in the dancing line is well supported by Miss Susie Nainby and Miss Dolly Corke, whose tenure of the stage appeared to us all too brief. The fun of the extravaganza is well sustained throughout, Mr. E. Dagnall being especially happy as the wood-cutter, whilst the music and some of the songs appear to us to be considerably above the average. We retain pleasant recollections of a song of Miss Perry's, "I'm going to be a lady," and also of a Policeman's March.





[Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.]

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

Born May 24th, 1819. Died January 22nd, 1901.

Queen Victoria.

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WITHIN four days from the sounding of the first warning note the end came. It was impossible, in view of Her Majesty's advanced age, to receive otherwise than with gravest apprehension the guarded announcement made on the evening of January 18th; and when it became known that the members of the Royal Family had been summoned, the news created a painful sense of preparedness rather than one of anxious tension. And yet, though the Empire watched by what it knew was the death-bed of the Sovereign; though the tidings declared throughout the country on Tuesday evening by tolling church bells brought home to every subject a sense of personal loss, it is impossible to fully realise that QUEEN VICTORIA is dead. For more than sixty-three years she had, in a degree, unapproached by the most illustrious of her predecessors, personified the nation. As the trustee of its dignity in foreign relations; as the custodian of the bonds that hold her vast dependencies to the mother country; as the exemplar of all that is best and noblest in social and domestic life, the QUEEN stood alone among the sovereigns who have occupied the British throne. She combined with singular felicity in her personal character the attributes of royalty and womanhood; the wisdom, the unflinching tact and sympathetic interest which distinguished her every action had won her a place in the hearts of her people which will endure. She had so identified herself with the nation that the symbolic figure

"Britannia" had, in our minds, taken the personality of QUEEN VICTORIA. Such influence as hers, exercised ever for good, will not pass away with the life that created it; like the affection it inspired, it remains with us a living force, and forbids us to grasp the magnitude of the loss that has befallen us.

In every class of life, in every sphere of industry, did QUEEN VICTORIA display sympathetic interest. She gave constant support and encouragement to agriculture and stock breeding; our great shows would have been lacking in a characteristic feature had Her Majesty's name not appeared in the catalogue as an exhibitor. It was in such practical methods that she proved how closely she had the welfare of her people at heart; wherever the patronage of the throne could forward the national well-being and progress there was invariably the stimulus of the Queen's patronage bestowed. In Science, in the Arts, in Commerce, in Charity, her helpful influence was brought to bear with wisdom, discrimination and the womanly insight which perhaps more than any other quality endeared her to the people over whom it was her high mission to rule.

We need no clearer proof of QUEEN VICTORIA's true greatness than has been afforded us by the unanimous voice of sympathy which has, during this sad week, reached England from all the civilised nations of the world. Her death is not only a loss to the Empire she ruled so long, so wisely and so well, it is a loss to the whole world.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During December, 1900—January, 1901.]

A SERIOUS accident occurred to Mrs. Ernest Pitman, while out with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, at Easton Grey, December 22nd, her horse rolling over her and kicking her head, causing severe concussion of the brain.

Lord Leicester's shooting party at Holkham Hall, during the week ending December 22nd, included Lord Coke, Lord Hastings, Lord Huntingfield, Baron de Forest, General Mildmay Wilson, Mr. C. White, Mr. Renshaw, Mr. Gordon, and Mr. J. A. Morrison, killed 3,096 pheasants, besides a lot of other game, in three days.

Another fatality with the Warwickshire Hounds occurred on December 26th, near Wychford mill, Shipton-on-Stour. When taking a fence Mr. Ernest Walford, of Cherrington, was thrown, and his horse kicked him on the head and caused instant death.

The huntsman of the Warwickshire Hounds, Jack Brown, sustained a broken collar bone, through a fall caused by wire, during the week ending December 22nd. The horse was badly injured, and had to be destroyed.

While out hunting with the North Cheshire Hounds, on December 26th, Mr. Alfred Mond, of Winnington Old Hall, Northwich, had a nasty fall, and sustained a broken collar bone.

Writing in the *Field* of December 29th Mr. Arthur Heinemann (Porlock), says:—"The following weights of badgers I have taken out lately may be of interest. At this time of year they are enormously fat, and this may account for their weighing rather more than they usually average. All were most carefully weighed with one of Salter's spring-balances: Boars, 31½lb., 30lb., 28lb., 26½lb., 24lb.; sows, 30lb., 27lb., 29lb."

Lord Revelstoke sustained a nasty accident while hunting with the Pytchley hounds from Oxenden, on Jan. 5th. He was thrown from his horse and dragged a considerable distance; although no bones were broken his face was badly cut.

The son of the master of the Glamorgan-shire hounds, the Mackintosh of Mackintosh, was thrown from his horse on January 5th, and dislocated his collar bone.

On January 6th Lord Leconfield died at his London residence after a painful illness, at the age of seventy-one years.

Mr. Francis Egerton, Mr. Thomas Egerton, Lord Stavordale, Mr. Arthur Coventry, Mr. Henry Callander, Mr. B. Lees, and Mr. A. Portman had a capital

shoot at Worsley Hall, on January 8th and 9th. On the first day 561 pheasants, chiefly cocks, were killed; and the two days' bag consisted of 760 pheasants, 299 rabbits, 39 wild duck, 5 woodcock, 3 snipe, 2 hares, a teal, partridge, and 11 various—total, 1,121 head.

A party of six guns, shooting at Croxton Park on January 10th, got 201 partridges, and 35 hares, driving.

During the visit of the Prince of Wales to Chatsworth, in the week ending January 12th, shooting was much interfered with by the weather. On Tuesday, December 8th, the bag numbered 976, mostly pheasants; on Thursday nine guns killed 1,264 pheasants, besides a lot of hares and rabbits.

A well-known member of the North Warwickshire Hunt, Mr. James Rose, of Leamington, died on January 14th. Mr. Rose had hunted with the pack for twenty-five years.

While hunting near East Brent on January 16th, the Weston-super-Mare Harriers got on to the Great Western Railway just as an express train came in view, and a valuable couple of hounds were run over.

At a congregation held at Cambridge, January 17th, the following athletes were admitted to the degree of Master of Arts: W. L. Bunting (Trinity Hall), the Light Blue and International Rugby three-quarter back; F. Jacob (Caius), who played forward for his University and gained his International cap; and R. H. Urwick (Trinity), who has competed against Oxford in the boxing and fencing competitions. G. G. Heslop (Clare), who on several occasions was tried for the University Cricket XI., proceeded to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The well-known Cornish herd of deer, the property of Sir C. B. Graves-Sawle, Penrice, near St. Austel, was ferociously attacked one night, and no fewer than fourteen were found dead on the following morning. The herd, which is comprised of about a hundred deer, is located in a park of 60 acres near Portbeean. The mischief, it is stated, was perpetrated by straying dogs. The deer were all bitten at the throat, and one was partly eaten.

The death of Mr. John Jones, of Ynysfor, Penrhyn, Deudraeth, Master of the Ynysfor Foxhounds, took place at the age of seventy-one years. Mr. Jones, who had hunted the family pack since 1872, also hunted the otter during the summer. He was

a leading agriculturist, and took part in public affairs of the district.

On January 14th, Mr. Newton, with Captain Walter Duncombe, Mr. Brisco, Mr. Denzil Newton, Mr. Pryor, Mr. G. Brown, and Mr. A. Portman, had 324 pheasants, 128 rabbits, 9 partridges, 8 hares, and 3 various; and on January 16th Mr. Newton, Mr. Pryor, Mr. C. Allington, Mr. George Evans, Mr. A. Portman, and Mr. D. Newton, got 435 pheasants, 65 rabbits, 15 hares, 8 partridges, and 5 various.

While out with the Heythorpe Hounds on January 14th, the Duchess of Marlborough met with an accident. In taking a fence with a deep ditch and raised bank on the landing side, her horse came down badly, and rolling over, pinned its rider to the ground. Though badly shaken, the Duchess remounted and rode off. On the same day, Mr. H. Hawke, of Chipping Norton, broke his collar bone.

Mr. Thomas Redford, M.R.C.V.S., who died at Theale, near Winchester, aged seventy-three years, was secretary of the Winchester Race Meetings. He was also well known for many years as a keen rider to hounds in Hampshire and Sussex.

The death of D. W. Pole, F.R.S., is announced. The deceased, who was in his eighty-seventh year, was a well-known authority on whist, and had published several works upon the game.

The Rev. W. Courtenay Clack, who for many years acted as whipper-in to the Rev. Jack Russell, died in his ninetieth year. He had owned hounds in Devon.

While hunting with the Belvoir hounds Mrs. Cuthbert Bradley had a bad fall, the horse rolling over her.

In recognition of thirty-five years' service as hon. secretary to the hunt, Mr. Gideon Pott, of Knowesouth, has been presented with a life-sized portrait of himself in hunting costume, and twenty-two pieces of silver service plate, by the members of the Duke of Buccleuch's hunt.

Lord Windsor's shooting party at Howell Grange, Worcestershire, killed nearly 900 pheasants in two days, besides other game.

During the visit of the Prince of Wales to Sir Edward Lawson at Hall Barn, nearly 2,500 pheasants, in addition to other game, was killed in two days.

Another big bag was obtained by Mr. Arthur Blyth at Elmdon, when four days' shooting resulted in 2,357 pheasants, 293 partridges, 401 hares, 568 rabbits, 24 pigeons, 11 woodcocks; total, 3,654 head.

Shooting over the Longford Castle preserves, Mr. Stuart Bouverie and party of five guns got about 2,000 pheasants besides other game in two days.

Shooting at Grimsthorpe Castle in the third week of December, Lord Ancaster and five other guns killed over 4,000 pheasants, besides other game in three days.

Mr. J. Menzies, shooting at Escrick Park, with Sir W. Clerke, Mr. Harry Oppenheim, Mr. Keith Menzies, Mr. F. Lambert, and Mr. A. Portman, got 741 rabbits, 447 pheasants, 24 partridges, 18 hares, 4 woodcock, and 7 various, in three days.

Mr. Austin Mackenzie, with Lord Kinnoull, Captain Gore, Mr. C. Merry, Mr. Heatley Noble, and Mr. F. Sartoris, had five day's shooting at Glen Carradale, in Ayrshire. The total bag, considerably mixed, consisted of 1,261 pheasants, 996 rabbits, 72 woodcock, 71 black-game, 22 snipe, 4 grouse, 4 wood-pigeons, 3 partridges, 1 hare, 1 wild duck, 1 golden plover, and 9 various.

Shooting at Highclere Castle the Earl of Carnarvon, together with Captain Machell, Mr. Uhde, Mr. Claude Hay, Mr. Daniell, and Mr. A. Portman got 424 pheasants, 238 rabbits, 15 hares, 9 pigeons, 3 wild duck, 2 partridges, 2 woodcock, and 9 various in two days.

Mr. Coates, of Llys Field, Oswestry, gives a remarkable account of a horse's experience in South Africa. The horse, a bay, was bought by Mr. Coates two years ago, and sold to a gentleman, who hunted with it in Cheshire till the war broke out, when he went to the front, taking the horse with him. The horse went through twenty engagements, and was shot twice in the nose, and once in the quarters. The horse was one of the first to enter Ladysmith, and of the 296 horses in the same contingent it is the only one to return home alive. It is now in Cheshire, pensioned off for life.—*The Field*, December 22nd.

A somewhat remarkable incident, occurring recently with the Blackmore Vale hounds, is thus reported in a local paper:—“After a brief run the fox took refuge in a drain at Mudford. A terrier was put in with a view to dislodging him, but Reynard could not be induced to bolt, and the dog, which was heard engaged in a desperate struggle, declined to withdraw. The drain was thereupon opened, and, to the amazement of all present, the terrier's antagonist was found to be a huge badger—the largest ever seen in that part of the country—and the pair were holding on to each other ‘like grim death.’ A blow on the head with a spade settled the badger's account, and the terrier, thus released, returned to the drain and pluckily attacked Reynard, eventually drawing him out. In his conflict with the pair the game little dog was badly mauled, but he never for a moment flinched from his task.”

TURF.

KEMPTON PARK.—CHRISTMAS MEETING.

- December 16th.—The Christmas Hurdle Handicap of 184 sovs. ; 2 miles.
 Mr. R. C. Dawson's br. m. Turkish Bath by Atheling—Queen of the Bath, aged, 11st. 10lb. O'Brien 1
 Mr. Chane's b. c. Cracky, 4 yrs., 10st. 6lb. Dollery 2
 Mr. J. J. Parkinson's ch. g. Halutos, 6 yrs., 11st. 10lb. Dowling 3
 7 to 1 agst. Turkish Bath.
- December 27th.—Sunbury Steeplechase Handicap of 175 sovs. ; 2 miles.
 Mr. E. Woodland's br. g. Model by Herald—Hazlewitch, aged, 12st. 7lb. P. Woodland 1
 Mr. J. Hare's b. h. Punchladle, aged, 11st. 12lb. D. Read 2
 Sir P. Walker's ch. h. Missionary, aged, 11st. 11lb. W. Oates 3
 7 to 9 agst. Model.

HURST PARK.—OLD YEAR STEEPLECHASES.

- December 29th.—The Old Year Handicap Steeplechase of 178 sovs. ; 2 miles.
 Mr. W. H. Moore's ch. g. Monachus by Theophilus—Santa Monica, 5 yrs, 10st. 8lb. Piggott 1
 Mr. J. Hare's br. g. Berners, 6 yrs., 11st. 10lb. D. Read 2
 Mr. Colwyn's b. m. Beretta, 5 yrs., 10st. 4lb. E. Driscoll 3
 5 to 1 agst. Monachus.

MANCHESTER.—NEW YEAR STEEPLECHASES.

- January 1st.—The Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase of 214 sovs. ; 3 miles.
 Mr. H. Tunstall-Moore's b. m. Fanciful by Hackler—Miss Fanny, 6 yrs., 12st. 6lb. Fiely 1
 Mr. J. A. Scorrer's b. h. Arnold, aged, 10st. 8lb. T. Bissell 2
 Mr. J. Monro Walker's br. g. London, aged, 10st. 8lb. Latham 3
 8 to 1 agst. Fanciful.
- January 2nd.—The New Year's Handicap Hurdle Race of 173 sovs. ; 2 miles.
 Mr. Colwyn's ch. h. Old Windsor by Kendal—Pixie, 5 yrs., 11st. 7lb. E. Driscoll 1
 Sir W. Chaytor's ch. c. Eye Witness, 4 yrs., 11st. 5lb. G. W. Wilson 2
 Mr. J. H. Locke's b. h. Killyleagh, aged, 12st. 7lb. T. Fiely 3
 10 to 1 agst. Old Windsor.
- The January Handicap Steeplechase of 137 sovs. ; 2 miles.
 Mr. John Widger's b. g. Duke of Wellington by Hackler—Erin, aged, 12st. 9lb. M. J. W. Widger 1
 M. A. Bell's ch. g. The Dunlin, aged, 10st. H. Taylor 2

Mr. T. A. Motion's ch. m. Summer Lightning, aged, 11st. 4lb. O'Brien 3
 3 to 1 agst. Duke of Wellington.

MANCHESTER.—SECOND JANUARY MEETING.

- January 15th.—The Manchester Handicap Steeplechase of 185 sovs. ; 3 miles.
 Mr. M. Harper's b. g. Mathioli by Beauclerc—Oubliette, aged, 11st. 3lb. Owner 1
 Mr. J. A. Scorrer's b. h. Arnold, aged, 10st. 11lb. T. H. Bissell 2
 Captain E. Loder's ch. g. Shaker, aged, 12st. 5lb. H. Anthony 3
 2 to 1 agst. Mathioli.
- January 16th.—The January Hurdle Race of 174 sovs. ; two miles.
 Mr. Coulthwaite's ch. h. The Khedive, by Gervas—The Old Lady, 6 yrs., 12st. 7lb. Hassall 1
 Mr. W. McAuliffe's bl. or br. g. Idalus, aged, 11st. 10lb. Anthony 2
 Mr. Leybuck's b. h. Spring Flower, 5 yrs., 12st. 5lb. O'Brien 3
 15 to 8 agst. The Khedive.

FOOTBALL.

- January 1st.—At Glasgow, Queen's Park v. Corinthians, latter won by 4 goals to 1.†
- January 5th.—At Cardiff, England v. Wales, latter won by 2 goals 1 try (13 points) to 0.*
- January 5th.—At Richmond, Harlequins v. Blackheath, latter won by 1 goal 2 tries to 1 goal.*
- January 5th.—At Richmond, Richmond v. Marlborough Nomads, latter won by 1 goal 2 tries to 1 try.*
- January 12th.—At Richmond, Rosslyn Park v. Marlborough Nomads, latter won by 2 goals to 1.*
- January 12th.—At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Manchester, former won by 2 goals 3 tries to 0.*
- December 17th.—At Edinburgh, Oxford University v. Edinburgh University, latter won by 2 tries to 0.*
- December 17th.—At Newport, Cambridge University v. Newport, latter won by 6 goals 1 try to 0.*

* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

TENNIS.

- January 5th.—At Prince's Club, F. Covey v. A. Forester, the former won by 3 sets to 1, 23 games to 15.

BILLIARDS.

- January 5th.—At the Gaiety, London, C. Dawson (holder) v. H. W. Stevenson, for the Championship, latter won by 9,000 to 6,406.

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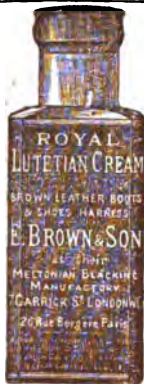
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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS and PASTIMES

MARCH, 1901.

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OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

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WITH

Steel-engraved portrait of SIR JOHN GILMOUR, BART., M.F.H.
Portrait of MR. GEORGE WATSON, M.F.H., and engravings of ROUGHSIDE and GRADIENT.

Sir John Gilmour, Bart., M.F.H.

BORN in 1845, the Master of the Fife Foxhounds is the eldest son of the late Mr. Allan Gilmour, who, after a highly successful business career, established his home at Montrave, which estate he purchased about the year 1872. The subject of our sketch was educated at the Glasgow and Edinburgh Academies and at Edinburgh University. On leaving the latter in 1864 he went abroad, and travelled extensively in Canada, where he did some cariboo stalking and enjoyed splendid salmon

fishing. In the Godbout river on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, he once killed 164 salmon, weighing 1,806 lb., in 28 days fishing, using small Kelso flies. Two days he particularly remembers; on one he killed 23 fish, on the other 20. In 1872 he settled down in Fifeshire, and began to devote himself to the many sporting and agricultural interests with which his name is identified. Always a keen man to hounds, he was first entered when studying at Edinburgh,

when he hunted with the pack, and also with the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire, on the other side of the country, when that fine old sportsman, Colonel Sir David Carrick Buchanan, held office (which he did for forty-four years). In the year 1896 Sir John joined his old schoolfellow, the late Captain J. A. Middleton, of Kilmaron Castle, in the mastership of his county pack: and since the brother of the famous "Bay" Middleton died in November, 1897, Sir John Gilmour has carried on the hunt alone.

The Master's interest in agriculture and his regard for the welfare of agriculturists are perhaps among the most conspicuous factors that contribute to the flourishing state of sport. The district hunted lies in East Fife-shire, and with 45 couple of good working hounds and plenty of foxes, they have good sport three days a week. He is imbued with a strong sense of the value of hunting, not only as bringing men in various walks of life together, but as a means of circulating money and as a school for yeomanry training in horsemanship.

He is fond of both gun and rifle; with the latter he prefers the rough, wild shooting to be got in Argyllshire, where you may get anything from a snipe to a roebuck. He holds grouse shooting over the tops in autumn, the most sporting of all shooting. For 25 years he has held shooting at Ardlamont (Loch Fyneside): the 'cock shooting is particularly good there, and four guns have often bagged 40 or 50 in a day. He leases the forests of Black Corries and Kinlochbeg in Argyllshire; these yield from 40 to 50 stags in the season.

For many years past he has borne his part in the auxiliary forces. From 1868 to 1874 he

held a lieutenant's commission in the Argyllshire Artillery Volunteers; in the latter year he joined the St. Andrew's troop of the Fife Light Horse, and in due time was promoted to be captain of the Cupar troop. He threw his heart into the work of bringing his corps up to a high standard of efficiency; he underwent a course of training at Aldershot, and was attached for courses of instruction to the 21st Lancers and to the Inniskilling Dragoons. When Colonel Anstruther Thomson retired in 1895, Sir John's competence was recognised at the Horse Guards by his appointment to the command of the regiment. He built a riding school at Cupar, Fife, for the greater convenience of recruits undergoing drill, and, in short, did all man could do to promote the smartness of the corps. When the call came for mounted men at the end of 1899, the regiment was able to furnish a full company (No. 20) for the Imperial Yeomanry, which is now commanded by his eldest son "Jack." It must be added that the call of a few weeks ago for more mounted men was freely answered in Fife. Sir John Gilmour was granted an extension of command for four years from 1900.

Sir John Gilmour is widely known throughout the kingdom as a successful stock breeder. When he established himself at Montrave he lost little time in giving scope to his tastes in this direction. His abilities and influence as an organiser were quickly recognised, and he became president of several local agricultural societies which owe much of their success to his counsel and generous support. His interest in horse breeding has always been great, and in the year 1887, when the Royal Com-

mission on Horse Breeding was formed to administer the annual grant of £5,000, he was appointed a member. He was also a member of the Royal Commission on Agriculture from 1893 to 1897.

The number of unsound thoroughbred stallions travelling in the country has, without question, been much reduced since the Commission began its work. In the Fifeshire district the King's Premium stallion has a full list every season, and the result is apparent in the young horse classes at local shows. He considers that the farmer can breed young horses better than the Government could do; but he thinks that it would be well for the Remount Department to buy the horses after their three-year-old grass, before they have been spoiled by bad breaking, and keep them in dépôts to be handled and trained until fit to be drafted to regiments. In this way, he believes, the advantages of private breeding and expert breaking, which few farmers have time or qualifications to give, might be combined; whereby the country would derive far more benefit from the work of the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding than it does under existing conditions. His stud of pedigree Clydesdales was founded in 1879, and is since become one of the best known studs in Scotland. He won the Queen's Gold Medal at Windsor in 1887 with Prince of Albion, the famous stallion whose death was recorded only a few weeks ago, and many champions of both sexes have been bred at Montrave. Animals from the Montrave stud have been purchased at high prices for export to America and other foreign countries by breeders of Clydesdales.

Sir John Gilmour has been for several years President of the Clydesdale Horse Society, and he

is now Hon. Secretary of the Highland and Agricultural Society. It is significant of the value set upon his services in this capacity that he was requested to officiate as chairman when the King, as Prince of Wales, opened the annual show in Edinburgh.

The Montrave herd of Short-horns is a very representative one; all the young stock have now top crosses of Cruickshank blood. There are also some very good heifers by Brave Archer. Sir John has also a small herd of Galloway cows and Highland cows which are kept for crossing, and he has a small flock of pure bred black-faced Highland ewes.

A Conservative in politics, Sir John Gilmour has three times unsuccessfully contested the county. He was created baronet at the Diamond Jubilee of our late Queen, an honour which he had well earned by the services he has rendered to agriculture. He is a Deputy Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace, and Convener of Commissions of Supply for the county. Sir John Gilmour of Lundin and Montrave, to give him his full title, married in 1873 his cousin Henrietta, second daughter of Mr. David Gilmour, of Quebec, by whom he has three sons and two daughters. Two of his sons are soldiers. Mr. "Jack" Gilmour, as already said, went out to South Africa with the Fife Light Horse contingent of Imperial Yeomanry, and has seen much active service. The contingent lost heavily at Nooitgedacht; Mr. Gilmour was the only officer left at the end of the day. Mr. Harry Gilmour, who was only gazetted to the 16th (Queen's) Lancers in April of last year, joined his regiment on service, and we regret to record has been invalided home, having been severely wounded at Geluk, on 13th October last.

The Future of the Yeomanry.

IN the re-adjustment of England's military forces, which is probably the most important question of the day, the part which the Yeomanry will take will be extremely important. There is no doubt that at present the impregnability of our islands is by no means absolute. The German Staff certainly consider an invasion of England to be possible, if hazardous; and, though the opinions of French soldiers may not be as carefully weighed and as logically reasonable, it is equally decided. Our own most experienced generals look upon our means of self-defence with anything but full confidence in their efficiency and believe that very far-reaching measures are imperatively necessary. Then, real defence can never be purely defensive. The capability of counter attack must largely enter into it.

The real cause of Continental hostility is that our military power is no longer feared. We cannot deal a blow against a European power by landing an army. In olden days we would follow up our superiority at sea by placing a force on land. That practically we can no longer do, and foreign expressions of dislike to England are encouraged, because they are accompanied by a complete sense of impunity. Both for warlike operations which might at any time become necessary within our own coasts, and to give us the power of threatening the territories of possible foes, we must draw heavily on the national resources, and, among these resources, our Yeomanry will be found to have a very special value. It is well therefore that the present necessities of the service should be carefully considered, and, whether

we are right or wrong in the views we have formed upon the subject, there can be no harm in stating them, if only that their futility may be proved and something better may be proposed.

In our present war, the Yeomanry who have taken the field in South Africa have done most admirable service, and that in spite of being handicapped by many very serious disadvantages. The various corps had no previous independent existence. Many of the men had no military experience whatever, knowing nothing of discipline and very little of the duties which were expected from them. The officers were gathered from every source, from the half-pay list, from the reserve, from existing Yeomanry corps, from the Militia and Volunteers; they had never served together and their knowledge of practical soldiering was very rusty in most cases. The corps were, as a rule, very indifferently mounted and the saddlery and arms with which they were equipped were unfamiliar. They had none of the advantages that come from long organisation and the services of a well-trained regimental staff, and how important these are to efficiency all soldiers well know. It is indeed marvellous how the Imperial Yeomanry have held their heads high, how they have marched and fought, how they have camped and bivouacked. It is their pluck, devotion and patriotism that have kept them together and have enabled them to give such a good account of themselves on so many well-fought fields. They have added honour to the British name and have showed what Britain's sons may be relied upon to accomplish

in an emergency. The only thing that the Nation has to regret is that so much magnificent material has not been able to show its full value. If our country had had any right prevision of its needs, the emergency should never have arisen. Years ago we might have organised, at least partially, this latent source of strength. Even if at the beginning of the war the gravity of the situation had been recognised and the Imperial Yeomanry had been called into existence, it would have had time to consolidate its companies and in some degree to prepare itself for its task before it embarked. There must never again be such a hurried rushing to arms, there must never again be the same unpreparedness among the men who are anxious to serve England; but, even at the cost of some trouble and expense we must, while we still have leisure and opportunity, make ready against the day when our manhood may be called to battle.

The late Sir George Chesney, one of the most practical thinkers on England's long roll of distinguished soldiers, gave a lecture at the United Service Institution a good many years ago, in which he propounded the theory that 30,000 well drilled, well equipped and well mounted men might, in defiance of all modern armament, march victorious from one end of Europe to the other. His proposition at that time seemed astonishing to his audience, indeed it was so opposed to their familiar line of thought that it was received in blank silence, with hardly a semblance of discussion. How much of reason was embodied in his ideas, the course of the present war has taught all too clearly. What a different tale we should have had to tell if in October, 1899, England had been

able to land 30,000 highly-trained mounted soldiers in South Africa!

It stands to reason that we could never maintain ready for immediate action in times of peace, 30,000 or even 20,000 mounted regular soldiers in our islands. The expense would be too great. But we may very well maintain a much larger number of cavalry than we have done in recent years, and we now know that our Yeomanry are willing and able to supplement the regular army and to bring up our available number of mounted men to a very formidable total indeed whenever occasion may arise. Their magnificent spirit has been amply proved; the force has been blooded in a very severe campaign, and it has shown that it only requires re-organisation and an adaptation to a specific place in the armed power which England is prepared to use in war. It can never again fall into the background as a portion of what used to be called the Reserve forces, and it will rather be in the second line of the active army, requiring perhaps a little time to mobilise for foreign service, but absolutely ready for home defence.

A great many theorists have suggested that our Yeomanry regiments should at once be turned into and denominated Mounted Infantry, and this idea has found much favour in the eyes of writers on the future organisation of the army. We cannot but think that any such radical measure would be a great mistake. Every Yeomanry regiment has now its *esprit de corps* and its own honourable traditions. It has its own territorial associations, and it would be a thousand pities if all such legitimate sources of attraction to its ranks should be obliterated. Mounted Infantry presupposes that the men should be, in the first instance, thoroughly

trained infantry soldiers. They should be able not only to dismount and hold a position, but they should be competent to manœuvre on foot. Now it would be impossible thoroughly to train yeomanry to this extent. They might well however be practised in the simpler kinds of cavalry duties both mounted and dismounted. We wish to have a force that will act in combination with their horses, and not one in which the animals are principally regarded as a means of moving infantry without fatigue from one place to another. Of course it is very obvious that in modern war the employment of cavalry dismounted will be more frequent than it has been in the past and its duties will gradually tend to assimilate in some degree with those of mounted infantry, but there will always be a very marked distinction between cavalry and mounted infantry and we should wish to see our Yeomanry affiliated to the former rather than to the latter.

In the future organisation of yeomanry, it will certainly be necessary to differentiate between two classes of men and officers in its ranks; between those who, like farmers and others, could not go on foreign service but would always be available for home defence or the maintenance of public order, and those men (and we have seen that there are plenty of them) who, having no immediate ties, would be quite ready to serve in any part of the world for a limited period, though they might not be inclined to adopt a military career altogether. Whether both classes of men would, in the first instance, join the Yeomanry on the same terms is a matter of little moment, but undoubtedly those men who are prepared, if required, to go abroad must be specially

registered and they should be called upon, or at least very strongly encouraged, to go through a more elaborate training than their comrades and to really familiarise themselves with cavalry work. It may be a question whether this could best be done by attaching them to regular cavalry for a period of instruction or by giving them a special training as yeomanry. We are inclined to think that the latter would be the preferable course. If, at some convenient season of the year, the men who were to form a corps of Imperial (or foreign service) Yeomanry were collected and trained as a corps, they would become accustomed to their organisation. Every man would know his place and his duties, and officers, rank and file and staff would also acquire the invaluable habit of working together and the mutual confidence that comes from sustained discipline and association. The Yeomanry would, as it were, belong to two organisations, each of which would encourage and support the other. There would be the old county regiments to which all would belong and which would be available for any national emergency within the British coasts, and there would be the special corps occasionally brought together for particular training, formed from the men of the county regiments who were ready to undertake the higher responsibilities. There would be nothing new in the arrangement, for it would be exactly what has been done for years past in the organisation of our mounted infantry. Every regular battalion has included a certain number of specially trained men who did their regular regimental duty, but were occasionally formed into a mounted battalion at Aldershot or elsewhere. The county regiments

would form an admirable recruiting agency for the Imperial Yeomanry and would assist them in many ways, while the higher trained men of the Imperial Yeomanry would, when serving with the county regiments, do much to stiffen their ranks and to show a soldierly example.

It is not to be expected that any yeomanry can, in perfection of training, approach to the standard which will, we hope, be reached by the British cavalry of the future, but we may reasonably expect that they will form a force so formidable that it can take an effective place in any struggle which falls to the lot of our country. We have said that yeomanry should be practised in the simpler kinds of cavalry duty, but perhaps we are wrong in the expression that we used. All cavalry duty is guided really by common sense, aided of course by military experience. There is no cavalry duty in war that cannot be performed by an intelligent man, who is a good horseman, a good horse-master and an adept in the use of his weapons. The greater part of a regular cavalry soldier's training is taken up with teaching him to ride and to look after his horse, and it is to be hoped that most of the men whom we shall find in the Yeomanry service will for all practical purposes have learned those essentials in great measure before they join.

The most important weapon which every soldier must learn to handle is the rifle, and it has been generally recognised in England that rifle shooting must now form as great a part of the education of the nation's young men as did archery in the days of the Plantagenets. Whether the nation as a whole yields to the impulse of to-day or not, there is no question that every soldier of the King,

whether a yeoman or in any other arm of the service, must spend many hours and days in practising with a rifle. Unless he is a fairly good shot, he is of little real military value. We have heard a good deal lately of necessary shooting at very long ranges, but we must not be carried away too far by South African experience. It is extremely unlikely that in future campaigns the conditions of a particularly clear atmosphere and an uninterrupted view over many thousands of yards will recur, and for all ordinary military purposes a man who can fire with reasonable accuracy at a thousand yards will be a sufficiently formidable soldier. There is ample rifle-range accommodation of this extent to be found in England and it should be thoroughly and systematically utilised.

No cavalry can ever be divorced entirely from the *arme blanche*. Nothing has occurred in modern war to show that hand-to-hand combats are altogether things of the past. The furious charge of horsemen may still be looked upon as a very possible deciding incident in battle or in phases of a battle, and a pursuit after an action is still unquestionably essential to any marked success. Our Yeomanry must still retain their swords and have sufficient knowledge of the weapon to be able to use them with effect. Whether, however, we have in our mounted services the best form of swords is open to very grave doubt. Our swords are extremely heavy, indifferently balanced and are furnished with a metal scabbard which effectually prevents the blades from retaining an edge. And it is only within a comparatively recent period that our swords have been of the present pattern, so heavy that even the most powerful men cannot wield

them without exhaustion for more than a minute or two. In the days of the Peninsula and Waterloo, the cavalry swords were much lighter and better balanced. Why can we not have a more handy weapon to-day?

With regard to the equipment of our Yeomanry, it must be furnished and maintained on a very different system to that of recent years. It is, we believe, not to be denied that, when last year it became a question of preparing a certain number of men and horses for field service, a great part of the saddlery belonging to county regiments was found to be, for practical purposes, worn out and useless. In any case it was clumsy, heavy and of obsolete pattern. The equipment of our regular cavalry will certainly now require to be thoroughly overhauled, improved and lightened, and that of the Yeomanry must follow suit. If the necessary mobility of corps is to be attained, some form of regimental transport will probably have to be instituted, for the purpose of carrying indispensable articles, from the weight of which the horse must be relieved. Light two-wheeled carts like Indian tongas would answer all purposes. Such carts have been used for some duties in South Africa with the greatest success, and there has been very general regret that their utility was not recognised when the earliest preparations were made and that their use has not been universal.

Yeomanry will never find any difficulty in acquiring sufficient familiarity with field manoeuvres to enable them to perform any task that may fall to their lot. All cavalry drill has been so much simplified in recent years that any intelligent man may master it in a very short time. Parade niceties

will now be little required from any service and certainly not at all from yeomanry except to such a degree as discipline demands. If yeomanry can move smoothly and quickly in columns of route and in line, if they can rapidly seize and occupy or withdraw from a dismounted position, if they can deliver an attack with vigour and fair cohesion, and if, above all, they remain always in hand, prompt to obey a sudden order, they will be most useful soldiers. The detached duties of cavalry, scouting, reconnaissance and outposts, require careful training and some experience, but as we are dealing with men of education and intelligence, it may be expected that a competent knowledge of them will soon be gained by most men in the ranks.

Perhaps one of the most important questions with regard to our Yeomanry is the manner in which they will be mounted. In a most valuable work, published last year, "Small Horses in Warfare," Sir Walter Gilbey has logically and lucidly exposed the great mistake that England has made for many years in the "sacrifice of useful qualities to the 'god of inches,'" when she has been providing horses for her cavalry, and he has shown how much better our country would be served in most operations of war by hardy small horses between 14 hands and 14 hands 3 inches high than by the leggy, pampered animals in which she has put her faith. He has pointed out that the three famous sires from which all our thoroughbred horses are descended were under 14 hands in height, and that "man's long-maintained endeavours to breed racehorses" have given to our thoroughbreds, in addition to greatly increased size and great speed, "delicacy of constitution

and complete inability to lead a natural life."

Nothing can be more true than the fact that they are the small, even the very small, horses which are of most value in war. Their only drawback is want of speed over a short distance, but this is much more than counterbalanced by their endurance in long-continued movements, even when carrying a considerable weight, and the hardy appetites which enable them to profit by rough food which would be disdained by more stately-looking animals. Sir Walter Gilbey urges that, for the use of mounted infantry and light cavalry, we should provide animals which are stout, strong and hardy, by using Arab sires to improve our already excellent breeds of ponies to be found in large numbers in the west of Ireland, on Exmoor, in the New Forest and elsewhere. No man knows better than he what admixture of strains of blood will produce any ideal horse which we desire, and it would be well indeed if our military administrators would follow his well reasoned advice as to the class of animals best suited for our needs and the means of producing them in our islands. The great and increasing popularity of polo as a national sport is causing such a vast demand for first-rate ponies not over 14.2 in height, that many breeders are already at work in trying to supply that demand, and "what the present remount market is to the breeder of hunters so may the market for mounted infantry" (and light cavalry) "cobs be to the breeders of polo ponies." He would then be able to dispose of his "misfits." If the breeding of really good small horses was however undertaken on a large scale, it is not unlikely that, though first-class polo ponies would always fetch

large prices, the extravagant sums that have often been paid for them in recent years would not be heard of in the future and the game might be brought within the reach of men of moderate means.

And this mention of polo and its expenses leads on to a further consideration. The game is now becoming a national sport, but so far it has only been enjoyed by men who are well to do, in fact very well to do. The farmer and yeoman classes have had little opportunity of joining in it, for a pony had no *raison d'être* in a farm establishment. Now if the principle of mounting our light cavalry on small horses was adopted, there would be a great stimulus to the breeding of such animals, and if the Yeomanry corps were especially so to be mounted, every farm, every country establishment would keep one or two ponies and the young men (the very class that we wish to see in the Yeomanry ranks) would be encouraged and enabled to play polo in a small way and would profit enormously in their horsemanship, in having a healthy amusement which does not take up so much time as hunting, in the gain made by providing ponies for the market, and in having a suitable animal always ready for service under arms with the county regiment.

Sir Walter Gilbey most rightly deprecates any idea that he seeks "to asperse the value of heavy cavalry." It is probable that we must always maintain in our service a proportion of men mounted on big horses, but the word big must only be used relatively. One of our best and most experienced cavalry officers of to-day, who is also one of the best horsemen and horsemasters in the British army, has said that in mounting our regiments we have

gone in for size far too much, and that most of our horses are underbred and practically unfit for any campaigning work, however much they may be nursed and cared for. When we have decided what proportion of cavalry we require, qualified to crush by a charge the best squadrons of any army that may be opposed to us, it must be provided with better horses than we have generally seen in the ranks during late years; but, being so valuable, it must be as much as possible retained for its specific duties and must not have its energies exhausted by long reconnaissances and the duties of light cavalry. Heavy cavalry and light cavalry are really as different in their capacities and in their proper duties as Horse and Field Artillery, and each should be handled and treated in a different way. At a pinch each must do whatever duty lies before it, but none the less their rôles are very distinctly different.

It may possibly be necessary, though we think it would be undesirable, to have two classes of Yeomanry as well as two classes of regular cavalry. In some districts which are particularly hunting countries, as the Midlands and the greater part of Yorkshire, many of the Yeoman class breed hunters and always have one or two horses on which they can follow hounds. These horses have hitherto been used in the annual Yeomanry training, and, if a fiat was to go forth that Yeomanry were in the future to be mounted on small horses alone, it is possible that the services might be lost of some men, who, not being able to keep both hunters and ponies, would prefer to stick to the hunters. There seems no reason, however, why, for a time at any rate, some

county corps should not be heavy cavalry; indeed, in the same corps there might be some heavy squadrons and some light ones. The Imperial (or foreign service) Yeomanry would, almost necessarily, be always mounted on small horses.

If the principle of having small, hardy horses for our light cavalry and Yeomanry were adopted and if we could ensure a sufficient supply of the animals that we require, it will become essential that our present system of stabling and stable management both in military and private stables should be considerably modified. If these horses, which will be so bred as to possess peculiar hardiness, stoutness and an ever healthy appetite, are put into hot, close stables and are highly fed on the best of oats and hay without doing an equivalent amount of work, they will very soon lose their valuable characteristics and will become delicate, soft and dainty in their feeding. We may here direct attention to an article on "Military Stables" in the *Live Stock Journal Almanack* for 1901, in which the subject is pretty fully examined.

Our available space is so nearly exhausted that we are unable to say much on the future administration of our Yeomanry. There are two points however which the light of recent experience has apparently made clear. The first is that the Yeomanry should have a separate headquarters office in London under an Assistant-Adjutant-General. This would relieve the pressure of work upon the purely military departments and would secure that the force was managed by men who thoroughly understood its requirements, an advantage which has all too frequently been wanting. Then, each corps should, as in days

gone by, have its own adjutant, instead of two corps dividing the services of an officer drawn from the regular cavalry. So much administrative work has, during the present war, been cast upon Yeomanry officers and they have done it so well that no one can say that they require much as-

sistance from the regular Army. Our Yeomanry force is quite ready to stand alone and, if it has reasonable facilities and encouragement, it will prove a remarkably cheap and effective weapon for use in any national emergency.

C. STEIN.

Salmonology.

TEMPERATURE, as affecting our migratory fishes, including the anadromous *Salmonidæ*, is a large and complex subject. Although we are not in a position to attempt a complete elucidation of this great problem, yet, from its importance, it deserves more careful consideration than it has hitherto received. In the case of the life history of the salmon, the present writer and several friends have devoted close attention to the subject for a number of years, during which many observations have been made and verified, numerous facts conclusively established by thermometrical tests, and much patient and searching study bestowed on the tracing of effects to their natural causes. For the present, the subject will be dealt with in a preliminary manner only; and this paper will, for the most part, be concerned with such observations as anyone who has the time and the opportunity may make for himself.

We must remember that while many of those interested in the salmon ignore temperature, or, at least, underestimate its importance in the life history of that fish, there are others who recognise its far-reaching influences. Further, it is true that there are some who deliberately deny that tem-

perature has anything to do with the habits, development, or other phases of the life history of the *Salmonidæ*; but we hope to convince such Philistines that temperature vitally affects the members of that family throughout the whole period of their existence. Does it not seem remarkable that those who have experienced the boyish delights of guddling, and can remember a time when their hands were benumbed with the coldness of the water, should never have stumbled on the truth—that cold, which affects them, must in some way or other affect the fish? But the deep-sea fisher knows it. So does the rock fisher. The old pilot who on a sunny day rows one to the favourite sand-banks of the fluke recognises it consciously or unconsciously. Even the hired Highlander who follows the herring from Lewis and Barra to Shetland, from Shetland to Fraserburgh and Peterhead, and from Peterhead to Scarborough and Yarmouth, must surely have some inkling of the fact that temperature (which is necessarily associated with food supply and reproduction) controls the movements of the fish. If not, what causes the shoals of herring to approach the shores of the Western Islands—washed by

the warm Gulf Stream—long before the midsummer sun makes the wind-swept East Coast banks of the colder German Ocean a congenial resort?

If temperature affects mankind, if it affects "the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air," if it affects the mighty whale and the diminutive herring, surely it is but natural to conclude that it is not without its influence on the salmon, the king of loch and river. Such an inference seems obvious. The average man is scarcely prepared to learn that temperature has no effect whatever on the growth and habits of the fish. Still, there are those who do hold this opinion, but they can adduce little or nothing more convincing in support of it than the familiar arguments of post-prandial discussion. The latest deliverance of this particular sort is by a voluminous writer, who asserts that the inland migration of the winter or early salmon—quite a common phenomenon—cannot be attributed to temperature, but represents the seasonal homing, purely for homing reasons, of fish of a specially hardy race or breed which are fitted by Nature for a habitat of colder water than the others. This untenable hypothesis will fall to be fully dealt with at another time.

We hold that, of the four factors affecting or modifying the movements of the *Salmonidae*—movements that are primarily dependent on food supply and reproduction—*temperature* is immeasurably more important than *light*, *wind* or *water-height* at any and every season of the year. Its effects influence the whole life-history of the fish from the earliest stages—even from the time when the ova are only as yet developing in the ovaries. The hatching of the eggs in the redds of the river-bed,

the growth of the parr, their development into smolts, the descent of the smolts, the growth and homing of the grilse, the advent of the maiden salmon are, each and all, accelerated or retarded by temperature, high or low, in an almost constant ratio. The several runs or migrations of the adolescent and adult fish, their travelling pace inland, their ascent of falls or other obstacles, their depth in the water—near the surface or bottom—when ascending the rivers, their frolics and travelling characteristics, their seaward journeys as spents or kelts, their feeding, their rate of growth, their retaining or losing condition, their changing colour, their selection of "lies" or resting places, their disposition to take natural or artificial baits, their play on the rod, all their movements—in fact, their life history in every phase—appear to be affected or modified by temperature, obscurely, it is true, in some cases, but in most cases very conspicuously.

There is much that is controversial in salmonology, but fortunately there is a good deal that is absolutely certain. No one disputes that there are early rivers and late, that salmon ascend some rivers earlier than others. Here, then, is common ground. It is also noticeable that many early and many late rivers, when considerable uniformity obtains in their leading characteristics, appear to be geographically grouped, according to length and course. For example, the Ness, the Dee, the North Esk and the Tay are early rivers, as also are all the Scotch rivers of first and second rate magnitude that empty into the North Sea. On the other hand, the rivers flowing into the Atlantic on the west coast are nearly all late. Particular attention, too, should be given to the

fact that the late rivers with a westerly course are mostly short, and that the early rivers with an easterly or north-easterly course are mostly long. This cannot be accidental. There must be some common cause which makes the salmon ascend rivers with comparatively long courses flowing into the North Sea earlier than rivers with comparatively short courses that empty into the Atlantic.

An examination of the facts will show that the choice depends on the temperature of the river water as compared with the sea into which it flows. To be more precise, the best salmon-ascending periods are when the rivers and the surface water of the receiving sea show least difference in mean temperature. This fact, observers will find, is specially marked during the winter, the early part of spring and the two hottest months of the year. Take, for further general illustration, the east and the west coast rivers, and what do we find? The early east coast rivers, after running for some part of their course through districts not greatly elevated and possessing a moderate climate, fall into the sea at distances varying from forty to over one hundred miles from their mountain sources. The North Sea, into which they debouch, is a cold sea, and the slight difference of temperature between these rivers and the sea during the coldest months is found to be no deterrent to the salmon's ascent, where adequate water-way facilities exist. The Dee, for example, is a notably early river, and as far up as Balmoral, Her late Majesty's highland home—a distance of almost sixty miles by the windings—clean-run salmon are often caught in considerable numbers at the opening of the season on February 11th, whilst

in Loch Tay, almost as far from the sea, they are every year found to be forward in good strength nearly a month earlier.

On the west coast, where the bulk of the salmon rivers are short, quite a different state of matters obtains. The sources or well-springs of these rivers are elevated in that lofty and singularly rugged and picturesque chain of mountains which, beginning near Cape Wrath, skirt the shores of Sutherland, Cromarty, Ross and Inverness for more than a hundred miles at distances varying from five to twenty miles from the western seaboard. For many months in succession, frost and snow often hold these mountain fastnesses in their grip, to some extent even until June in a belated summer. In winter and spring, every thaw brings down torrents of ice-cold water, which, without being exposed to sunshine for a period sufficient to increase its temperature, rushes into a sea that, unlike the North Sea, comes under the thermal influence of the Gulf Stream.

The Atlantic, then, is appreciably warmer than the North Sea, whilst the rivers it receives are considerably colder during their barren season (*i.e.*, when no fish are entering them) than the early rivers that fall into the North Sea.

Accordingly, it will be apparent (and this will be afterwards more fully and clearly demonstrated) that the ascent of the salmon is retarded, so far as natural causes are concerned, solely by the difference in temperature. On the west coast, early in the year, the salmon in the sea, though less numerous, are just in as prime condition as they are in the early districts—that is, they have accumulated the necessary stores of fat in the muscles and other tissues, which the officials

and investigators of the Scotch Fishery Board have put forward as "the factor determining migration towards the river and the tendency of the fish to return to their original habitat." And yet they neither ascend nor, except during a freshening, hover in any number near the mouth of their native rivers. In most districts the mass of them prefer to remain in the warmer sea until June and July, when a river temperature nearer that of the surface water of the Atlantic, and much more to their liking, induces them to come inshore, for the purpose of ascent, in far greater numbers than at any other time. If all the salmon were to enter the rivers (or make the attempt to do so) as soon as "they get into a state of nutrition" calculated to enable them to endure a protracted fast, lasting, in many instances, from twelve to fifteen months, during which it is physically and physiologically impossible for them to feed at all, as the Scotch Fishery Board's investigators have attempted to prove, there would soon be practically no fish left to ascend, in the autumn season, our latest, largest, and long-seasoned rivers, which have always had a distinct and, in many cases, a strong migration of back-end or autumn salmon. With all due deference to the investigators of the Scotch Fishery Board, the facts adduced above do not agree with the results of these scientists as published in the blue-books of 1898 and 1900. *Their* final dictum is that the state of nutrition determines migration from the sea to the river, irrespective of the needs of the reproductive faculty.

Now, no one denies that the salmon goes, on the one hand, to the sea to feed and lay up a store of nutriment, and, on the other

hand, to the river to spawn; but the question remains as to what determines the time of the year at which the migrations from the sea to the river occur.

The Scotch Fishery Board investigators seem to have absolutely ignored the presence of any other factors operating towards such migrations, save those of reproduction and the state of nutrition. While one must agree with them that the reproductive instinct is not the factor in determining the time of migration, the facts recorded above clearly dismiss also the state of nutrition as initiating that phenomenon. Temperature, which controls the great primary properties of all living beings, including those of nutrition and reproduction, appears here also to exert its usual influence and determines the time at which the salmon, with its store of nutriment, leaves its richest feeding grounds.

In the case, for example, of the later rivers, the fish instinctively postpone their ascent until such time as the temperature of the water comes into closer harmony with that of the wider area where, for months, they have gorged to repletion. That the salmon has to "accumulate its full store of nourishment" before leaving the sea for a prolonged sojourn and relatively long period of partial fasting in the fresh water is an unobjectionable statement. That fact is constantly apparent throughout the entire salmon year. But, as can easily be proved, the fundamental and chief reason for the seasonal characteristics of the various rivers is not the "state of nutrition"—which merely represents a condition in the case—but the influence of a suitable temperature on fish in a fit state of nutrition.

W. MURDOCH.



Johnstone & O'Shannessy, Melbourne.]

MR. GEORGE WATSON, M.F.H.

Mr. George Watson.

MR. GEORGE WATSON holds in Australia the proud position that his elder brother, Mr. Robert Watson, holds in Ireland, namely, that of the senior master of hounds in the country. Mr. George Watson went out to Australia half a century ago, to seek his fortune, and being a sportsman by nationality, heredity, and taste, he naturally turned his attention to horse-flesh as a breeder, and coach proprietor, which vocations he carried on in partnership with the late Mr. Cyrus Hewitt, and the late Sir James MacBain. He had not been long in the country when the suitability for hunting of the country about Melbourne prompted him to start a pack of hounds. In the absence of the fox, he accepted the dingo, or wild dog, and kangaroo as substitutes, and at a later date, when the work of game acclimatisation societies had prospered, the red deer in the Werribu district enabled him to show some fine sport of a more home-like character than that with the native game. In 1864 the first parent stock of foxes was imported by the ship *Sussex*, a dog fox and two vixens, which were purchased by the Melbourne Hunt, and turned down to breed. Mr. Watson laid the foundations of his pack with a few couples purchased locally, and to these he added drafts obtained from the Badminton Kennels, Earl FitzWilliam's and his brother's, the Carlow, and Island. With these the Melbourne Hounds, which have provided sport for forty-four years, were established.

As a sportsman Mr. George Watson is known throughout Australasia. For a long series of years he owned, trained and rode his own horses, both on the

flat and between the flags. Modesty was one of the best he ever owned, and it is narrated that on one occasion, when the jockey he had engaged to ride the mare in a hurdle race at Melbourne did not put in an appearance, he went to the scales in *mufti* as he stood, weighed out, and although he had to declare much overweight, landed Modesty an easy winner, paying cheerfully the fine imposed by the stewards for riding in wrong colours, or rather no colours at all. He preferred jump race riding, but he won many of the most coveted Australian trophies on the flat, before increasing weight compelled him to renounce silk.

He has always been a pillar of strength to the Colonial Turf. He was a steward of the old Jockey and Turf Clubs, and when the Victoria Racing Club superseded these bodies he was one of the first committee elected. He excelled in the somewhat thankless role of starter, and filled the honorary office to the club with singular success. The late Mr. MacGeorge's opinion of him was briefly expressed in the message which accompanied the starter's flag he once sent, "To the best starter in the world, from a brother official." At one meeting a large field came under his orders for the Melbourne Cup, the Australian equivalent of the Derby in point of importance; he dismissed the lot to such a perfect start that when he cantered back from the post the vast crowd which covered the hill and filled the stand rose like one man and cheered him again and again.

He was a wonderful horseman, with splendid hands, and endowed with that talent for getting to his

hounds which has distinguished a few of the best masters and huntsmen known to British and Irish hunting history; nor was he less accomplished as a whip, for he could handle a team against any man. Skill as a coachman in Australia, particularly in the old days, means more than skill in this country, where good roads are in the whip's favour. Mr. Watson's talent on the box was only equalled by his staying power. He once drove a coach from Wangaratta to Melbourne, 150 miles over rough bush roads between sunrise and sunset; no mean feat of endurance, as every man accustomed to handling the ribbons will acknowledge.

He has had his share of heavy falls, as was inevitable, but with one or two exceptions has enjoyed remarkable immunity from serious accident. For the last year or two the condition of his health has debarred him from taking the active part in his favourite pursuits which he did formerly, and

his son, Mr. Godfrey Watson, has acted as field master of the hounds. Mr. Godfrey Watson follows in his father's footsteps as a sportsman, for not only is he most successful as master and huntsman, he has a well-earned reputation as jump race rider, having four Hunt Cups and numerous other steeplechases to his credit. Another son, Mr. Tom Watson, won a Hunt Cup while still a school-boy, and he is great on the polo ground; he is also hon. starter to the Adelaide Jockey Club. Miss Blanche Watson is well known as one of the most graceful and straightest of the riders who follow the Melbourne Hounds.

In conclusion it may be said that there is no man in Australia who is held in more universal respect than Mr. George Watson. For nearly half a century he has filled positions open to the searchlight of public criticism, and his name is a synonym for all that is honourable and sportsman-like.

After Woodcock in the Mediterranean.

It was not so much that we had proved once again the hollowness of "theories" at the green-tables of Monte Carlo, or the delusiveness of "infallible systems," however ingeniously planned, to reduce the shiftiness of the roulette board to rule,—it was rather because the glitter and strain of that alluring place palled on us very quickly that we decided to slip away and run over to Sardinia, where a chance acquaintance told us the woodcock were arriving in great numbers. We decided to take our informant with us, for not one of the three

eager gunners on board the schooner yacht that lay under the steep aloof-covered crags of Monaco had ever set foot in the island or seemed at all sure whether he could modify his stiff, academical French sufficiently to make himself understood by the people. But Monsieur S— would make that all easy for us. We made his acquaintance while leaning over the blood-spotted parapet above the pigeon-shooting ground watching the crack shots of Europe "floor" the poor doves with unerring certainty; it was from him we had the information,

and it was to him we appealed for help and guidance. At first he hesitated, for he had only just returned from the island; but the sight of the schooner, the knowledge we had a capital *chef*, and perhaps not least the fact that there were ladies on board, carried the day with the gallant Frenchman. "Mademoiselle," he said, bowing splendidly to one of the latter who had added her persuasion to ours, "I submit, I render myself! What was difficult now becomes delightful—behold me captive to your wishes!" So it was settled, and the next day at sunrise the *Grimhilda* spread her white wings, and drifting out of the shadow of the Monaco cliffs, caught the glory of the rosy morning on her canvas at the entrance of the little harbour and went careening southward like a red pearl on the immense expanse of black-and-gold water.

Many were the consultations our excellent skipper had with the voluble Frenchman, for there was no recognised harbour near to the special shooting grounds he was leading us to; but at last, after much poring over charts, a small estuary was discovered on the north-east coast where there was safe anchorage within a boat's row of the shore, and thither the captain, who could ill bear to be piloted by a Monsieur, somewhat grimly directed his course. Nothing memorable occurred during the voyage; a steady northerly wind kept the crested waves humming along by our counter morning and noon, a splendour of hard, metallic sunshine marked the days, and a galaxy of stars shone by night, and at the third day-break we woke to find the southern sky-line serrated with mountain peaks. We closed in with them all day, ran down a lonely coast during the afternoon,

and before nightfall had found and turned into our little land-locked creek.

It was as pretty a place as we saw it next morning as anyone could wish for. A great half crescent of steep hills on one side, overgrown with rank vine and olives, and a diminutive fishing village nestling at their feet, by whose sheltered beach the stately *Grimhilda* rode amongst a crowd of small coasting feluccas like a northern giantess amongst attendant dwarfs. To the south the country was flatter, rising from some wide marshlands by low myrtle-covered hills to the higher ground inland, and it was here if anywhere we were to find the "cock." Monsieur took us ashore, where we had quite a reception, for it was many years since a foreign ship had anchored in the harbour, and probably not one in twenty of the handsome, olive-skinned villagers had ever seen an Englishman—and above all an Englishwoman! We found the local hunter whom S— had employed when he had lately come here from Bastia, and spent the remainder of a delightful day lounging about on the warm hill-side watching the prismatic changes of the sea at our feet, now green, now mauve, now purple, as sunlight and wind played with it, while we ate grapes and sucked splendid oranges the children pressed on us in embarrassing quantities, and then turned in early, softly serenaded by a boatload of musical Sardinians who rowed round us on the still, star-sprinkled water for an hour or two.

In the morning on landing, we were greeted with the cheerful news that there were undoubtedly plenty of birds in the hills, and as they had mostly been there for a week or two—since in fact the

last north-easter which had brought them from their summer haunts had died away—they were likely to be recovered and in good condition. So off we went, a party of four guns with two of the crew to carry game, all in high spirits, and at our guest's suggestion took a beat along the shore first, the marshes beginning about half a mile round the bay. They were typical Mediterranean salt-water flats, not suggestive of deep rich soil only waiting the drainer's spade to become fertile like ours, but long barren levels, with patches of short grass or bare gravels alternating with, every now and then, an acre or two of tall bamboo-reeds eight feet high, which chafed together in each slant of wind like an army sharpening its swords. There was generally a trickle of water through the centre of these clumps, and out of the second an old retriever I had with me put up three ducks, one of which fell to my first barrel, while a second, flying down the line, was stopped by our genial French friend, who promptly executed a war dance round the body, tasselled game-bag flapping, arms waving, and was, as he himself confessed, "converted with mirth" all the rest of the day. One or two more ducks were got here, while many curious waders and plovers were flying about the break of the waves, with which I should have very much liked to have made closer acquaintance had I not been afraid of disturbing the business of the expedition.

Then we turned inland, and where the debatable ground gave way to established soil, a wisp of snipe rose at a fairly easy distance, but alas! went away unharmed, in spite of some ounces of No. 6 sent after them. For a moment there were divided counsels

whether to follow the lesser birds or the larger, but as one of the party sagely reminded us the snipe would remain while the woodcock possibly would *not*, so we kept to the latter.

We got our first chance a few minutes later on, a soft owl-like bird springing up under the feet of the "starboard" gun and went away swiftly round the bend. Quick as he flew, however, a famous shot pulled trigger on him and the first woodcock of the day subsided under a myrtle bush with that peculiar deadness which marks a hit bird of the species—no bird dies easier or is more rarely retrieved wounded. Once we had found the 'cock country the sport was excellent, and the game in just that happy quantity which keeps hope and attention at fullest stretch without satiating either. We had a chance every five minutes, and when the novices had mastered the fact that a woodcock travels about twice as fast as he appears to, the bag increased steadily. The cover, too, was admirable from every point of view: a wild, free jungle of evergreens amongst scattered grey rocks: myrtles six feet high, with glossy, close-set leaves; cistus; tree-heaths, showing pale clouds of lavender or pink blossom; and, above all, the arbutus, with waxy, bell-shaped flowers and pendulous bunches of brilliant red and orange berries, mixed in endless profusion up hill and down dale as far as the eye could see. And not only was every twenty square yards a charming little picture which a gardener would have loved to cut out and appropriate "in the solid," but at every step from those aromatic shrubs the most delicate and alluring odour rose as if one were walking over crushed rose petals. And, above all, there was the

pellucid southern sky with a sun in it neither too hot nor too cold, and below, to frame the picture, the eternal blue sea dimpled with waves and sunshine. I could not help marvelling, as we trudged for mile after mile through those great natural coppices, that they should in this crowded century be left to a few wandering cattle and a sleepy neat herd or two; but their absolute solitude and inaccessibility are doubtless at once the reason and their safeguard. Meanwhile, my friends had had to reprove me several times for letting my attention wander from the business in hand.

By lunch we had secured twenty brace of woodcock, four ducks, and two wild pigeons. In

the afternoon the sport fell off a little, or perhaps we were lazy, but there was ample compensation all round. We beat back homewards through a new strip of marsh, where Monsieur got up to his waist in a bog-hole, and to the delight of two of our guns some snipe were found, three brace going to the bag in the last of the low yellow sunshine. Eventually we got home to the yacht in such a mood for dinner as we had rarely been, and over our subsequent cigars we decided that though the green baize of Monte Carlo might be pleasant enough in its way, for true delight it came nowhere near the green Sardinian *macchie*.

E. L. A.

Some Sportive Notes by an Old Boy.

II.

WHEN I penned the notes under this heading, I little thought that there would so soon be such sorrowful need for their revision. In reviving old memories, I ventured to touch lightly upon the genial kindness and sportsman-like instincts which, in his undergraduate days, popularised the Heir Apparent in the hunting field as elsewhere. And now he who was endeared to the nation as the Prince of Wales stands "in the fierce light that beats upon a throne." But it is not too much to say that in this very succession, the Empire, in its hour of mourning, has found its highest consolation, for it enables it to look forward with confident assurance to the maintenance, in the fullest sense, of the glorious traditions which have rendered

the late reign illustrious for all time.

When my mind reverts to school-day recollections connected with royalty, it is the Prince, and not the King, who dwells in my memory. So I may perhaps without disrespect to the throne recall one more illustration of that kindly consideration which was so characteristic of the Undergraduate Prince and so captivating to both Gown and Town in the 'sixties.

His Royal Highness, with one of his equeries, was one afternoon out for a country walk in the neighbourhood of Bullingdon, about three miles out of Oxford, when they were overtaken by a downpour of rain. Being unprovided with umbrellas, they sought the shelter of a cottage, where

they passed some time in friendly chat with an old dame who little recked of the rank of her visitor. The rain abating not, the possibility of obtaining the loan of an umbrella was mooted. The dame hesitated a little at first because, as she put it—"I don't know who you are or where you come from, though I think you be college gents." However, she produced a very fine and large gingham of ancient type and handed it to the Prince with the words—"You look like an honest gentleman and I hope you are, so do 'ee bring it back, for it's the only one I've got." A promise was given that it should without fail be once more in her keeping on the following day. The old dame's astonishment may be conceived when a footman called upon her on the morrow with the umbrella together with a guinea which she was asked to accept with the thanks of the Prince of Wales. The compliment to the Prince implied in the dame's remark as to the honesty of his looks was much appreciated when the story, having gone the round of the village, reached Oxford.

As I crossed Tom Quad to morning school, I sometimes met the Prince returning from early chapel when the awkward salute of a schoolboy met with as prompt and graceful a recognition as that of the donnest of dons. Then, as now, no courtesy ever went unacknowledged.

The writer already referred to of the reminiscences in BAILY seems to have been able to enjoy his "grinds" and steeplechases without molestation from the authorities, who every now and then brought themselves up to the point of formally inhibiting these amusements. Among some old university papers in my possession is a copy of a notice,

now before me, issued in the 'fifties by the Vice Chancellor, stating that—"a horse race under the name of the Aylesbury steeplechase will take place next week in the neighbourhood of Oxford" and warning "all persons *in statu pupillari* to abstain from attending or taking any part in such steeplechase, as they shall answer for the same at their peril." Keeping company with the notice is a lithograph copy of the following parody of a once very popular song, "The days when we went gipsying," which was circulated in the University as a counter-blast to the Vice Chancellor's manifesto:—

Oh! the days when we went driving out, a long time ago,

In fun and frolic quite eclipsed these modern days, I trow.

Adown the "High" to many a "grind" we gaily bowled, I ween,

Without a thought of what would be the feelings of the Dean.

We knew that we had nought to fear from Proctor or from "Pro"

In the days when we went driving out, a long time ago.

Oh! those were glorious days for West, for Tollit and for Figg,

When those who wouldn't drive a team, at least would sport a gig.

When freshmen green might oft be seen, who'd think to go the pace,

Until their leader turning round would look them in the face,

Or wheeler, getting restive, would their gig and hopes o'erthrow,

In the days when we went driving out, a long time ago.

How changed, alas! the times are now: you're coming home at night,

When from the turnpike house out bolts the Proctor with a light,

And if to Aylesbury you go on steeplechasing bent

A Proctor meets the train for home, and next day "down" you're sent.

They treated us like grown up *men* not *schoolboys* then, you know,

In the days when we went driving out, a long time ago.

Some years afterwards the Christ Church "grind" was prohibited, and the promoters thought

to get over the difficulty by holding it just after term had concluded, but the authorities declared this to be equally illegal. For all that, it came off at Islip, a few miles out of Oxford.

If you had taken your M.A. degree, you could enjoy horse-racing, and similar recreations, with less fear of after results. In 1859, an M.A. of St. Mary Hall rode a race in jockey costume on Port Meadow in defiance of a Pro Proctor, who had hastened to the spot with a view to putting a stopper upon the proceedings. The M.A. won his race and was thereupon fined £5 by the authorities. Having paid under protest, he lodged an appeal, which was duly heard by the University Assessor, when the sporting M.A. was again triumphant, the decision being that he must have his fiver returned to him, as it had been obtained under a wrong statute. A discreet silence was, however, observed as to what would have happened had he been brought to book under some other statute.

The "glorious days" referred to in the above-quoted lines are, as far as this sublunary sphere is concerned, certainly past "for West, for Tollit, and for Figg," for all three have joined the majority, and their livery stables, which were associated with many sporting memories in the minds of old Oxonians, have likewise disappeared. The most notable of the trio and the last to survive was "Joe" Tollit. He crops up two or three times in "Verdant Green," notably as the possessor of the wonderful mare described by Mr. Bouncer as being "as easy as a chair, and jumps like a cat," which, with Verdant Green on her back, was to knock the favourite for the Brazenface Grind into a cocked hat.

Tollit was a survival of the old coaching days, and was a notable whip in his time. In conjunction with three of his brothers he horsed the Oxford-Age coach. It started from the Vine Hotel—an old-fashioned hostelry in the High Street which I can just remember, though it has long since disappeared—and ran to the Bell and Crown, Holborn. The distance, fifty-two miles, was usually covered in about five and a-half hours, but on one notable occasion Tollit did it in three hours and forty minutes. I had heard of this exploit from other sources, but one day I obtained particulars from the lips of the hero of it. Tollit, I may say, was by no means given to boasting of his own achievements, and in fact was so far quiet and reserved in a general way that you had to wait till he was in the vein if you wanted him to talk about coaching. The Age was running in opposition to the Royal William, and Snowden, the coachman of the latter, had expressed his intention of being in London on May Day, 1834, before Tollit. The latter, in telling me of the circumstances, said: "I started, as usual, at eleven o'clock, arrived at Wycombe two hours afterwards, and passed the clock at the Quebec Chapel in Oxford Street at 2.40, long before the Royal William had been heard of. We left the Old Blenheim, which started two hours earlier than we did, behind us at Gerrard's Cross, twenty miles from London. I asked a lady sitting just behind me if she felt alarmed at the pace, and she said, 'Oh, no, I am only afraid that we shall arrive so long before our time that my friends will not be there to meet me.' As her fears, in this respect,

were realised, I sent her home in a 'growler' when we reached the Bell and Crown."

He was a very cool, as well as a daring, whip, as the following incident, of which he also told me, will show. Once, when going down Dupree's Pitch, just after changing horses at Beaconsfield, one of the leaders began to kick and got its leg over the inside trace. Tollit was asked if he wasn't going to pull up, and he replied, "No, not till I get to Gerrard's Cross, for if I do she will begin again." After putting matters right at Gerrard's Cross he drove the animal right through to London, and, added he, "she never kicked again." Black Will, a well-known whip, who was sitting alongside Tollit at the time, remarked that he had driven for forty years, but would never have dared to do such a thing.

I do not know whether, as a coachman, Tollit went specially to see for himself what the new travelling competitor was like, but he was present at the opening of the first of the railways, viz., the Liverpool and Manchester, in 1830, when Huskisson was run over by a loco-

motive and killed. I asked him what opinion he then formed as to the future of railways, and he told me that he was perfectly satisfied, after his visit to Liverpool, that coaches were bound to be run off the road, but that horses would be as much wanted as ever. Acting upon this opinion, he some years afterwards relinquished his coach seat and set up as a livery-stable keeper at Oxford. He retired from business a few years previous to his death, which occurred at a ripe old age, about ten years ago, and his memory is held in deserved respect by his fellow-townsmen.

In my notes of incidents and people more or less connected with sport at Oxford, I have, as far as possible, avoided, as I promised at the start I would, trenching upon the ground taken up by the contributor who preceded me. He was well qualified by his own performances to deal with that attractive side of sport summed up in "Boots and breeches, pink and pageantry"; whereas I could only tell of such matters as came within the cognisance of a foot-passenger.

THOMAS FORDER PLOWMAN.

Our Girls.

OF course this is intended to mean "our *sporting* girls," not literary girls or nursing girls, no, nor merely ornamental girls, and even with this definition when this article is set going, its author feels akin to the rider that is endeavouring to steer over dangerous ground, and is trying vainly to hold his horse together, now struggling to avoid soft ground, and now plunging into still more treacherous

places in a seemingly helpless fashion. He would indeed fain pull up altogether, and let the hunt pass away, had he not sworn to see it through, and a promise to ladies should never be broken. So that when you see him floundering, do not, my dear lady readers, pass him by with a derisive laugh. If you cannot give him a helping hand, at least drop a tear over his misfortunes, and

wish him better luck in the future.

There is very much which was last month said of "Our Boys," that applies *mutatis mutandis* to our girls. What they do to-day is vastly different from what they did fifty or sixty years ago. My early notions of pretty home faces dawned on me in huge poke bonnets, tied tightly under the chin by broad ribbons, and it was not unlike being introduced into an old-fashioned beehive when I reached up to kiss the fair wearer. Then came the bird-cage stage of existence, as we used to call it, when ladies encased their lower limbs in steel or cane, and were as uncomeatable, walking or sitting, as it was possible to imagine—when all that could be seen of me, when as a boy I was driving with ladies, was the top of an Eton jacket surmounted by a tall hat. At a dance we had to practice the stand-off position to perfection, and keep our partners from a crush on the staircase. Thank goodness, in those old days modern turnstiles were unknown, otherwise such places as the Royal Academy would have been accessible to men alone. As it was, ladies in those days happily never thought of riding in omnibuses or in hansom cabs. 'Tis true they essayed to play croquet (*vide* Leech *pinxit*) in a demure and purposeless way. Then again, when riding, their habits were so long that they licked up all the mud and water that was possible, and flapped against their horses' flanks most inelegantly. I must forbear to criticise their corkscrew curls that hung below their very tall square hats, and which were caught in the wind and swung back so prettily, except in wet weather! The death of crinoline had to be toned down by the adoption of huge improvers. You

had only to fancy a full-feathered ostrich draped as to its lower limbs, and you have a truthful representation of our girls as they flopped about a quarter of a century or less ago.

It was not till then that the æsthetic, or as it really was, the athletic age, dawned upon our girls. Just as the men threw off their peg-tops and cut their hair short, so the ladies emancipated themselves from their useless shams in dress. And now what do we find? Must it not be confessed? the other extreme. The closest fitting of dresses, the narrowest of skirts. Our girls have at least been wise enough to accommodate themselves to the ways of the day. They can slip through the turnstiles and ride three in a hansom, if need be—are snakelike in a dance—cross the streets without spoiling the crossing sweeper's trade—can ride and enjoy hunting in the shortest of safety habits—can use their bicycles without hindrance—can employ a man tailor—can play lawn tennis, croquet, hockey, or even cricket, to distraction—can walk, run, fish, and shoot to their hearts' content—can have their own little coteries and clubs, and tread hard on the heels of the boys in much that pertains to health, sport, and enjoyment.

This emancipation of women is one of the great features of the new century, and one of its chief aims seems to be the adoption of sport in almost every phase. Any writer in your Magazine would be the last to discourage sport in our girls, and more especially "Borderer," yet he longs to whisper into the ears of our girls that to ape the men is not a lady-like employment, nor is it one that wins favor with the men. Have we not each of us our sphere of action and of usefulness—our places in sport, and in

the world of fashion? And if women must be sportswomen (and there can be no reason why they should not be so), why should there not be a clear line of demarcation between men and women's manner of enjoying it?

I once heard a young lady in the Shires declare in real earnest that she was determined to cut down in the hunting field a certain hard-riding young sportsman, and backed it up by saying that if she could not succeed in this she would jump on him. My blood curdled, as I thought, "Is this what our girls' sporting propensities are bringing us to?"

There is many a matron—yes, and master of a family too—who shakes a head over our girls of to-day, the danger of their freedom, their knowledge of the world, even from schoolroom days, and their claim for so much in their own right, "for their own separate use," as the lawyers would put it, but I would fain acknowledge all this as admitted facts, declaiming only against these new garments, these stylish fashions, and dashing aspirations being too much indulged in. Where luxury was preached against in our boys, should it not be shouted out against from an even higher pulpit to our girls? We cannot in their case adopt the purifying process of sending them to the war in South Africa, in order to bring them back to their cotton or stuff gowns, or to remind them of household duties, and married cares, but we can influence them all the same towards a moderation of their ardour in much that they take in hand. Our boys have still a strong voice in the control and guidance of our girls, if only they will use it wisely, and with discretion.

"How is it that so many men do not marry nowadays?" we hear

it said, "for there is no lack of girls from which to choose." Why, indeed?

"Because," say the men, "it is no light matter now to support a wife; she wants a separate maintenance, and to be provided with enough money for her own enjoyments, and spend her husband's remaining income as well in a big establishment;" hence he becomes the dependant one in the partnership. It is no uncommon thing nowadays for an Angelina to declare that she is going to have a good time of it now that she is about to be married. Just as if she really had not had a good time of it ever since she was eighteen—indulgences without end—and now instead of being determined to settle down to the prospective cares of a household, and the pleasure of seeing those about her sportive and happy, she is looking forward to sowing more wild oats. She hates the thought of a nursery. It would spoil the hunting season, and the county balls.

Physical development, the result of healthy exercise, is not only good for our girls, but also should herald the best qualities on the part of our future boys and girls. When, however, girls are married, "Borderer" at least thinks that violent exertion in sports should be put aside, or enjoyed with moderation.

Are we going to become copyists of the French in our present advanced state of civilisation? Let us pray not. The way French girls are brought up is the exact opposite to our custom. There the unmarried girl is kept almost under lock and key. She is never allowed to go abroad unattended, until a husband is found for her. She seldom finds him for herself. Immediately she is married, away she goes into the world—a new

life to her, and perhaps with little or no mutual love between herself and husband. The natural bent of an untutored mind is generally towards dress and admiration. There is no hearty desire to make her home a happy one, or to adorn it with more than one or two olive branches. "Oh!" said a French lady the other day, "we French ladies cannot afford to have more than two or three daughters to bring out and marry; it would require more chaperones; and if we had as many as you English, say five or six, we should have to put some of them in convents. It would never do to give them the independence that you do. French society is not fitted for it."

Ah! my dear English girls, be thankful that your customs afford you so much liberty, and that fatherly and motherly trust in you is not often misplaced; be grateful that you are able to choose your partners in life for yourselves, and that consequently your households are happier and more fully furnished in most cases than those of your neighbours across the Channel. Do not copy them in anything. Their painted faces shock me, and their downward path as a nation can be read in their every action. This is a strong indictment, and many will say that it is undeserved, and yet we will venture to say that our girls will to-day throw down the gauntlet to French girls in everything that pertains to the glory of womanhood, unless indeed it be the fit of their dresses, and even here give me the natural figure of one of our home-grown Dianas in preference to the made-up Parisienne. Of a certainty the judgment of Paris would be with ours. Perhaps we have dwelt too long on this phase of our subject, and have thus won

only frowns from our lady readers where we should have had smiles. Were not "Borderer," however, in these his maturer years a keen observer of the tendency of the day, and but for his intense love for our girls, and his ever hopeful desires for their future welfare, he would not have dared to have incurred those frowns, and must stand to his guns, however obsolete they may seem.

One more word, and I have done. Do not let the girls forget how much their ways and customs reflect upon those of the boys. If the girls are fast, the boys are faster. If the girls adopt a high tone or *régime* in sport, as in other things, the boys will emulate it. Not avowedly perhaps, but practically so, I will answer for it. How often have I seen good sisters win back wayward brothers, as well as good wives hold a spell over bad husbands. Women's example all the world over will rule us poor men in spite of ourselves. Where need we go further than in the marvellous power for good that the character of our late revered Queen has had upon us as her subjects, and even throughout the world? She came to us a young girl in her teens, free to use the world according to her own likes or dislikes, with no great example of queenly virtues in our English reigns to guide or assist her; with temptations of no ordinary kind handed down to her by her forefathers for ever facing the fierce light which shines upon a throne. Has she not through a long life been ours, entirely ours—the light, life and hope of our nation, the guiding star of the century? And shall we, or shall our girls, now that she has gone from us, fall away from the high standard that she has built up for us as a saintly woman, wife and mother to her own family and people?

What does not our King to-day owe to his great queenly mother? He will live and enjoy, we believe, the love of his people on the foundation that she has built for him, and as long as he lives and the present generation survives, it will be still a woman's noble, life-long work, which will influence our lives and actions. This must teach both our boys and girls that it is fitting they should live honest, active and homely lives, examples at home, brave leaders abroad. Surely *Punch* has not been a true prophet, when last week he gave as the news for the year 1980—

The House of Ladies pass the Equality of Sexes Act, and a mere man is admitted to the Lower House.

And yet we are crawling that way. We have ladies' clubs, society

clubs, golf, hockey, and cricket clubs, lady councillors, lady secretaries, lady shopkeepers, lady masters of hounds, lady champions and lady doctors. There are not many doors shut to them now. What will it be in 1950?

Do not forget, dear girls, that herein lie responsibilities which hitherto we poor men have carried on our shoulders, and that honours without responsibility are not befitting either men or women. Beware of these difficulties which will thus beset the path of women and will be well nigh impossible to surmount.

What says Shakespeare:—

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate
man
In time of action.

BORDERER.

A Panacea.

THERE'S a cure for the ills of all sorts and conditions
Of men, that is seldom prescribed by physicians:

'Tis a day with the hounds, for all trouble and care

A ringing view-holla resolves into air.

'Tis the key that our casket of evils unlocks

When the hounds get away on the back of their fox!

Hark-holla! our casket of evils unlocks

When the hounds get away on the back of their fox!

His Lordship is worried and down on his luck,

For his wife runs up bills while his heir runs amok;

His tenants declare that they can't pay their rent,

But Moses insists on his sixty per cent.

Not a pin will he care for a dozen Shylocks

When the hounds get away on the back of their fox!

Hark-holla! Who cares for a dozen Shylocks

When the hounds get away on the back of their fox!

The Jobber this morning looks gloomy and dull:

He's a "bear" when stocks rise, when they fall he's a "bull";

He has just staked his all on the chance of a boom,

And a rumour of war in the East sounds his doom.

But a fig will he care for the price of his stocks

When the hounds get away on the back of their fox!

Hark-holla! Who cares for the prices of stocks

When the hounds get away on the back of their fox!

The Doctor feels bad : his best patient is dead,
And not one of the rest is confined to his bed ;
His practice is not what it was when he came,
And his rival is rapidly making a name.
But he'll show all his troubles a clean pair of hocks
When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !
Hark-holla ! We'll show them a clean pair of hocks
When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !

The Merchant his fellow-foxhunter avoids,
For his ship is not half underwritten at Lloyd's ;
And this morning at breakfast the news comes by post
That the vessel, her crew, and her cargo are lost.
But he's sure to forget that she ran on the rocks
When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !
Hark-holla ! Who cares if she sticks on the rocks
When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !

The Artist whose picture last year was the best,
And was purchased, *nem. con.*, for the Chantrey bequest,
Emboldened by fortune has taken a bride ;
Now his best picture's chucked, and his other one skyed.
But he'll think the R.A.'s are a set of old crocks
When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !
Hark-holla ! Who cares for a set of old crocks
When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !

The Dyspeptic, as sour as a gooseberry tart,
Has a much enlarged liver, and thinks it's his heart ;
He's advised, for his sins, to adopt a milk diet,
Shun shocks and excitement—in short, to live quiet—
But he feels his heart bound, quite regardless of shocks,
When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !
Hark-holla ! Who thinks of heart, liver, or shocks,
When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !

The Parson, who yearly increases the nation,
Tho' his stipend can barely keep two from starvation,
Has heard from the Bishop that gaiters and breeches
Seem hardly consistent with what the Church teaches.
But happy's the man whom the Bishop unfrocks
When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !
Hark-holla ! Who cares whom the Bishop unfrocks
When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !

The Farmer, with wheat at twelve shillings a sack,
Whose landlord regrets he can give nothing back ;
When his farm-hands must see to the eggs and the milk,
That his musical daughters may rustle in silk.
What cares he though foot-rot's destroying his flocks
When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !
Hark-holla ! Who cares what's destroying his flocks
When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !



ROUGHSIDE.

Winner of the Chester Cup, 1900. The property of Mr. C. Atherton Brown.
(From a painting by H. F. Lucas Lucas, *Rugby*.)

Poor Strephon, rejected, has made up his mind
 That life's not worth living when Chloe's unkind ;
 While Chloe, repentant, rides weeping apart :
 " If my Strephon should die it would sure break my heart."
 But a lover at Cupid's discomfiture mocks
 When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !
 Hark-holla ! The sportsman at love-making mocks
 When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !

The rising Queen's Counsel comes out in a fury,
 Blaspheming the Law, and the Bench, and the Jury ;
 For the Judge heard him plead with a smile on his face,
 And the Jurors all took the same view of the case.
 But a jot will he reck of twelve fools in a box
 When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !
 Hark-holla ! Who cares for twelve fools in a box
 When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !

Then here's to all Sportsmen, whatever they be,
 Briton, Yankee, French, German, or Heathen Chinees ;
 Be they Christians, Turks, Infidels, Heretics, Jews,
 If they ride well the hounds they may be what they choose ;
 For all nations are one, and all creeds orthodox,
 When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !
 Hark-holla ! Who asks if a creed's orthodox
 When the hounds get away on the back of their fox !

F. M. LUTYENS.

Some Curious Backs.

MOST of us have possessed or have known horses whose line of back was something out of the common and which required a special application of the saddlers' art to fit them : and while such structural peculiarities by no means commend themselves to the eye, it very often happens that a horse with a markedly hollow or conspicuous roach-back is as good a performer as a normally shaped one. We do not often see a roach-back so well developed as Roughside's. The winner of last year's Chester Cup is a small, quick-actioned horse whose turf career has been rather curious ; he has been run over hurdles, has figured as a selling

plater, and for some months in 1899 his name was in the sale list, his prolonged appearance there being, perhaps, due in some measure to his remarkable shape. The circular course on the Roodee is thought to have suited Roughside, but however that may be, in Sloan's hands he won easily by three lengths after the fastest race for the Cup old racegoers can remember. His portrait was painted by Mr. H. F. Lucas Lucas, of Rugby, and those who have seen the horse will admit that the roach back is not in the least exaggerated. Writing of the roach back in "Points of the Horse," Captain Hayes remarks that "this condition of back from



GRADIENT.
(The property of Lord Lonsdale.)

the fact of its assuming to some extent the form of an arch is generally supposed to be advantageous for carrying heavy burdens, as in the case of baggage animals." There does not, however, seem to be much ground for the belief.

Some good performers across country have had backs so curiously modelled that specially stuffed saddles were indispensable. Messrs. Champion and Wilton were once called upon to fit a saddle to a horse with such a roached back that an ordinary saddle "rocked about like a channel steamer." This horse was owned by a gentleman who rode 18 st., and as the animal suited him well he was loath to part with it. By modelling a tree to suit his extraordinary back and by the judicious use of stuffing the saddlers succeeded in fitting the horse with a saddle that would remain firmly in place. A puzzle of somewhat similar kind was set the same firm with another oddly-shaped horse; a hunter belonging to a lady of title in the West of England. This horse had beautiful shoulders, but the line of the back was practically straight and sloped from withers to quarters; a saddle was made for the horse, but it did not answer the purpose, as, though it fitted admirably, the lady found she could not ride in it, the slope from front to rear being so great. Another saddle was therefore made; this time full allowance was made for the shape of the back, and by dint of stuffing the cantle was made to stand about two inches above the back bone. The appearance of this saddle was not very smart, but it counteracted the slope of the back and provided the lady with a level and perfectly comfortable seat. This is the only case of such an

abnormally straight and sloping back that Messrs. Champion and Wilton have known.

The difficulty of comfortably seating the rider, a lady, on the back of a horse possessed of phenomenally high and narrow withers was overcome by making a saddle which placed the rider three inches farther back; in an ordinary saddle she was on the horse's neck, and as she hunted the animal on the Sussex Downs where the going is much up and down hill it was absolutely necessary to devise some method of securing a reasonably firm seat. The writer had to overcome a similar difficulty some years ago, the subject being an Indian country bred pony with exceedingly high and narrow withers: no ordinary saddle would fit him, but eventually his back was made to accommodate the one purchased for him by building up two wide strips of thick *numdah* cloth about six inches apart on a sheet of stout flannel. This piece of furniture was placed on his back over the withers, and the saddle girthed on after the flannel between the pads had been drawn into the gullet to prevent pressure on the very prominent dorsal vertebræ.

The converse case of abnormally thick withers sometimes puzzles the saddler; but when the thickness is so great that the horse is an uncomfortable mount, it is obviously impossible to rectify the defect by any ingenuity in the manufacture of gear. A horse with remarkably thick withers, though uncomfortable for a man, presents no anatomical drawback so far as fitting a side-saddle is concerned, but the tree in aggravated cases, must be modelled to the back. Even then it may be doubted whether the rider's seat is quite as firm as it

would be on a horse of normal construction.

Perhaps the most singularly shaped horse that ever won a reputation across country was Lord Lonsdale's Gradient. His portrait, the writer is assured, though from a photograph, does not do full justice to his extraordinary back. The point covered by the cantle of the saddle is on about the same level as the horse's withers. Gradient is certainly not the horse that one would buy at sight for good looks: but his owner's opinion of him is

best suggested by the fact that when Lord Lonsdale resigned the Mastership of the Quorn in 1898 and sent his hunters to Tattersall's, he put a reserve of 600 gs. on this horse. Lord Lonsdale is not among the light weights and he goes as straight as any man living; the hunter must be a good one that satisfies him, and he was no doubt well pleased to retain Gradient in his stables. Truly such horses as Roughside and Gradient furnish curiously emphatic proof of the adage that "horses go well in all shapes."

Retrievers.

THERE is no doubt that much of the difference which has come about in shooting in England during the last few decades, and which offers so marked a contrast to the opening years of the nineteenth century, is the comparative disuse into which a certain class of sporting dog has fallen. The reason is not far to seek, and for many things, one cannot fail to be sorry that it should be so, as the pleasure derived, from watching thoroughly broken pointers and setters at work, is undeniable. In this century, when neither stubbles afford cover, and ground growth but little, but which in former years were sufficiently thick to enable game to lie, until almost trodden upon, the use for which these dogs were then so admirably adapted, is now no longer a necessity. On Scotch moors they are still largely used, especially in the early part of the season, but in partridge shooting in most places, they are seldom to be seen,

especially where high farming and close shaving of land, has laid bare mother earth to the extent it has done.

Though this class of sporting dog, has, to a great extent, fallen into disuse, there are others equally clever, useful, and intelligent, which have come to the front, and which are now invariably used. Amongst these is the retriever, a dog whose usefulness, wonderful sagacity, and devotion to its master, can scarcely be surpassed by any other class of sporting dog. Once properly broken to guns and game, and taught the three important things it must know, viz., obedience, keeping to heel, and retrieving, it becomes of the utmost value, and, in fact, is a *sine qua non* as a shooting companion. But much depends, as regards its value as a sporting dog, on these early lessons, and the manner in which they have been imparted, for the gift of dog-breaking is not by any means given to all. A young dog

in the hands of one, who has this gift, will, by patience, firmness and forbearance, teach it, little by little, to know and obey him as its master, knowing what is required of it, at a sign or word.

It is a pity so many sportsmen do not make a point of training their young dogs themselves, and so become their real, rather than their nominal masters, for as a rule, the keeper is the master, at any rate, to the dog's mind. It is far more satisfactory to a sportsman, to have his own well-trained dog by his side, ready at his sign, to retrieve a killed or wounded bird, than to be dependent on a servant, to order it to do so. There are keepers *and* keepers, some of whom will train a dog to perfection, but there are also those who only do the reverse, having neither patience or forbearance, and consider tuition should be done by means of cruelty, and causing fear, rather than by that sort of kindness and encouragement, which alone gives a dog confidence. Thrashing a dog unmercifully at any time, even when the fault is a bad one, is utterly wrong, and by no means the most effective method of correction. There are far better ways of impressing on a dog's mind, that it has committed a fault, than knocking it about with a thick stick, or viciously kicking a poor beast with hob-nailed boots. These are the kind of things which only cause fear and mistrust, and are calculated to break a high spirit, which must on no account be done.

It is, of course, as foolish to overpet a dog, as it is cruel and mistaken to overpunish, but whilst it is necessary they should understand that punishment is forthcoming if they disobey, yet the trainer, on his part, should endeavour to make the dog have implicit

confidence in him. Patience is everything, and punishment, if administered, must always be well within limits, and *immediate*. Scolding a dog all day, or nagging at it long after its fault has been committed, thus making it feel miserable and in disgrace, is wrong, and only makes it nervous, whilst being kind and cruel by turns, so that it never knows for two minutes what to expect, is bound to have a very bad effect. Rating by the master is felt almost as much as striking; at the same time it does not cause a dog to be unduly cowed, or crawl trembling, expecting a stunning blow. There are times when it is necessary a dog should be chastised, and the only proper method is with a dog *whip*, which, though it may sting the culprit, can do no injury. But even this should be the last resort, and when all else fails. The most monstrous injustice to a dog, is to punish it hours after it has forgotten all about its fault, as punishment then conveys nothing to its mind, and so the poor beast is utterly in ignorance of the reason it is receiving chastisement. Some bad specimens of keepers will at times do this when the day's shooting is over, and the master out of hearing, the only result being, the dog becomes cowed and broken-spirited. Those who contemplate training a retriever should remember that it will by nature try its best to understand that which is required of it, but the lessons should at first be simple, as they are short in duration.

Like all young animals the surplus energy of puppies expends itself in play, whilst their natural instincts directs their play into the same channels as their peculiar attributes. In retriever puppies this natural instinct, if

left to itself, teaches them to get into mischief, by carrying away any articles they can mouth, such as brushes, boots, clothes and any stable or kitchen property they can find.

He who would thoroughly break a retriever puppy, should take advantage of this surplus energy, and by "play" direct its instinct, so as to make it the useful adjunct to sport and companion to man.

Play with it—play with it as you would with a child, play at ball with it. Take an india-rubber ball, glove or other soft article, and throw it from you, then you and puppy run after it, he will strive with you to get it: let him do so. But once he has got it, quickly and firmly insist upon his giving it up to you; he will soon find that thus surrendering it affords him more sport than keeping it to himself, and so will come to give it up willingly.

Carry the "game" on; when you throw the ball, hold him by the collar, and by encouraging words prevent him going until he has your order, "after it." He will soon learn to await this order and consider it part of the fun; thus the lesson of the retrieving and bringing to hand is inculcated. The game of throwing and bringing to hand being learned, change the game; try "hide and seek"; hide the ball, and you and puppy seek for it; encourage him with "hie seek" and "seek dead"; do not let him be discouraged if he cannot find it, find it for him, and have a fresh start. When found, play the old game of giving it up, thus the lesson of *hunting* is added to that of retrieving. In these games do not tire the puppy, for once tired, play becomes work, and all interest in learning is lost, and you labour in vain. When teaching it is important to keep to

the same orders, and remember that many orders are confusing. "After it," "hie lost," "seek dead," and "heel" are sufficient orders for all practical purposes, and puppy will soon learn to associate them with their proper duties.

Make your puppy your constant companion, let him follow you in all your walks, and when out carry on the "game" by leaving the ball behind you and sending him back for it; by hiding it in hedges and ditches, directing him where to look for it. This mode of play teaches him to *look for instructions* where to seek, and avoids the acquisition of the bad habit of aimlessly galloping about to find the scent. As the puppy grows older, the transition from play to work is easy. A dead bird or rabbit is "planted" for him to find instead of the ball, and the education is complete.

Do not forget that though good habits are never forgotten, bad ones are easily acquired, therefore always firmly check any tendency to running in, rioting or other fault: and lastly, do not lend him unless you *know* that the borrower can be trusted to treat and work the dog properly.

It is not possible to altogether train every dog by set rules, for dogs vary greatly in temperament and intelligence, and therefore that which may be the best way of training one dog, may fail altogether in another of the same kind. Common sense on the part of a trainer, applied to the accepted rules, and studying carefully the individual character of the dog, is the surest way to success. Trainers cannot study this too much, for the better a dog is understood, so will its training become easier, and the chances of arriving at perfection more certain.

There are of course some dogs,

whose failings are absolutely fatal, and which are practically incurable, such as hard mouths, or gun shyness. In the former case, a hard mouth may be produced by careless training, and by allowing a dog to retrieve hard substances, such as sticks or stones, instead of soft objects, an old glove or sock stuffed with rag. Then again, anything retrieved should never be snatched or pulled away, as this only tends to make a dog hold it tightly or even bite it; but every endeavour should be made to induce it to bring the object and give it up willingly, without trying to keep hold of it.

If a retriever is naturally hard mouthed, it is almost hopeless, and though some writers advocate hurting their mouths, by making them retrieve objects stuffed with needles, or covered with skins of hedgehogs, it is, however, very doubtful if even this does any good, and the odds are, that it is only waste of energy.

Gun shyness is a deplorable fault, and very rarely curable, and then only so, in case of a pup. If, however, the pup shows no signs of mastering its fear of a gun, the best plan, and in fact the only one, is to give up all attempt to cure it. But shyness may to a great extent be avoided in the first start off, by the way the discharge of a gun is first brought to the notice of a pup, so that he is not really frightened. Very light charges, at first fired not too near, is the best plan, and at the same time to always associate with the sound the presence of game, so that the pup may get used to seeing a bird or rabbit picked up at each discharge, till at length it learns to seek and retrieve them itself.

It is not advisable to commence any lesson before the pup is seven or eight months old, but the first lesson, obedience, is the most im-

portant of any, and therefore until this is thoroughly mastered no other must be attempted. Before a retriever can be said to have arrived at a state of perfection it must have mastered the following points:—To keep to heel, and not attempt to run in at any game it may see; to search the ground, when told to do so, for wounded game, without noticing any other unwounded birds or animals that may rise or run near him; to obey instantly if called back, should it by mistake follow unwounded game under the impression it is the particular object it is seeking.

There is no doubt a retriever only works its best for its own master, one who has trained, fed and sheltered it, and whom it has learned to love, as well as trust and fear. Be it always remembered a retriever never wastes its love on anyone who chooses to make a fuss of it; its only thought and affection is for its master, who has taught him all he knows.

A sportsman may possess half-a-dozen retrievers, all broken to their work, taught, perhaps, by his keepers, but he should at least among these, possess one, which he himself has broken and taught, and which will work for him and him alone, keeping always at his heel, ready to pick up or seek anything at his sign or word. Happy is he who possesses such an animal, for here, indeed, is a companion that is clever and affectionate to a marvellous degree. Intelligent beyond other shooting dogs, whose actions, as a rule, run in one groove, its judgment and sagacity seldom fail. Thus a confidence mutually grows up between master and dog, which only those who own such an ideal animal as a well-broken retriever, know the extent of, while at the same time

it is impossible to help feeling anything else but intense affection, towards what may be correctly

described, as the King of sporting dogs.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

Flyfisher's Fever.

THIS annual epidemic has already fastened itself with resistless grip upon my susceptible wrist, though it must be months before the rod can be grasped with any effect on the tempting trout.

Already they rise in the mild afternoons, and, worse than this, they make their appearance in the flesh (or fish) on their natural home, for the Londoner, the marble slab, and the smaller fish seem in fair condition.

All this is very tantalising, and would be almost enough to tempt an idle man to woo the trout sometimes, that an "attachment" might be fairly formed before "our worthless rivals the weeds" have grown so strong and lusty.

As a matter of fact he generally resists the longing, even in districts where the law allows the taking of February trout, and consoles himself by devoting his leisure to the careful preparation of all his tackle for weeks before the fatal first. This care and thought bear fruit later on, as we busy workers in great cities find, when comparing our baskets with those of men of leisure; but perhaps the keenness with which we enjoy the little sport secured makes matters even.

A glance at the earliest entries in my diary last spring may interest other anglers just now almost as much as it does the writer. It is mid-April before it starts, and the record of the first day is disappointing, though not an absolute blank. It was blowing half a gale all day, which alone

would not have done much harm, the spot being sheltered. The trouble was that not a sign of fish was to be seen. This on the first day of the season in a stream open to poaching is particularly disquieting. I had actually packed up and started home when an impatient trout, instead of waiting till I was fairly "off the premises," took an olive just as I was giving the stream a lover's last look. He paid the penalty, though not till after a careful siege, and turned out to be a "rainbow," the only one I had last season, though the river contains many.

This little bit of sunshine in a wet and stormy day transformed my mood from one of disgust to the opposite, so easily is a fly-fisher satisfied.

One disadvantage of early fishing is that the trees are at best only just beginning their toilet, and the river banks look bare, though the birds certainly do their best to console us with their merry voices. We have also the full charm of novelty, and the solitude is far more complete than later in the season, when wandering holiday makers are apt to make themselves heard, if not seen.

A few days after this I was in Devon for a week or two, whipping the Otter, near its mouth; and, for a wonder, my visit was well-timed, not, as usual, "just a week too late," or a "month too early," as the natives tell you. Trout are not to be had here by the dozen, as on Dartmoor, but

the sport is of a much higher character, the fish averaging nearer half a pound than a quarter, and sometimes approaching a pound. Of course, they are comparatively shy, but in the early part of the season they do not insist on the dry fly, though some of my best were taken that way.

I found the natives very friendly, and, indeed, one of them, seeing me trying to land a good fish without a net, came down and took it out with an umbrella. Some of them are very skilful with the dry fly, and seldom use any other method in the summer and autumn. It should be noted that wading is not allowed in the Otter, and indeed it is not at all necessary, though often convenient. In one of the tributaries I found, however, that scarcely anything could be done dry-shod, while by wading one could enjoy lovely sport under the thick trees which

line the stream. It must be remembered that permission is required on nearly all parts of the Otter, and is not easy to obtain. On the Axe, which is a stream of similar character as to size of fish, &c., tickets can always be had by payment.

I fancy, therefore, that the fly-fisher who finds the Cockney fish, or even those of Test or Itchen, in poor condition in early spring, may do well to try the Axe or Otter. With fairly fine weather he may land several brace each day, and he will always have the coast close at hand.

For the invalid it is far better than most other localities, being much warmer than the north, where the hills are probably still clad in snow, and the anglers in overcoats; and where the fish, moreover, are yet only ghosts of their summer selves.

J. PAUL TAYLOR.

Royalty and Sport.

THE death of our revered Queen reminds many of us of the connection, extending over centuries, between Royalty and Sport. It would be simply absurd to say that her late Majesty was ever deeply interested in sport, though she thoroughly enjoyed country life. Under her rule the preserves in Windsor Park and the moors in Scotland were well kept up under experienced keepers; the Royal Buckhounds were maintained in spite of the ravings of the few who tried to make it appear that everyone who has any sort of connection with the Royal Staghounds is guilty of the grossest cruelty. These matters,

however, can well be left to take care of themselves. The Queen gave Queen's Plates as prizes on the Turf until the money was diverted to the use of the Royal Commission on Horse-breeding. Queen's Cups were given to the winners at yacht regattas, and her late Majesty at times attended race meetings, so she, at any rate, lent her countenance to sport as her ancestors had done. She once visited Melton Mowbray, where a grand reception awaited her; and the present King, then but a child, had not had time to make his acquaintance with the Midlands.

Amusement of some kind has nearly always had an attraction

for our sovereigns, and at one time "jousts" were popular. Peacham, in his "Complete Gentleman," wrote (on the authority of Niceas) that the Emperor Emmanuel Comminus, at the siege of Constantinople, invented lists and tournaments; but both the French and Germans also claim that honour, and in support of the claim of the latter nation it may be mentioned that Nothard, the historian, says that a game frequently exhibited in Germany before the Emperor Louis and his brother, Charles the Bald, about the year 842, bore a great resemblance to tournaments. He speaks of knights of different nations dividing themselves into parties of equal number and running at each other.

If Hoveden, however, who wrote his annals about 1191, is to be believed, one of our own kings, Richard I., once took part in an *impromptu* tournament. While at Messina, in Sicily, on his way to the Holy Land, Richard went with his cavalcade on one Sunday afternoon to see the local sport. On the road the party encountered a man driving a donkey whose burden consisted of hollow canes. The man's stock was quickly depleted, and the king, taking a cane, had for his opponent William de Barres, a knight of high rank in the court of the French king. They engaged with such zeal that both canes were broken, so others were requisitioned, the next incident being that the king's horse stumbled; the saddle turned round, and the rider came heavily to the ground. A bigger and a stronger mount was forthcoming, and Barres tried to pull Richard off, but the king avoided this by clinging round his horse's neck. This is rather like the wrestling on horseback which we see at the Military Tournament.

I have at the outset, perhaps, given a somewhat wide license to the word "sport," but in its broad sense it may include most of the amusements in which past generations have delighted; but when we read of our early kings' hunting, we must not picture them as riding to the covert side at eleven o'clock in red coats and top boots and enjoying a burst over a good grass country.

Still there is no doubt that from the earliest times kings, nobles, commoners and peasants have, as a rule, enjoyed such sport as came in their way, and then, as now, the more money you had the more fun you could have, and the early monarchs took very good care that, at least so far as hunting was concerned, they should have the best of it. The growth of sport has been gradual enough. Every branch of it had its origin in the killing of wild animals for the protection of the community and the procuring of food. Little by little business and pleasure became blended, and kings and nobles indulged in the pleasure side of the matter.

There is one branch of sport, however, in which, so far as the writer's searches have proceeded, no English king or queen appears to have indulged—Angling, though Maximilian I., Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, was an angler, and wrote a treatise on it in the 15th century. This, it is true, is not a sport which lends itself to regal surroundings, for if a king had liked fishing, the very last thing he would have desired is that he should be attended to the river bank by a number of officials, and one can hardly imagine a king taking his luncheon in his pocket and going off by himself. In later days, however, our present Queen and Princess Victoria have

proved themselves skilful anglers, and so formed a connecting link between Royalty and Sport.

The art of training one bird to fly at another is said to have been known in China a couple of thousand years ago or more. In England it is said that King Alfred had his followers among those whom he encouraged for the skill they exhibited in their different callings. A metrical treatise on falconry is ascribed to the ascetic Edward the Confessor; King John flew his hawks, and in one of the patent rolls of Henry III. is a transcript of a letter which he sent to the King of Norway for hawks. When Edward III. (in whose reign it was made a felony to steal a hawk or take its eggs even on a man's own ground) invaded France, he had with him, according to Froissart, thirty falconers on horseback, and on every day he is said to have either hunted or gone to the river for hawking. There is a woodcut in Turberville's "Falconry" which represents Queen Elizabeth taking part in hawking, and James I. was, as most people know, a great devotee of the sport. Of recent years, however, Royalty has not indulged in falconry. Nevertheless, the post of Hereditary Grand Falconer is the Duke of St. Albans, and a question was sometime ago asked in the House of Commons by Mr. Hanbury as to the amount of food consumed by the hawks which are not kept, and what became of the sum of nearly £1,000 which found its way into the Royal Hawking Department.

The old-fashioned sport of Coursing has, however, occupied the attention of our ruling sovereigns, and it has been closely connected with hunting, inasmuch as deer have been followed by hounds which hunted by sight

and not by scent; and this is coursing, no matter what the game may be. Edward III. and Henry VIII. both kept greyhounds, and so did James I., who, perhaps, enjoyed coursing as much as any sport except racing, to which he was particularly addicted, and when he made his "progress" he had a great number of greyhounds with him. He may be said to have invented the coursing of trapped hares, as to Newmarket were taken a number of boxes containing hares, which when occasion required were turned down on the heath and coursed for the amusement of His Majesty.

In early days, however, as we can learn from Greek and Latin writers, hunting and coursing were a good deal mixed up, and it would appear that it was not until about the time of the Commonwealth that the two sports became quite distinct; for coursing under rules is of comparatively modern introduction. Queen Elizabeth, as we read, once saw fifteen bucks pulled down at Cowdray, in Sussex, with greyhounds.

This, however, though doubtless exciting enough at the time, must have been poor sport as viewed through modern glasses. In the time of Edward I. Bertram de Criol held a Kentish manor from the King upon the terms that he was to furnish an official called a "Veltarius" or huntsman, to lead three greyhounds, when the King went into Gascony, as long as a fourpenny pair of shoes would last. In Cromwell's time, when a certain Mr. Bulstrode Whitelock seems to have run the Royal Hunt, or so much as remained of it, or at least to have had the run of Windsor Park and the use of the hounds and horses, the custom prevailed of coursing

deer, chiefly fallow bucks, with greyhounds—a name which, by the way, Strutt says was given to them because they were first used to pursue the badger or grey, a derivation which needs a good deal of verification; and it may be noted that in the Royal Library a genealogical roll of the Kings of England to the time of Henry III. contains a very excellent delineation of coursing, at which the King is said to have been present.

It is because coursing and hunting were formerly so closely allied that the connection of Royalty with hunting may next follow on. As I mentioned above, King Alfred was as fond of hunting as was King George III., and according to Asser he was an expert before he was twelve years old, thus beating the famed "Bob" Ward, of the Hertfordshire, who was said to have been very handy with a pack of beagles when he was but fifteen years of age. Canute, the Dane, no sooner found himself upon the throne of England than he at once proceeded to impose several severe restrictions upon the taking of game, which probably showed that he took a great interest in the chase.

One need hardly linger long over the connection of the Normans with hunting, for that is common knowledge. Everyone knows how the Conqueror depopulated villages and pulled down churches to enlarge the New Forest in Hampshire, wherein, according to the story, Rufus was killed by an arrow from the bow of Sir Walter Tyrell. Presumably, it was a "shooting accident," though some have taken another view of the matter; and one critic wrote to the effect that the wonder was not that he was pierced by an arrow in the

thirteenth year of his reign, but that no one had done for him long before. Henry, Earl of Warwick, taking a leaf out of the King's book, made himself a park, and Henry, son of the Conqueror, made the park at Woodstock, in order that he might hunt at his pleasure.

As the death of King William II. shows, however, that hunting was a mongrel sort of sport, hunting, coursing and shooting combined, so years elapsed before hunting, to use an appropriate phrase, took a line of its own. It is as long ago as the reign of William the Conqueror that we come upon the first known instance of a hunting family. A man named Croc (whose ancestors had probably been with hounds) was huntsman to the first William, and for some time at least the son succeeded his father, as William Croc was huntsman to King John; while very many years later a man of the same name was forester or verderer in the New Forest.

Nowadays we like to see Royalty in the hunting field; but the sheriffs and squires would probably rather have had the King's room than his company up to at least the fifteenth century. These gentlemen were forced to become unwilling hosts. Taking at random an account of one hunting arrangement, we find that on June 7th, 1212, the King sent to the Sheriff of Hampshire, at Andover, Robert de Kereley with two servants and some horses, several officials, twenty-eight hounds, and ten greyhounds, and the Sheriff was directed to supply all things necessary for man and beast. At the same time William Croc was sent to another house with some servants, sixty-two hounds, and twelve greyhounds, the unlucky Sheriff being responsible for the

putting up of the whole; while he had also to supply a cart to carry away the dead game, for it was not then a case of killing one stag, or two, in a day, but of getting as many as possible.

When the King decided to hunt all preparations were made in advance, and all particulars were afterwards committed to writing by the Master of the Game to Henry IV. for the use of Prince Henry, his son. On the order being given, the forester, park keeper and verderer, and Master of the Game, set to work to see that all details were observed. The Sheriff looked after the temporary stable and kennel, as already mentioned, while the forester and his men erected a number of temporary stands for the accommodation of the Royal party and their *suite*. These stands were apparently to be covered with green boughs, and when the party were in position the hunting began. It would seem that the first game roused was hunted whether boar, red deer, or fallow buck; and the huntsman, or some man in charge of the horn, signified by the notes he blew what the animal was. The country side would turn out, but a staff of persons were employed to keep them from "heading the fox," or getting too close to Royalty. Three long notes on a horn told the huntsman and his attendants that the party were in position, and then the huntsman uncoupled his hounds, and his aim was, with help, to drive the game past the stands, whence the deer was shot at with bows or cross-bows, or the greyhounds were slipped on the chance that they might run him down. If a deer were killed by an arrow from a Royal bow no official had any claim on any portion of the carcase, but if it were despatched

in any other way, or pulled down by the hounds, the Master of the Game assigned certain parts to the various officials who had been engaged in arranging and carrying out the hunt. Sometimes, too, the game was driven into nets, very much as are the deer in Windsor Park when Mr. Overton makes his annual arrangements for replenishing the Swinley Herd.

This sort of thing is what they called hunting once upon a time, and when it was in vogue corresponded to a fine run over a grass country; but in this primitive form of hunting, in which men were employed to head the game and help to drive it past the Royal pavilions, we may trace the early use of beaters and stops as applied to covert shooting to-day. In the absence of the hunting correspondent little is known of the personal feats of the early kings. They no doubt enjoyed themselves, and made some good shots. In the absence, however, of sufficient definite particulars it is needless to trace hunting reign by reign, as for a long time it was conducted on the above lines. Most of our kings hunted, and John, as we know, was so devoted to it and all other sports that he was always ready to take payment in horses, hawks, and hounds; he is supposed to have had better horses than any of the early monarchs.

With these general remarks we may take a jump to the time of Henry VIII., who hunted a great deal, and on one occasion, when hunting in Ashdown forest, is said to have tired out no fewer than eight horses, for he was a veritable welter weight; so that Lord Sefton, another heavy man, was not the first to use second horses, as has been reported. By Henry's time there was more hound work, and fewer nets and royal pavilions, and it may be taken that this was the

date at which hunting as at present practised began to bud. Forests, which are now so in name only, of course still existed, but it was considered better fun to hunt a deer or a hare with hounds than to mob it into a net, and so far as one can discover there were far fewer beaters and people on foot than there had been a couple of centuries before. Henry VIII. indulged, too, in otter hunting, and once found himself in a rather dangerous predicament. In jumping a muddy dyke his pole broke, the King falling into the water and ooze, from which uncomfortable position he was hauled out by his attendants.

Henry's daughter Elizabeth was, as "every school-boy" knows, greatly addicted to hunting. She followed her own hounds from Windsor, made at least one visit to Exmoor to enjoy the sport there—fancy what time, trouble and money that trip must have cost her—and her hunting lodge on Epping Forest, near Chingford reminds us that she hunted with the Essex staghounds, or more properly speaking with the Epping pack. In Epping Forest it was that a somewhat singular accident once took place when the Queen was out. A certain Peter the Barber mounted his horse and took part in the hunt. The stag doubled back; Peter was in the way; the stag tried to jump over him, but "chancing" the obstacle sent Peter flying and damaged his head.

James I. was another great hunting monarch, and when his officers of state had to go to where he was hunting in order to transact business, he was accustomed to say, "My health is necessary for the State; hunting is necessary for my health; *ergo* it is in the interest of the State that I should hunt," a logic with which some,

at any rate, did not agree. James suffered greatly from gout, and when a stag was pulled down the Royal sportsman was accustomed to pull off his boots and stockings, and when the deer was paunched would thrust his unbooted legs into the carcase, "the sovereignest thing on earth" for his complaint, as the Court physician assured him. James, like many other kings, espoused cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and other sports which have now fallen into desuetude, and his sporting proclivities drew down upon him the anger of the Puritans; but the King cared not; he went his own way.

In Charles I.'s time the country was in a too disturbed state for much attention to be given to sport, but during the reign of Charles II. hunting went on merrily enough, and it was at this time that the famous run took place with the Royal Hounds from the neighbourhood of Windsor to Thorndon Hall, Lord Petre's seat in Essex. The Duke of York was one of the very few to struggle to the finish, and when he returned a couple of days later he acted as reporter general to the Court.

At this stage a short reference to the Royal Buckhounds may be made. Their history having been written by Mr. Hore and Lord Ribblesdale, it is needless to go into their origin. Queen Anne delighted in them, and when she could no longer ride to them hunted on wheels, cutting rides in the forest and park to enable her to see something of the pack. The two first Georges both hunted with them; but possibly they were not very keen sportsmen; but George III. thoroughly enjoyed his hunting, though in consequence of his great weight, about 20 stone, he could not get about very fast, so the hounds were often stopped for

his convenience. His son, George IV., as we all know, hunted a good deal, and it was before he came to the throne, that is to say about 1814, that a radical change took place in the Royal establishment. The old staghounds were sold, replaced by the Duke of Richmond's Foxhounds, and whippers-in were substituted for the Yeomen Prickers. The Prince was, moreover, a master of two packs of foxhounds, one in Berkshire and the other in Hampshire, and it is on account of his connection with the latter county that the H.H. button bears the Prince of Wales's Feathers.

Passing mention should be made of the Royal Harriers established by George III., and maintained by his two successors, and afterwards by the Prince Consort, from whom they passed to our present King, when Prince of Wales; but on his giving them up they were taken by the late Sir Robert Harvey. The Sailor King was no great sportsman, but he kept on all the sporting surroundings of the Crown, and so did our late lamented Queen, while his present Majesty has hunted with the Royal Buckhounds, in the Midlands, in Norfolk, where he supports the local pack, and elsewhere.

Shooting is a sport which has so greatly developed of late years that there is practically nothing to be said about it prior to the time of the Prince Consort. As I have already said, early hunting was a mixture of hunting, netting, coursing and shooting with bows and cross-bows: but game shooting could not have been practised till guns arrived at something like perfection, for shooting a partridge or a pheasant on the wing with an arquebus could not have been a very exciting sport. The three first Georges are said to have

shot a little, and the fourth did so to a greater extent. William IV. is reported to have said that he knew something about a ship's gun, but nothing about a fowling piece. The Prince Consort, however, was a very good shot, especially at rabbits. His present Majesty has taken up shooting *con amore*. The Sandringham preserves are full of game; the shooting parties are organised with great care; the King has shot with the Duke of Cambridge at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket, Windsor, and has been a member of many famous shooting parties all over England, and is known as an excellent shot at driven birds.

He is, too, the first member of the Royal family to take up yacht racing as an amusement, though Charles II. did once race against his brother, afterwards James II. Royal yachts have, of course, existed for a long time, but they have been utilised simply as passenger ships—as a means of travelling from place to place, or of making an occasional cruise; but when Prince of Wales the King turned his attention to yacht racing, and the names of the *Dagmar*, *Hildegarde*, *Britannia*, and *Formosa* will be fresh in everyone's recollection.

It now only remains to notice in brief form the sport of racing, with which kings and queens have long been connected. We may leave out of notice legendary stories of Roman Emperors and others who are reported to have indulged in racing in the dim past; but it is said that when Hugh Capet, chief of the house of that name, which afterwards ruled in France, was desirous of marrying Edelswitha, sister of Athelstan, he sent to the latter several running horses, with their saddles and bridles. King John did a good

deal for horse breeding, and was so fond of racing that he received not a few of his fines in horseflesh in lieu of money. Then Edward III. was an owner of racehorses, and those he bought, or which were bought for him averaged twenty marks, or about £13 16s. 8d. each, though a few were valued at twenty-five marks. In the ninth year of the reign of Edward III. the King of Navarre sent him as a present two running horses, the attendant who brought them receiving £5 for his trouble.

Henry VIII. was a patron of the Turf as it existed in his time, while James I. was a notable all-round sportsman of a kind. He raced a good deal, and it has always been said that the idea of roping the run in on racecourses is due to him. He was on one occasion at Lincoln races, and seeing how the spectators interfered with the horses at the finish he suggested ropes and stakes, and according to the story the King lent a hand in fixing them; this must have been an improvement indeed!

The country was in far too disturbed a state during the reign of Charles I. for much attention to be paid to sport; yet racing went on. But after the Restoration Charles II. greatly encouraged the Turf, and among other things founded the Datchet races, which were held, while the Court was at Windsor, for his amusement. Good horsemanship was one of the accomplishments of William III., who thoroughly understood the science of riding, and founded a riding academy. He, too, patronised racing, and his Queen not only continued to make the contributions given by her predecessors, but added several Plates to the prizes already given. The reign of Queen Anne is notable for the fact that it saw the in-

stitution of the Ascot meeting, and to it, as to other meetings, Her Majesty lent cordial support. She raced horses in her own name, took no little notice of their pedigree, and watched their career with interest. Her horse Star won a race at York on the very day on which she was struck down with that apoplectic fit, which caused her death within a few hours.

The patronage accorded to the Turf by the first two Georges was official rather than real; they would not run counter to what had been done before, but it cannot be said that either of them derived much pleasure from racing; while George III. cared more about hunting and crops than racing, though he gave a plate, to be run for every year at Ascot, by horses which had been regularly with the King's hounds, and which had been up at the capture of at least three deer, their presence at the finish being vouched for by a certificate obtainable from Gosden, the Chief Yeoman Pricker, or from the huntsman; but the former was more commonly entrusted with the task of giving the "tickets," as they were called. As Prince Regent, George IV. had entered upon a racing career, but his connection with the Chiffneys, the Escape incident, his withdrawal from and return to the Turf, are so well known as to need no recapitulation. His horse, Sir Thomas, won the Derby in 1788. His successor, William IV., was a sportsman at heart if not much in a practical way, for he kept on the horses in training and the breeding stud, and went to races; while our lamented Queen, though she kept no racehorses, even nominally, occasionally patronised meetings other than Ascot, having been present at Doncaster, where she saw her first race, and Epsom.

Twice during her reign was the Hampton Court breeding stud dispersed. After the death of William IV. it was decided to sell the stock, and Messrs. Tattersall disposed of it in 1837, but it was revived again, chiefly at the instigation of Mr. Charles Greville, and then it was broken up again in 1894; but we need not despair of seeing it once more a going concern under the King's auspices.

His present Majesty's success on the Turf is well known, and Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee will stand out among the famous

horses of the century. He breeds thoroughbreds, hackneys, and Shire horses; lets Kennington Oval at a cheap rental to the Surrey County Cricket Club, has seen the Universities' and School matches, been to Henley, plays golf, and has patronised sport all round.

From this hasty sketch—much more might have been added—it will be seen that from a very early time our Kings and Queens have furthered the interests of sport. Many of them have delighted in it, all have tolerated it.

W. C. A. B.

A Dream, IN HARLESTON HEATH.

I.

I AM standing in the midway, and above the pine trees tower.

Still as death the silence reigns o'er Harleston Heath;
There's a feeling of oppression, Nature seems to brood and lower,
Not a wind's breath stirs the brushwood underneath;
No "Rocketeer's" swift pinion as *yet* disturbs the air,
No noise, no sound, no distant beater's cry;
Yet, a prescience of danger woke the old fox from his lair,
And I "viewed" him o'er the ride steal silently.

II.

I "viewed him," and the "Purdey" is a bridle in my hand;
My chestnut mare stamps, snorts, and then stands still,
As from afar an echo comes, she too can understand;
Once more we hear the voice of dear old Will.
Will Goodall—gone, departed to the dim and distant shore,
Where neither voice nor foxhounds' joyous strain
May reach; but *listen*, faint yet clear the echo comes once more,
Yes, surely he is with us once again.

III.

'Tis his voice—I hear, I know it—with a crash the pack sweep past,
Once more he is a gallant horse astride—
With a thunderous rush of hoof-strokes the field are following fast,
As "Our Will" comes "Hell for leather" down the ride.
There's a bustle at the corner, and a scramble at the gate,
A holloa, and the Whip's cap held on high;
The old fox knew the scent was far too strong for him to wait,
From the open rings the hounds' fierce melody.

IV.

And o'er the Holdenby pastures they still are running hard ;
 And, on the far faint outline of the hill,
 Methinks I see "the customers" contesting every yard,
 As the pack are straining madly for a kill.
 The oxers bend and rattle, I see the splinters fly,
 I seem to hear Will Goodall cheer them on.

The vision fades and passes ; the fancied echoes die,
 All is silent !—I am standing here alone.

V.

A dream—yes, vague and misty as the dim December's day,
 Yet bringing hope that, what may else betide,
 Voices, tho' stilled and silent, old comrades passed away
 May give us greeting on the "other side."
 Was it a tear that touched my cheek and fell upon the grass,
 Or a sparkling gem of moisture from the tree,
 That made things blurred and indistinct ? I let the woodcock pass,
 For thoughts of other days were holding me.

H. C. BENTLEY.

The Sportsman's Library.

CAPTAIN HAYES' new book* stands for proof that, notwithstanding the extent of the existing library on horses and horsemanship, the man who thoroughly understands his subject can find plenty to say upon it that is well worth reading. A good many years ago he produced a work entitled "Riding on the Flat and Across Country," which appealed directly to Anglo-Indian horsemen, and which has become a classic in India, as it well deserved. In his new work Captain Hayes has embodied a good deal of the excellent matter which gained for "Riding" its popularity, and the greater portion is the fruit of a few years' experience in English hunting countries. The author's extensive knowledge of horses and horsemanship in

many countries left him little to learn in the hunting field, and on many pages the reader is impressed by the value of the knowledge so acquired. There is a very great deal in the book which many may profitably read and lay to heart. Thus, for example, the author writes concerning refusers: "Many men have the wrong idea that if a horse baulks with them, they are bound to 'have it out' with him, as if the refusal were a personal challenge on the part of the horse ; and that if they did not punish him severely for the supposed insult, their reputation for bravery would suffer." Captain Hayes, in these words, very aptly expresses the mental attitude of not a few riders under such circumstances. We *are* very prone to make refusal a personal matter and have recourse to whip and spur, oblivious of the important fact that punishment will

* "Riding and Hunting." By Captain M. H. Hayes, M.R.C.V.S. (Hurst & Blackett.) Illustrated. 16s.

only arouse obstinacy in any horse worth his keep. "Instead of using whip and spur on a horse that determinedly refuses a fairly easy fence, it is much better to keep him at the obstacle, work his mouth about, back him and weary him, so that at last he will be glad to take the fence and thus escape the pulling about he is receiving." This treatment is more humane, more likely to succeed at the present juncture and in the future, particularly if the rider makes much of the penitent afterwards and can show him that reward awaits the horse that does what is required of him. The discrimination displayed by the author's advice on schooling young horses is equally apparent in his remarks on riding to hounds and on race-riding, which latter appeal to a smaller proportion of his readers.

For his observations on hounds and hound work, Captain Hayes acknowledges his indebtedness to Captain King King; he knows enough about hounds in the shires to be aware that he has yet more to learn, an example of the fact that "a little knowledge" is not a "dangerous thing," but a valuable possession in the right hands. The illustrations are very numerous, well chosen and well reproduced; a few, perhaps, are slightly superfluous, as, for example, that on p. 365, which represents a "gate."

The hunting man does not often find in the usually solid pages of the quarterlies discussion of topics that appeal directly to his interests, hence the excellent article on the "Early History of Foxhunting" which appears in the last *Edinburgh Review*, lends that number special claim on our attention.* It is, of course, only

within the last two hundred years that foxhunting began to take the form in which we know the sport, and the writer of the amusing and instructive article before us has unearthed some curious references to it. Addison's satirical description of Sir Roger de Coverley's stable door, "patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down," is one of the earliest and one of the most suggestive, for it contains proof that the foxhunting squire of Queen Anne's time had realised how real a science was pursuit of the fox "above ground" as distinguished from the (to us) singular methods of former generations.

It is not without interest to note that the old foxhunting method is followed to this day on the fells, even to the start at or before dawn. In the last century hounds were on the drag by daylight and worked up to his kennel, when the hunt proper began. Such method would not make for sport nowadays, when our faster hounds would make short work of the gorged quarry they found so soon after his night's foray. The famous Hugo Meynell laid the foundations of the modern method of fast hunting by breeding faster hounds which galloped their foxes to death instead of walking them; but it was reserved for Mr. Childe to introduce fast and straight riding nearly a generation after the fast foxhound had been evolved. By the way, we observe a curious slip on p. 87, whereon the writer is made to say, "about three hundred packs" are maintained solely for foxhunting; "about two hundred" is correct. "Baily's Hunting Directory," 1900-1901, summarises the fox-hunts of the United Kingdom at 197. We have read this article with great interest; our only wish

* *The Edinburgh Review* (No. 395), January, 1901. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

is that there had been more of it, and that "more" devoted to the inception of cubhunting, a phase of the modern sport whose beginnings and development still await an historian.

Welcome indeed is this beautiful edition* of a tried friend, adorned as it is with all the clever pictures contributed to the first issue by Henry Alken, H. K. Browne ("Phiz") and W. Heath. We fear that Surtees' injunction to the reader to the effect that "'Jaunts and Jollities' should be taken before 'Handley Cross'" is not very often respected, the greater popularity of the latter work insuring for it the earlier attention of readers. It is a curious thing that Mr. Samuel Pickwick, who owed his birth to the successful Jorrocks, should, in the hands of his creator, have achieved equal or wider popularity. Surtees and Dickens had at least this much in common: a great humour, great human sympathies and a love of good-natured satire. In a sense, Mr. C. J. Apperley ("Nimrod"), whom Surtees caricatured so mercilessly in one of the sporting magazines, was responsible for the birth of both Jorrocks and Pickwick, since Surtees was inspired by Apperley's sometimes high-flown lucubrations to parody his heroes by the creation of his "immortal grocer." The new edition is noteworthy as containing Alken's drawing of "the Paris Diligence," which was made for the Ackermann edition of 1843, but for some unknown reason omitted. Mr. Grego's introduction is an addition to the story of Surtees' works, which all will appreciate.

Another old friend, albeit of a much later generation, comes in

new guise.* This volume, we observe, completes the admirable series of Whyte-Melville's works which Messrs. Ward Lock & Co. have been publishing, being the twenty-fifth.

Mr. John Doe tells us in his preface to this neat little volume† that a generation "is rapidly arising which, though passably proficient in Bridge, is entirely ignorant of Whist." While we hope that it may be long before the star of the greatest of card games declines, we recognise the rapidity of the strides made in popular favour of Bridge, and its progress cannot fail to be accelerated by a "practical course of instruction" so lucidly and pleasantly written, so well arranged and so carefully considered as this. Mr. Doe, in our judgment, has written the best of the several works that have yet appeared on the game. He is of opinion that the rules of Bridge require revision in some respects, and in this many will agree with him. Broadly speaking, he is in favour of more drastic dealings with mistakes; he would penalise the dealer who leads from the wrong hand, and would penalise failure to give the partner a chance of doubling, and for doubling out of turn. The fact is, Bridge is still in its youth as a game, and revision of rules will, no doubt, be undertaken by some central authority before long. Books of instruction in card games are generally dry reading. Mr. Doe deserves congratulation for that he has shown the possibility of making the teacher's task amusing; his pages, in their lightness of touch and humour, recall the classic "Whist or Bumblepuppy." It is a pleasure to learn from such a book.

* "Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities." By R. S. Surtees. New edition, with an introduction by Joseph Grego (Downey & Co., 12, York Street, Covent Garden.)

* "Bones and I." By Whyte-Melville. New library edition. (Ward Lock & Co., Ltd.) 3s. 6d.
† "The Bridge Manual." By John Doe. (Frederick Warne & Co.; Mudie & Sons.)

The Re-Introduction of the Great Bustard.

LORD WALSHINGHAM is as good a naturalist as he is a shot, although that is not generally known. For some time past it has been within the general knowledge that a large experiment to re-introduce the Great Bustard into this country was about to be made by somebody, but it was not generally known that Lord Walsingham was to have the management of the attempt. The latter has, however, written to the Norfolk local paper a plea for the preservation of the liberated birds. Our own hope is that this great game of the air will refrain as long as convenient from using its powers of flight. One well-known Yorkshire gentleman has had the Great Bustard in captivity for several years, and he has, in his efforts to re-introduce the species, been rewarded by an egg; but never by a young bird; unless indeed, he has been more fortunate during the past hatching season. Yet there does not on the face of it seem to be any difficulty about this desired re-introduction.

The farmers around Salisbury Plain used to rear the young birds from the eggs of the wild Bustards, much as we now rear pheasants under hens. They did this, not as a curiosity, but with the object of selling the birds at the market for the tables of those who could afford to buy them, and they were not very much more costly than a goose either. As the farmers did this constantly it goes almost without saying that all difficulties are overcome when wild eggs from the Continent are brought over without too much shaking. The difference between the methods of the last century farmer and those adopted by Lord Walsingham will probably consist

only in the fact that the latter will not pinion the birds; whereas the farmers were very well aware that their Great Bustards would have been anybody's birds had they not adopted this precaution. There are old stories of a sport of coursing Great Bustards with dogs, but the records do not say whether these were the farmers' wing-clipped tame birds, or immature birds, or old ones in the moulting stage. Those who have stalked a Great Bustard in Spain do not think that the fleetest greyhounds that ever ran would have the remotest chance of getting hold of a bird when once he was possessed of his wonderful powers of flight. There is a sort of bastard sport of wild-geese coursing now practised on the shores of the lochs in the far north of Scotland. It is carried on by shepherds and their dogs, and others who ought to know better. The young geese leave the lochs to feed on the grass at some portion of the day, and if they can be headed off from the water they form an easy prey, as they have nothing but their instincts of hiding to protect them. A week later, when they can fly, they are out of danger. Possibly this is the kind of coursing to which Bustards were subjected; and if so, it is no wonder that they became extinct.

There is a Great Bustard story connected with Salisbury Plain; it is to the effect that one of a shooting party had shown himself distinctly dangerous; so much so, that in the evening it was made clear to the host that no other guest would venture out with the wild shooter on the morrow. This was a poser, as no offence to so distinguished a guest could

possibly be given. Happy thought! send him out by himself to kill Bustards (it was believed in the neighbourhood that the birds had been extinct for several years). So it was arranged; but at the end of the next day, the host's difficulties seemed only to be on the point of increasing if, by chance, his guest might have discovered from the locals, that Bustards were as extinct as the Dodo. But instead of a doleful shooter making his appearance in the smoke room where all the other men already were, and instead of the expected storm in the tea cup—for all the others had taken the certainty tip, and put a bit on with the shooter against his Bustard success—they all had the satisfaction of inspecting the last brace of Bustards from Salisbury Plain and handing over their well-lost bets. This must have been about 1813, as that is the date assigned to the last *Otis tarda* on Salisbury Plain. They were found for a few years later further north; up to 1838 at Swaffham, in Norfolk; 1832 in Suffolk; up to 1826 in Yorkshire.

In an interesting little note on the subject a newspaper falls into the mistake that the Bustard likes to inhabit moorlands, but he is no bird of the heather. The re-introduction of the Gapercalzie

has been a great success, and "cock of the woods" though he is, he is not half as fine a bird as the Great Bustard, either as game or on the table. The imported birds have been liberated in a 500-acre park, and the Norfolk County Council have shown that public and sporting spirit which ought to actuate the premier game county. It was of course in Norfolk that the King attempted to acclimatise the Red Grouse, and where he spent some money in an endeavour to improve or induce the westward migratory habits of the Quail, by turning out a lot at Sandringham in the spring of one year. The County Council have afforded the most complete preservation and protection that lies in their power to the big game. It is not desired that the exact locality of the new arrivals may be known, and the person who has sent them over and expressed his intention of sending others to follow, also desires to remain unknown.

With regard to the re-introduction of the Quail, nothing less than a united effort at importation, prior to the breeding season, is ever likely to prove of benefit or even to inform us whether birds bred in the country return again to it for breeding purposes. G. T. T. B.

Anecdotal Sport.

By "THORMANBY."

Author of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

ALL Englishmen who have anything like an intimate acquaintance with the Russian gentleman, as he really is and not as crazy English Russophobists imagine him to be, will I am sure agree

with me that he is a good sportsman, and that he is perhaps more nearly in sympathy with the sports which Englishmen especially love than any other Continental race. It was not so long ago that a

young Russian officer of the Guards utilised his leave to come over to England and compete with our amateur wrestlers and weight lifters. A fine handsome athletic fellow he was, and the invariable good humour with which he accepted his defeats delighted the spectators, who recognised in him a true sportsman of the kind your genuine Briton respects and admires. The Emperor Nicholas was a patron of the Turf, and dearly loved the sight of a good race between English thoroughbreds. At one time, before the Crimean War had ruptured the relations between the two countries, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, instituted in honour of a Russian potentate, was one of the great fixtures at Newmarket, and to this day one of the most famous of our great handicaps, the Cesarewitch, perpetuates the memory of Russian interest in the British Turf.

The Russians have always been eager to buy English horses, and some very good blood has gone over to the Muscovite; as an instance, Kirby, the noted Yorkshire dealer, sold Van Tromp to the Czar Nicholas for 2,000 guineas, and General Chassé for 2,250 guineas. The Muscovite grooms and jockeys must have had their work cut out with the last-named horse, who, Kirby said, was the fiercest brute he had ever known. He had bought him from Sir James Boswell. The first day his new groom took him out he commenced operations by throwing him down, and was kneeling upon the unfortunate man, trying to tear him to pieces, when a number of labourers who happened to be in the field charged the General with their pitchforks and drove him off. Great was the trouble to get him on board ship. They

walked him all the way to Hull without shoes, but nothing could tame him, and throughout the voyage he was so furious that no one but Kirby dared approach him.

Many famous race horses have been very savage. Merlin, when he was being painted by Herring, had to be double chained; and afterwards, being slung for a broken leg, the first use he made of his liberty was to kill a groom. Mundig, the Derby winner of 1835, also committed homicide, and for a fortnight afterwards no one dared approach him. Jem Robinson had a narrow escape of his life with Ardrossan, while he was buckling his rein in the stable just before a trial. The brute flung him into a corner, knelt on him and would have finished him out of hand if Lord Exeter (his owner) and Lord Foley had not rushed to the rescue. When the trial came off Robinson did not fail to pay him, and so furious was the animal that he tried to tear Jem out of the saddle. After losing the trial Ardrossan went home quietly, but finished by throwing a boy into the manger and biting his thumb off. But he never forgave Robinson. Two years later Jem visited Lord Exeter's stables at Burleigh, and his lordship assured him that they had got Ardrossan as quiet as a lamb; but the instant the horse caught sight of his old rider he broke his halter and made for him with a determination that sent the visitors flying. Lamb-like as he was, when a painter went to take his likeness, he sent him head over heels into the straw, and bit off the ear of the lad who was trying to hold him. But to return to Russia.

One of the most famous Russian sportsmen forty years ago was the

Baron Petroffski, who ruled, near Moscow, over about a thousand serfs. A novel idea of his was to train fighting geese. These were stouter and shorter on the legs than the ordinary Michaelmas dainty; they were trained and put down upon the green sod just like game cocks, and were quite as fierce; seizing one another by the bill and striking furiously with their wings, they would battle as fiercely as the best rooster that ever wore spurs. For one or two of these warlike birds the Baron paid as much as 500 silver roubles (the rouble being worth 3s. 2d. English money). But racing was his chief delight, and John Scott and Sir Joseph Hawley were his oracles. His racing stud at one time consisted of seventeen horses in training, fifty brood mares, twenty-five two-year-olds, and nearly as many yearlings and foals. But it was training under difficulties, for in consequence of the rigour of the climate there were only April and May to prepare the horses in, the racing season commencing in June. The horses then had to be led 500 versts by road, with all the inconveniences of a constant change of food and water; after running they would then go another 200 versts to the next meeting, run again, do another 500 versts; ditto, and yet another 200 versts before they had finished up the round. The prizes when won amounted to nothing—not paying expenses; and until the custom

was introduced by English jockeys, there was little or no betting.

Horses, like men, form strange likes and dislikes, and a curious instance of this was furnished by Charles the Twelfth, winner of the St. Leger in 1839, who had a great affection for a grey stable cat that became his constant companion; and if puss were not waiting to welcome him on his return, the namesake of the Swedish monarch, who was anything but an amiable animal, did not fail to testify his displeasure. When taken out of the stable to run for the Doncaster Stakes, he kept looking behind, and at last stuck stock still, and refused to move an inch further; all at once it occurred to the lad in charge of him that he wanted his pet, and he ran back, fetched the cat, and put it inside the muzzle that hung at the horse's saddle bow, where the latter could see it, and as soon as this was done "Charles" gave a neigh of satisfaction, and quietly proceeded on his journey. When he had won the race and was taken back to his stall he gave the low whinny which was the usual signal for his feline favourite. Up jumped the cat purring on his back, as though rejoicing in her big friend's victory, and then, and not till then, he began quietly to munch his corn. At night puss always slept with him, and in John Herring's picture of the great race-horse grimalkin has not been forgotten.

“Our Van.”

The Silence of Death.—With the beginning of the new century the racing world—the whole world of sport, in fact—has gone through an experience which is absolutely unique ; and long may it remain so, seeing what was the cause. How more fittingly can a nation outwardly show the sorrow and respect it feels at the demise of a beloved ruler than by sacrificing that for which it has the greatest affection. As all the world knows, since one-half of it affects to find therein fit subject for ridicule, an Englishman's first love, to whom he may be counted upon to remain true to the end, is sport, and it was the instinctive impulse of everyone to abstain from all descriptions of outdoor amusement. No matter what the nature of the sport or pastime, or how important the event that was down for decision, it was incontinently abandoned. The huntsman's pink was exchanged for a sombre suit of black, and the grass countries for Piccadilly, whilst every playing field was hushed. That such a stillness, and of so prolonged a nature, could have come over the land, was previously inconceivable, and for once, if never before and never again, the country within its farthest limits felt the Silence of Death. It was the hush which Death brings into every household, made universal among the people. Everyone had simultaneously lost a mother as well as a queen, and we mourned as one great family. It came as natural to desist for a while from one's favourite pastime as it would be did a near relative depart this life.

At such a time racing was perhaps the last sport to be thought of, and, until the last scene of all had been enacted, every fixture

went by the board, as a simple matter of course. It would have been the same had it been the Derby week at Epsom, or Ascot week.

Sandown Park.—As always in January, the weather had been precarious, and there seemed to be no certainty that the intended resumption at Sandown Park on February 8th would be feasible. Snow had fallen to the depth of two inches, but, as it happened, this was regarded as a saving clause at Esher, for it would take a very strong frost to penetrate to the ground. The snow was allowed to lie, to be swept off the course in the morning. The spectacle was not quite as curious as that presented at Kempton Park a few years since, when the snow lay thick everywhere save upon the course itself, and the horses appeared to be galloping over it. The sun had come into operation at Sandown, and partially melted the snow in the open, but within the rings it lay deep in places, and the heaped-up masses produced a very wintry effect. The faith in the possibility of racing must have been very slight indeed, for the gathering was the smallest which I, or any one else, could remember, although the promise of sport was excellent, and horses in plenty were announced as arrivals.

The Prince of Wales' Steeplechase of three-and-a-half miles is always a race worth coming to see, because some likely candidates for the Grand National are sure to be competing. Did not Ambush II. win it in 1899? The entered crack this year was Hidden Mystery, and he was set to give the next to him in the handicap, Cushendun, 21lb. He did not start, and Cushendun, on the strength of

some very fair form shown at his most recent outings, was a short-priced favourite. I liked not his walking gait in the paddock, but he ran well, notwithstanding. He did not win, because he was unable to give the lightly-weighted Sarah (9st. 10lbs.) 25lbs., but he beat the other four runners, who included Covert Hack.

The second day produced something of a transformation. The sun evaporated all the snow lying in the open and only the heaps remained. These were welcome, artistically, for with racing and a fine day assured there was a very good attendance, the fair sex as usual making a very considerable proportion. Black was of course universal, and there was presented for the first time within the memory of man, or in history probably, the spectacle of a race-course entirely in mourning. The surrounding was not incongruous, for any other state of things would have been strongly resented. The effect of contrast between the black of the dresses and the white of the snow was striking. It is one that may never again be witnessed, when we consider the elements necessary to produce it.

The race of the second day was the Sandown Grand Prize, a hurdle-race; and the intelligent racing foreigner might have expressed surprise at noticing that this was a stake of 500 sovereigns, whereas the steeplechase of the day before was one of 200 sovereigns only. This apparent inconsistency is of course due solely to the conditions of the Grand National, and it seems a pity that a competitor in that race cannot be allowed to win a few hundred sovereigns for his owner without incurring a penalty. The effect is to cramp the liberality of all race meetings holden previous to the Liverpool

Spring in the same week and dry up the founts of liberality. The handicap, as made for the Grand National, should be good enough for every purpose.

Much interest was centred in the appearance of Uncle Jack in the Grand Prize. Mr. S. B. Joel had given 3,000 guineas for him, and he had done enough in various ways to warrant some attention being paid him. He won a flat race on his last appearance here in December, but that performance did not strike me as being at all out of the way, for Uncle Jack puffed and blew like a steam engine over the last quarter of a mile. I do not think his party did more on this occasion than indulge in a faint hope, but the public were ready enough with their money. Killyleagh, who won in 1898, and who had 5 lbs. from Uncle Jack, was well fancied, whilst Australian Star, that bogey of 1900, was again a "certainty." He had been this on the occasion of most of his seven starts of last year, on none of which was he placed even, so the calculating ones let him severely alone. This being so of course he won, and did so very easily, too. Arthur Nightingall was on his back, and in this jockey's hands he ran smoothly enough, taking the lead about six furlongs from the finish, and keeping well clear of everything to the end. Uncle Jack ran an even race, never looking like going to the front, his final effort enabling him to take the 50 sovereigns, second money, from Killyleagh by a head. The value of this performance must be estimated by what Australian Star was doing. That Mr. Spencer Gollan's black must have shown them something on the trial ground last year may be taken for granted; otherwise, he never would have been the "tip" he was

on so many occasions and supported for so much money. Was he showing some of that private form at Sandown? If so, then the running of Uncle Jack needs no apologist. It was generally understood that Uncle Jack does not this year strive for Grand National honours.

The Case of Volodyovski, and others.—The lamented demise of Lord William Beresford gave rise to at least one novel and interesting situation. What was to be done with the horses leased from "Mr. Theobalds"? Lord William's executors, very excusably, regarded the animals as leased for the term of their racing career, but "Mr. Theobalds" contended that they were leased to Lord William personally and to no one else, and, Lord William being dead, the horses reverted to their owner. As the executors declined to accept this view, "Mr. Theobalds" issued a writ, and the judge ruled that the view of the owner of the horses was the correct one. One is easily reconciled to this view when the terms of the lease are made known. Lord William Beresford was to pay all the racing expenses and divide the stakes won with the owner. Nothing could well be more equitable, one partner finding the horses—a difficult matter enough—and the other the current expenses. Many a horse owner would be very glad to take a half share in such as Volodyovski on the same terms. It seems clear enough that such an agreement could only have been a personal one, but it is possible to conceive a lease arranged upon terms that would not admit of this simple finding. No doubt, in future, now attention has been drawn to the matter through the medium of the law courts, greater care will be taken in the drawing up

of such leases. It must be obvious that few people would care to lease away a promising colt to an owner likely to do full justice to its powers if it was possible for the animal to pass subsequently into incompetent hands. There is an obvious implication that the horse is to be given every chance for distinguishing itself.

For the Benefit of Racing under National Hunt Rules.—

During February a rumour got abroad to the effect that the National Hunt Committee were contemplating an important alteration or addition to Rule 150, which stipulates that no plate or sweepstakes in which two or more horses start shall be of less clear value to the winner than 20 sovs. There is a great difference between this amount and the 100 sovs. clear of the Jockey Club, but of course the conditions of racing on the flat and of that held under N.H. rules differ almost sufficiently to warrant the existence of this wide gulf. Much of our steeplechasing owes its being to the existence of the very best sporting spirit, and the value, from a sporting point of view, of this class of racing is not to be gauged by the amount of stake money offered. Not even rumour suggests that the N.H. Committee propose interfering with the meetings here hinted at. The suggestion, I understand, is to insist upon the managements with whom racing is more or less a business for dividend-earning purposes, who hold two or more meetings in the year, maintaining a minimum of 100 sovs. clear to the winner of a race. Why the rumour of such a proposal receives such ready credence is accounted for by the outcry which horse owners have been making at the insignificant stakes offered in so many cases. They plain-

tively, and very justly, ask, what profit can they make by winning a stake of £40 or £50? At a hunt meeting, in which one takes part for association's sake, the value of the stake matters little; but the everyday business of racing is not run on these lines, and the situation is not altered because flat-racing changes to jumping. When we consider the utter disproportion of the value of so many stakes to the aggregate expense entailed upon the owners of the competing horses in bringing their animals to the start, one realises that there must be a large number of ardent sportsmen about for the fields to be uniformly as good as they are.

One important point which the N. H. Committee will not have failed to notice is the incentive to dishonesty that is supplied by the small stake system. Since it is quite impossible for even the successful owners to pay their way out of the stakes, other means of recompensing themselves have to be resorted to, and that is why they so often "run as arranged."

If such a rule should come into force it would not trouble Sandown Park, Kempton Park, and Hurst Park to fall into line, for their minimum stake is within a few pounds of £100 already, and Gatwick would not have to make very violent changes. But other well-known race meetings would be materially affected, the list including Birmingham, Derby, Folkestone, Grindon, Hamilton Park, Hawthorn Hill, Haydock Park, Hexham, Keele Park, Leicester, Lingfield, Newmarket, Nottingham, Plumpton, Sheffield, Southwell, Warwick, Windsor, and Wolverhampton. How these would relish a minimum stake of £100 time only can show.

What is certain is that racing under N. H. rules never can im-

prove until a betterment in the matter of stakes is made. The changes in this direction in connection with flat racing have been extraordinary, but they have been absolutely necessary; and why should cross-country racing be regarded as superior to conditions which influence flat-racing? The same sauce should be served with each of these dishes.

Hunting — The North Cotswold.—Mr. Charles McNeill, of Carlton Curliou Hall, Leicester, has been unanimously elected to the vacant mastership of this country. Mr. McNeill has for some time been known as one of the first flight in Mr. Fernie's country. He has also hunted with the Quorn and Cottesmore. He is a nephew of Sir John McNeill, V.C., equerry to her late Majesty. He is well known as a most successful breeder of fox-terriers and as a careful and reliable judge of hunters in the show ring. His wife, Lady Hilda McNeill, is a niece of the late Admiral Rous, and is herself, though somewhat handicapped by short sight, a brilliant rider across country. Mr. McNeill intends to hunt the hounds himself, but as he prefers a bitch pack, Captain Stacey's famous dog pack will be sold at Leicester on April 19th by Messrs. Warner, Shepherd and Wade. The North Cotswold was made into a separate country by Lord Coventry in 1867, and was hunted by him for six years. After this Lord Coventry removed to Croome, and took his hounds with him. The present pack owes its foundation to Mr. Algernon Rushout, and was founded chiefly on Croome, Warwickshire and Fitzhardinge blood. But in 1890 the whole entry was by that well-known sire Whaddon Chase Factor. In 1896 Captain Stacey, the incoming master, bought the

whole of Mr. Rushout's pack. He at once set to work to introduce fresh blood, and in 1898 made a great hit when he entered Hampton by Mr. Butt Miller's Havock. It is perhaps needless to say that Hampton has made a name for himself at the stud. An interesting biography of Captain Stacey will be found in *BAILY'S MAGAZINE* of May, 1900.

South Cheshire.—Mr. Reginald Corbet, jun., has succeeded his father as Master of this pack, and began his reign with an extraordinary good run of an hour and ten minutes from Wistaston Hall, on the Crewe side of his country. A thick fog shrouded the place of meeting, and hounds were trotted off to Darfold. A fox was viewed in the Park, and he must have been a stout one, for hounds starting on good terms with him, practically never left him until the end, which came in a narrow spinney close to the Whitchurch road, and near the point of starting. Through the coverts and over the open alike they drove him. The course of the run was a wide ring, and only those who were near enough to hounds to take advantage of the turns were able to live to the end. The ground rode very deep, as is always the case after a thaw in Cheshire.

The Croome.—On Saturday, February 9th, the Croome brought off a really good day after meeting at Spetchley Park. The going, however, was very heavy, and a couple of sharp runs which took place early in the day told a good deal on horses which were not in the best of condition. The first run lasted for about forty minutes. The fox was found in one of the home coverts, and hounds getting away on good terms with him they raced away by Crookberrow Hill, Norton, and Brook End, where the

fox turned short back by Whittington and was lost. A brace more were found at Spetchley, and hounds settling to one gave a good run of an hour and five minutes after running a wide ring, and made his escape near Norton. A fox from Fow Hill's Coppice gave at first a rather slow run, but on hounds working up to him scent improved, and from Drake's Rough to Fiddesleigh hounds ran hard, with the result that when hunting was over for the day there were about six out of a large field left.

The Pytchley.—The much-discussed question of the Pytchley mastership has been settled. At a meeting, with Lord Spencer in the chair, it was decided to ask Mr. Wroughton to continue in office. This he has consented to do, giving up a cherished scheme of carrying the horn himself with the Woodland Pytchley. The latter hunt will require a master, as it is understood that Lord Southampton is not willing to withdraw his resignation. Various plans are being suggested for filling the vacancy, but nothing has, up to the time of writing, been definitely determined. So far as Mr. Wroughton is concerned, the decision will give much satisfaction. Sport with the Pytchley during the past seven seasons has been of a very high order, and never have the subscriptions come in more satisfactorily. The Pytchley country has its difficulties in respect of wire, the presence of which still mars some of their choicest hunting grounds.

The Vine.—This country still needs a master, since it seems certain that Mr. Gordon Russell will not continue. The Vine is one of those countries that need, if possible, a local master. It is difficult otherwise to reconcile the

interests of farming and shooting which are always apt to interfere with hunting.

The Old Berkshire.—A better country, from a riding point of view, than the Vine, the Old Berkshire has changed its masters rather often of late years. Mr. E. W. Dunn is resigning at the close of the season, and none of the Berkshire landlords seem inclined to take the county pack.

The Quorn.—Captain Burns-Hartopp is steadily recovering, and the doctors give a favourable report, so we may look forward to the continuance of the most successful mastership of our day. After three weeks' cessation of hunting, the Quorn met at Six Hills. Everybody, with one exception, came in black. There was an enjoyable gallop over the plough from Willoughby Gorse to Burney. The other foxes of the day were, as Quorn foxes often are, very short running and unwilling to stay above ground.

The Cottesmore.—No other pack in the "Shires" has come near the Cottesmore for sport this season. Even though a month almost has been lost, and the frost still seems to hang about as I write, yet Mr. Evan Hanbury will have every reason to look back with satisfaction on the first season of his mastership. The fixture for the reopening was Pickwell, and hounds were taken northward to draw, leaving Ranksboro' for another time. The going was deep, and the snow still lay under the hedgerows. But, as often after a thaw, the scent was very good, and the way hounds stormed through Berry Gorse in the morning showed that they could run. The morning gallop lay over that charming district which lies round Stapleford Park, varied by an excursion over the flats. Twice the Whis-

sendine was crossed. Nothing could be more enjoyable, save that there was more splash than Leicestershire horses care for. In the afternoon there was a really fine gallop, out from Stapleford to Wymondham roughs and back again to Garten Hill. Taking these as the extreme points, it was a magnificent line. Then Thatcher killed his fox fairly in the open, close to the grand stand of the Melton steeplechase course.

The Woodland Pytchley.—If you stand on the hill above the station at Market Harborough and look across the valley, you can see the Dingley coverts. These belong to Lord Doune, and here Lord Southampton brought the hounds after the frost. There is no better bit of scenting land in the Pytchley than this. Hounds fairly slipped their field, and men and women too, sitting down to catch them, came to grief in all directions. It is a stiff country, and needs not the added difficulty of deep ground to jump out of.

The New Forest.—Exactly a similar instance comes from the New Forest. There was rather a distinguished field at Matley Bridge to meet the deer-hounds, including the Duke of Westminster, who seems to take to hunting as keenly as did his grandfather in early days. The hounds found their deer, and slipping everyone but the whipper-in, hunted the deer to the sea and killed him. Mr. Gerald Lascelles was acting as master.

Talking of the New Forest reminds me that its season will soon be at hand. May I offer a hint to those who intend to finish the season there? Most people go rather too late. March 10th or 15th is quite late enough to begin. There is no pleasanter

way of spending the close of the season than a month or six weeks at Lyndhurst to finish with.

A remarkable, though, as the writer can testify by experience, a not uncommon incident happened with the New Forest Deerhounds from Matley Bridge. A fine buck was safely harboured, and in due time found by the pack. Deer and hounds both disappeared, and but for the whipper-in falling in with them, they would have been alone. As it was, they ran their quarry to the sea, and he was eventually brought ashore and killed, and not a single member of the field, which included the Duke of Westminster and Miss Shelagh Cornwallis-West, saw a yard of the run.

Those BAILY readers who have spent a spring in the New Forest know how easily this may happen. The best time for sport in the New Forest, it may interest intending visitors to know, is from the middle of March to the end of April.

The Rufford.—Lord Manvers, the master, speaking at a meeting of the hunt the other day, said that he should be obliged to curtail their hunting days next season, and go out three days instead of four. The reason given is that the supply of foxes is insufficient. Now as the Rufford country certainly is not lacking in covert, there must be shooting difficulties to contend with. In other respects the Rufford have had a good season.

The Worcestershire.—Lord Dudley had a most cordial reception from the hunt of which he is master when he returned from South Africa. If, as seems likely, Lord Dudley should become Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he might have to give up the hounds. This, however, would be a great

loss to the country, for Lord Dudley is a most liberal master, who does things in a magnificent style, and is very popular. The members of the hunt, however, thoroughly recognise the claims of politics on the time of their master.

The North Staffordshire.—The Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Chaplin and his daughter, Lady Castlereagh, Lord Ingestre and a good field hunted with these hounds from Wybunbury on the Cheshire side. Here were rather deep grass fields and ditches a trifle wider and hedges a little more ragged than are to be found in the Cheshire country proper. But what is a great attraction to some of us in the Duke of Sutherland's country is the admirable pack of hounds. In no pack of to-day are the good Blankney strains of blood so well represented. They are a very stout pack, for almost from the moment they were put into covert, till the Master gave the order for home, hounds were hard at work. After a good run we come home and say that our horses and ourselves have had a hard day. But how seldom we recollect the amount of work hounds do, or what stamina and condition they need.

The Warwickshire.—Most packs began hunting again on Saturday, February 9th, and among these was the Warwickshire. They had a meet "by card" at the kennels, and only a comparatively small number of people turned up. Brown carried the horn, and Mr. Verney, the master, was out. After some moderate sport, hounds chanced on an outlier on their way to Ox-hill; found and killed in the open. This fox gave them a capital spin, the pace at times being as good as it has been this year.

The Lanarkshire and Renfrew-

shire.—This well-known Scotch pack, which has been resigned by Colonel Robertson Aikman, will probably be taken over by Mr. George Barclay.

The Belvoir Hounds.—This pack were more fortunate than their neighbours, for they had three days' hunting, actually killing one fox from Newton Toll Bar on Tuesday, when most of BAILY's readers were probably shut up by frost. Mr. E. W. Griffith is now acting as deputy master.

Mr. Barthropp, the Master of the Berks and Bucks Harriers, is hunting stag twice a week for the benefit of the followers of the Royal Hunt. Last week he met at Holtspur Heath, and in spite of hard ground, managed to give his followers a good run. The deer was taken about three o'clock.

There is to be a meet on Tuesdays in the Bucks, and on Fridays in the Berks country, for the rest of the season.

The Blackmore Vale.—A correspondent describes one of the best day's hunting this pack has enjoyed for many years. The date was January 22nd, the meet Alford House: after drawing the covert near the house blank, they found in a covert across the river and after a pretty ring of some ten or twelve minutes were run out of scent. Park Wood supplied the next fox: hounds fairly raced to the big ravine and wood near West Pennard where the fox was headed, and gave the field a not unwelcome breather after twenty-five minutes' hard galloping. Hounds hit off the line again and gave the field the slip: they were followed down the gully and back into the Vale by only six or seven horsemen who had another fast gallop back to Park Wood, through it and on to Fosse Wood

where the fox was viewed dead beat crossing the high road. He lay down in a ditch three fields further on, and hounds, called off the fresh line they had taken in Fosse Wood, killed. A much diminished field saw the afternoon fox found in Wheathill covert and the pretty hunting run of an hour and a half which followed: hounds were stopped in the dusk at 4.45. It was a capital day's sport over as fine a country as man could wish and entirely free from wire. Mr. John Hargreaves has been showing excellent sport in spite of many difficulties: he had, at the time our correspondent wrote, hunted eighty-two days and had killed one hundred foxes.

The Essex and Suffolk Hunt.

—It was unfortunate in the extreme that the wedding of Mr. Charles Kensit Norman, of Mistley Place, with Miss Walton, daughter of Mr. Walton, of Mistley Hall, was appointed to take place on the Thursday preceding the funeral of Her late Majesty, as the festivities were necessarily very much curtailed. What would otherwise have been a remarkably joyous ceremony was, by force of circumstances, reduced to the level of a comparatively quiet wedding. To show their appreciation of the manner in which the master has conducted the affairs of the hunt, the members thereof presented him with a fine silver breakfast service—teapot, coffee pot, milk jugs, sugar basin and all complete. The huntsman and his wife presented a silver horn, which will probably be prized as much as any of the gifts; the whippers-in and kennel men tendered a silver cigarette case and match box, which will no doubt remind the master in days to come of his connection with the Essex and Suffolk Hunt; the tenants proffered a handsome silver tray,

while the domestic servants of Mistley Place and Mistley Hall were ready with their handsome offerings. In spite of the gloom which naturally overspread society, Mr. and Mrs. Norman will retain pleasurable recollections of the day.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds.

—Owing to the death of her most gracious Majesty the Queen, and the continuous frost and snow which has held the country in wintry grip, hunting news has been much curtailed during the past month, and two days only remain to be chronicled with Lord Rothschild's famous pack, one in January, when from Norduck, both occupants of the deer van were requisitioned for the day's sport, and the other on February 11th at Hoggaston Guide Post. Taking the dates in order, we must first note what happened from Mr. Roades' hospitable farmstead, hounds crossing a capital line of country by Mr. Harris's house to Aston Abbotts, and then having brought their followers almost within touch of Hoxleys, they passed Wingrave Cross Roads to Hulcot, and set their stag at bay at the London and North-Western Railway, where he was safely taken. Lord Rothschild uncartered the second deer at Aston Abbotts, and the well-known fox covert was on the right as the pack drove forward into the valley to Rowsham, crossed the Aylesbury road, and describing a circle back to Wingrave and Hoxleys Wing Old Park, came in the line ere Tinkershole was reached, and hounds were stopped. It was only for a few minutes, however, and racing on to the Wing road at Wing Wood, they ran in view to Stewkley Windmill and recaptured their quarry.

A long interval followed before

they were able to get out again at Hoggaston Guide Post, a large field availing themselves of the opportunity of once more romping over the fair pastures of the Vale. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild held the reins of office in person, and having selected Mr. Baylis's farm for uncartering, started his stag in the direction of Hoggaston. Settling to work in capital form, hounds raced along parallel to the Whitchurch and Winslow road to Swanborne and Shipton, and crossing the brook, reached Redhall and Winslow Spinneys in about twenty minutes. At the Moco Farm they came up with their deer, and running in view to Winslow Station, crossed the London and North-Western Railway to Rodimore, where they recaptured him. The second stag was uncartered on the other side of Hoggaston village, and a very enjoyable semicircle was worked out to Blacklands and Littlecote, the little village of Dunton coming in the line as hounds ran back to Hoggaston Guide Post and Okeham, where the day ended at Mr. H. Dancer's farm.

The Whaddon Chase Hounds.

—Like their neighbours, the stag-hounds, Mr. Selby Lowndes' pack has been confined to kennel a great deal during the latter end of January and the commencement of February; in fact, two days only worthy of note have occurred since the last lines went to print, as the meet at Linford Toll Bar on January 19th proved very disappointing, no fox being found on the Newport Pagnell side of the country, the only satisfaction gleaned from the venture being a truly woodland hunt from Shenley Wood somewhat late in the day.

January 22nd, however, proved quite an exceptional occasion for meeting at Whitchurch, and find-

ing in Creslow Great Grounds, hounds ran very merrily to Dunton and thence along the Hogges-ton valley to The Potash at Drayton Parslow, where their fox was headed, and turning down wind, had matters in his own hands, for by the time the hunt had reached Stewkley he had run them completely out of scent. High-havens was then requisitioned for a successor, and after a long wait in the keen wind blowing, hounds forced one into the open and took him at a great pace across to Potash, and thence by Stewkley Grange to Stewkley village, finally marking him to ground in a drain near the Brick Kilns. He was promptly dislodged and eaten, and hounds went home.

February 9th was the next date on which they were able to meet, and meeting at Singleboro', found at once in Pilch. Crossing to Great Horwood, hounds ran over a rough country to College Wood, where scent failed, and Mr. Lowndes gave the order for Furzen Fields. Again were we destined to return to College Wood, a very enjoyable burst ensuing before this fox also beat hounds there, and strange as it may appear, the journey to Beachampton Grove only served to bring the hunt back to the same centre, though this time over a different line of country, and unlike his predecessors, this fox did not succeed in baffling his pursuers at that point, for hounds hunted through College and on over the open to Little Horwood and Narberries, losing him when Foxholes had been threaded. Scarcely ever do we see hounds run in a more determined manner through the big woodlands than they did with the fox they found just afterwards in The Thrift, although it took them some time to instil into

his head that the immediate neighbourhood of Codemore and Thinbare Woods was not to avail him anything in shaking off pursuit; but when he did grasp the fact he crossed to College Wood, and going straight through to Beachampton Grove, piloted a small field across the valley to Furzen Fields, a fresh fox saving his brush by jumping up in Cowpen Wood. As it was late, hounds were stopped, and the day ended without blood.

The Cambridgeshire.—A correspondent writes:—We have really had quite a good season. On February 11th we had a clipping run, found at Potton Wood, run to Sutton, on past Mr. Race's Harrier Kennels, through Mr. Lindsell's gorse, away to Bleak Hall, past Hinxworth, thence to Odsey and Thirfield, left hand to Royston Heath, and then ran to ground after two hours and ten minutes' fine hunting.

Resignations.—When next season's *Hunting Directory* comes out, it will be seen that many packs will be in the hands of new masters. Mr. John S. H. Fullerton has made up his mind to resign the Badsworth, to which he succeeded in 1895 when Colonel Ramsden gave up; the North Cotswold have passed from Colonel Cyril Stacey to Mr. Charles McNeil, of Leicestershire; Mr. Wilson, of the Ledbury, who succeeded his brother, goes to replace the Earl of Enniskillen in North Cheshire; Mr. Reginald Corbet, junior, succeeds his father as master of the South pack, and Colonel Robertson Aikman has announced his intention of resigning the Lanark and Renfrewshire country over the border. Lord Southampton will not reconsider his determination to give up the Woodland Pytch-

ley, and the latest intelligence is to the effect that Mr. Gordon Canning, who lives at the extreme Gloucester edge of his county, will not hunt the Ledbury country in its entirety, though he would have been willing to take the south portion. Mr. C. B. E. Wright will no longer hunt the Fitzwilliam Hounds; and there are several other packs which need new masters at the end of the season.

Hunting in Yorkshire.—During the last month hunting has been nearly a dead letter in Yorkshire. Fog interfered sadly with sport in January, and after the stoppage caused by the lamented death of Her late Majesty, the frost has kept hounds in kennel, with the exception of two or three stolen days. Yet when it has been possible to hunt the average of sport has been well maintained, and there are some capital runs to record.

Lord Middleton's.—A couple of days' sport with Lord Middleton's of which I had not heard when I last wrote are certainly worthy of a record in the pages of BAILY. On Friday, January 11th, they met at Wold Newton, and had one of those old-fashioned runs with a stout wold fox which are so numerous in the annals of the hunt. They found in a small patch of gorse near Wold Newton village, and ran a circle over Fordon and by Flixton Whin and Carrs Dale Whin back to Wold Newton, as a preliminary, this part of the run occupying 35 minutes, and the pace all that could be wished. There was no dwelling, but luckily for the sobbing horses the pace was a little slower as they pointed for Ganton, whence they turned right-handed across Willerby Wold and ran another wide ring back over Fordon Dale to Wold

Newton covert, and nearly down to the village. Then they ran nearly the same line as they had run at first, pointing for Flixton, but instead of turning to the right, they ran straight on to Hunmanby. Leaving Hunmanby on the right, they left the Wolds not far from Flotmanby, and ran hard over Flixton Carrs and Staxton Carrs, leaving the villages on the left, and finally killed midway between Staxton and Seamer. They must have run twenty-one miles, and they did it in two hours and fifty minutes. It seems needless to add that very few saw this stout wold fox eaten, barely a dozen all told.

On Saturday, January 12th, they met at Hildenly, and had another long run. They found near Hildenly Hall, and ran fast down to Welburn. Here they turned right-handed, and skirting Brandreth Wood, ran on to Castle Howard Park. Crossing the park, they ran over Terrington Carrs, and leaving Ganthorpe on the left, they ran up to Terrington village, and turned over the low end of Sheriff Hutton Carrs on to the Flat Top road, where they checked owing to some of the field, who had begun to find the road useful, getting between the hounds and their fox. Grant soon had them going again, and they raced away from Wiganthorpe, over Flat Top and across the Carrs to Sheriff Hutton village, where the fox was headed. Swinging left-handed, they crossed Stittenham Beck, and ran through a corner of Stittenham Wood, the only covert they touched, to Mowthorpe Dale, where they marked their fox to ground after an hour and forty-five minutes, with only one check.

The Bramham Moor.—On Monday, January 14th, the Bramham Moor had what was probably

the run of the season. They met at North Deighton, and found their first fox in Braham Wood. They ran him hard by Plompton rocks and over the Crimble Beck into Rudding Park, where they checked, but were soon going again down the Crimble Valley to Hookstone Wood. Here they checked again, but they did not lose much time, and hunted rather slowly past Bilton Court and over Forest Moor into Birkham Wood. Here they worked up to their fox, who was viewed just in front of them, and they ran fast through Plompton Rocks, where the fox was viewed again, and on to Plompton Grange, where they lost him very suddenly after a good run, in a moderate country, of one hour and a half. They found the fox of the day in Sicklinghall Wood, and ran him over the Sicklinghall road through Devonshire Wood and Woodhall Park down to the Wharfe. Along the river banks the pace was fast as they pointed for Collingham, but turning sharply to the right they crossed the river, luckily close to a ford. Though the ford was a good one, some time was lost in getting out at the far side, and hounds got a long start. When they were caught up on the Harewood and Wetherby road, it was found that they had divided, only nine couples being left to go on with the hunted fox. Crossing the Collingham Beck, they pointed for West Woods, but turning short back, they re-crossed the beck, and ran by Keswick village, where the fox had been seen running about on the cottage roofs. He had not waited for them however, and they hunted him through the long covert at Hollin Hall and to Vicar's Close, where they unluckily changed. With their fresh fox they ran down to the river and along the banks to

Harewood Bridge, where, as it was nearly dark, and they were known to have a fresh fox before them, Smith stopped them. Hounds got together again when they re-crossed the Collingham Beck.

On Saturday, February 9th, they had a good day, when many people would scarcely have thought of leaving the kennel. For there was a lot of snow about, some of the fences having snow for two or three yards on each side of them, and the ditches were in many places drifted full of snow. East Keswick was the fixture, but the ground being in such a state, they went on to West Woods. Here they found, and after ten minutes in covert, they faced the open, and ran smartly by Compton and Collingham, through Jerrison's Wood, and over Fat Pot Hill. Crossing the Harewood and Wetherby road, they ran through the West end of Langwith and along the banks of the Wharfe to Keswick Ox Close, where they marked their fox to ground after a very sporting run of forty-five minutes. They unfortunately chopped an old dog fox in Vicar's Whin, and then they went to Harewood, where they found more snow and less scent. They found near Grey-stone Whin, and hunted nicely for thirty-five minutes by the end of Eccup Reservoir and on towards Alwoodley Crag, when some sheep ran the line and they had to give it up. They found again on Wigton Moor, and hunted nicely, leaving Wike village to the right and Wike Clump to the left, but bounds had to work hard on the sticky plough. They left Biggen farm on the left, and ran through Wike Whin, hunting on slowly but very prettily through Blackmoor and Kidhurst, and over the Leeds and Wetherby Railway

near Thornes Station, on to Norwood Bottoms, where they gave it up at 5.15 p.m., after a nice hunting run of an hour and ten minutes.

The York and Ainsty.—Tuesday, January 22nd, found the York and Ainsty at Red House. They found their first fox in Red House Wood and hunted him slowly by Deighton Whin and over Scagglethorpe to the banks of the Ouse, along which they ran pointing for Nether Poppleton, and were finally run out of scent at New Earn. They found again in Askham Whin, and ran very sharply to Bilbrough lane end. Then they made tracks back to the Whin and hunted for a long time in covert before they again faced the open. When they did it was to run a short ring to Askham Richard, where the fox took to the gardens, and they killed him. Time, 42 minutes. Hitherto nothing much had been done, but there was to be some heavy work before hounds saw their kennel again. Colton Hagg provided "a find without a wait," and hounds raced up wind by Colton and Steeton and through Pickering Wood to Bow Bridge farm. Here they checked and hunted slowly past the Wild Man and turned towards Steeton plantation. At Steeton plantation they got on terms with their fox again, and ran hard to Colton railway gates and nearly to Bolton Percy. They swung left-handed through the Brickyard plantation and on to Nun Appleton Park, where they got a view of their fox. He beat them into Sicklebitts Wood, through which they ran pointing for Acaster Selby. Turning right-handed, they viewed their fox across Wharfe Ings to the river side, which he reached just in front of them and crossed, hounds after him, the time to this point

being an hour and a half. There was no bridge for miles, and not a boat that would take a horse on board, so Mr. Lycett Green crossed the river in a boat, and soon afterwards, picking up a farm horse, went on in search of hounds. It seems that they had run by Thorpe and nearly to Selby, and about seven o'clock they had most of them been picked up. Whether they killed their fox or not no one knows, but they were frequently seen close to him. It was eleven o'clock when they got back to the kennel.

On Monday, February 11th, they met at Aldwark, and had a good day's sport, in spite of the unpromising weather. They had a beautiful find in Aldwark Wood, and raced their fox by Fall gates to the banks of the Ouse and along the riverside to Linton Lock. Then turning to the left they crossed the Newton road and ran along the Kyle side nearly to Linton Spring. Turning sharp back along the Kyle side they ran down to the river again, and after they had passed Linton they checked for a moment. A holloa on the road put them right, and they ran at a holding pace by Fallgates into Aldwark Wood. Thence they hunted slowly by Aldwark Moor and Youlton to Alne Whin, where they once more got on terms with their fox and hunted him nicely, leaving Low Harbour to the right, past Fallgates into Aldwark Wood, where he doubtless went to ground. Time, 2 hours. The afternoon fox was found in Court House Spring. After hunting a few fields in the direction of Newton Brickyard they checked, but a holloa soon put them right, and they hunted by Benningbrough Station and through Overton Wood, by Overton Grange and

Fairfield on to Clifton Ings, where the fox crossed the river after a nice hunt of an hour.

Ireland. — Hunting. — In the sister isle all recognised packs of foxhounds kept to their kennels for a fortnight after the death of Her Majesty; hunting was resumed by the Meath hounds on the same day as the Quorn took the field, and before the end of that week all packs were in full swing again. But the period of mourning was followed by some frosty weather of a curious catchy description, and the Carlow hounds lost two days in the first week of the new era, while the Kildare also were mulcted of a day.

Mr. Robert Watson's hounds (for the veteran M.F.H. was not out himself) had a very good day when the **Carlow and Island** first took the field again. This was on the 9th inst., when they ran a fox for over two hours, all the time in their Kildare territory, and consequently in a very good country. The fox came from Knockroe covert, and the run began at a very quick pace indeed towards the Duke of Leinster's fine old castle of Kilkea, near which some dogs played havoc with the scent; then followed very cold hunting for an hour towards Castledermot when this fine pack were working up to their fox, which they then began to drive along, and for thirty minutes ran at a great pace, finally getting into the next field to him. Unfortunately, after crossing a stream they took up the heel line; the horn of the master was wanted badly, as is usual when difficulties occur, and the run ended unsatisfactorily.

In **Kildare**, though the weather was most disagreeable on the first days of the re-opening, they have done well, for they had a very

good day's sport on the 5th when they met, on a cruel frosty morning, at Naas. A lot of woodland hunting at Osbertstown gave the sun time to warm the ground before they ran out a very cunning fox, who crossed a canal twice and played other tricks on his devious route by Rathaskar and Newlands to Herbertstown, where half the pack rolled him over, the other hounds going away with a fresh fox to Rosetown, where they put him to ground. They then found in Major Moore's old gorse at Killashee, and were stopped when making for Dunnewtown wood at half-past five o'clock after another good gallop. These hounds also had a very fast and exciting fifty minutes over a glorious grass country from Cullens on the evening of the 10th, when hounds had again to be stopped at nightfall.

Death has been busy among the ranks of the "Old Brigade" in Co. Kildare since the "Van" last appeared, for during the time of mourning both Major Burrowes, of Giltown, and Mr. "Johnny" Hamilton, of Martinstown, passed away. Major Burrowes was at one time master of the Cottessmore, and being very conversant with the manner in which "things ought to be done," he turned them out very well. He was very fond of a horse, and being a very good judge of the animal was much *en evidence* at the Dublin Show; he was no bad coachman, and as a young man was very fond of the road.

Mr. Hamilton was one of the very best of sportsmen and in his day one of the best of horsemen. He was over 90 when he died, but had never ceased to take an interest in the chase, and only two years ago would ride out to see the county hounds draw his coverts, which always held foxes.

The **Kilkenny hounds** have had a lot of good sport since *Baily's* February number was printed, and just before the time of mourning they had two flying gallops one Monday, the first from Sutcliffe's, the second from Grange Wood. The last was superlatively good, the country being worthy of the extraordinary pace. Two days later came a fine hunt from Booliglass to Knocktopher which lasted about two hours, the first 35 minutes being very quick. Since he resumed hunting Mr. Langrishe had, on his opening day, a capital gallop from Golden Hill *via* Knockroe, almost to "Barnay," and back to Bonnetstown where hounds were stopped—a fine grass country all the way. On the 11th the Killkennies had a capital thirty-two minutes from Bishopslough towards Gowran, but turning near Clohilla, they raced their fox past Castlefield and the round tower of Tullowherne to a brake near Kilfane Rectory, again a fine line of grass all the way and big galloping fields.

The **Meath hounds** re-opened their campaign with a very good day on the 4th inst., when they met at Bellinter Bridge and killed a fox from Philpotstown after an hour and twenty-five minutes. They ran through Rathnally and Bective on to Churchtown, through it and back to Philpotstown, but he could not hang there, and was driven forth and run into.

On the 11th, from the good gorse of Drumlerry they had a rare gallop to Cloneybraney, from which place he was driven away again, but returned only to yield his brush. Very little time was then allowed for refreshments, for they went away with another fox from Cloneybraney up the slopes past Crossakeil and Kilskeer villages, and on to Hartstown,

beyond which the most excellent bitches rolled over this fox also—a delightful day, both as regards sport and weather. Fred Ash, the first whipper-in of these hounds, has left suddenly, and his place has been filled, for the present at all events, by Fitzsimonds, the second whipper-in. But the change must be a nuisance to Mr. Watson in the middle of the hunting season, and he must have had very strong reasons for making it. Pity that good conduct does not always accompany ability in the field.

Lord Milton's hounds are still under the temporary control of his cousin, Mr. Dermot Doyne, for his lordship, after all his hard and creditable work in South Africa, has not shirked the order to turn out with his Militia regiment at Portsmouth; of such good stuff is our young *noblesse* of the twentieth century.

The **New Ross hounds**, who made their first appearance this season in *Baily's Hunting Directory*, are having capital sport in the capable hands of Mr. Lambert, and the coverts in the Ross country that were planted by the late Lord Waterford continue to hold good foxes, though several have succumbed to Mr. Lambert and his little pack, in which Mr. Robert Watson has taken the greatest interest, and which he helped him largely to form. Mr. Lambert had a very nice fifty minutes from a patch of furze near Glenmore on the 9th. The fox ran by the covert fence of Carrickcloney, and after a semi-circle came to Mullingahone, was pushed through the gorse, and handsomely killed ten minutes later. Before the stoppage of hunting these hounds had several very good gallops in this neighbourhood, and also in the Brownstown end of the country.

The **Tipperary** hounds resumed sport on the 4th February, but had nothing very noteworthy on the first day, but on the following frosty day they had a good hunting run, which had pace enough at times, from Kyleneagrana for an hour and twenty minutes, till the fox got to ground at Bannoxtown, near Grove.

The **U. H. C.** were in the middle of a very good season when the direful news of the Sovereign's death compelled them to stop; and since they began hunting again we have not heard that they have got back into the old swing of good sport. Scent in Cork seems to have been very uncertain, and the weather has treated that usually mild southern county in a very strange manner this season. For instance heavy snow fell in Co. Cork at a time when soft rain fell in Galway, and fine weather prevailed in Kildare. As a rule the Corkadian sportsman takes little heed of wintry weather elsewhere, for the worst samples of it seldom reach that favoured clime for fox-hunters.

Racing.—There is little racing news from Ireland of more than local interest, but the entries for the Prince of Wales' Plate, Conyngham Cup, and National Hunt Cup are all good. Covert Hack has returned to Eyrefield to prepare for the Aintree contest, for which, in view of the doubtful starting of Romanoff at the time of writing, and the crushing impost to be carried by Manifesto, he will have many Irish backers, who cannot forget the style in which he won the Conyngham Cup last year in the hands of Mr. Gwyn Saunders-Davies.

Polo.—The Aberdeen Club has ceased to exist. Portsmouth is in a state of suspended animation. The Polo Pony Society's Show is fixed for March 14th, and the

Crystal Palace mean to have a show and sale on April 27th.

Ponies in Ireland.—A well-known Irish polo-player came over to England the other day and joined the Polo Pony Society being anxious that that body should extend its work to Ireland to a greater degree than at present. The fact is Irish polo-players are threatened with a pony famine such as came upon us in India in 1882 after the Afghan war. In 1879 good ponies could be bought at prices not exceeding 300 rupees, and often for much less. After the war 300 rupees was about the lowest price for a useful pony.

In Ireland cobs have been bought for South Africa, and the price of the raw material of ponies has gone up from £15 or £25 to £40, or even £70. This seems to offer an additional reason for supporting a society like the Polo Pony Society, which is doing its utmost to encourage the riding pony in all its varieties. We hear also that the Government are offering from £30 to £40 for good cobs in the west of England. Would it be too much to expect or ask the War Office to exercise a little discretion in the purchase of mares?

Polo Pony Stud Book.—Volume VI. makes its appearance to give gratifying proof of the progress made by the Society during the past year. The new volume contains particulars of Stallions Nos. 169-210 inclusive, and Mares 921-1147; these including a large proportion of animals of the forest and moorland breeds. The sections relating to these afford conclusive evidence that the work of the Society is becoming more widely recognised and is appreciated by breeders of ponies; and we confidently anticipate steady increase in its

utility year by year. A word of praise is due to the completeness of the Stud Book as a record; and to the really admirable photographs of groups of Welsh Hill ponies, which among others, adorn its pages.

Dogs on the Moors.—There was a distinct return to favour of dogs upon the Scotch moors last year; not very great, but certainly enough to attract attention, and whether this continues will very much depend upon the supply of really good dogs. The Kennel Club hold their annual Field Trials at Orwell Park, near Ipswich, on April 10th, 11th and 12th. Their Judges are Major Dunning and Mr. S. Smale. After this event the English Setter Club have a meeting near Newport, in Salop, on the estate of Sir Thomas Boughey. The referee for this I have not heard. The nominations for the above Kennel Club Puppy Stakes number 55. These are followed by the older Society's trials at Acton Reynold, near Shrewsbury, on April 30th and May 1st and 2nd, on the property of Sir Walter Corbett. The judges here are Mr. C. H. Beck and Mr. G. T. Teasdale Buckell, and the nominations for the Puppy Stakes have proved to be a record of 95 pointers and setters, which is another indication of the increasing popularity of the animals the Americans call "smell dogs," and now use in such enormous numbers, for although flight shooting has made them some of the best shots in the world, they have not yet taken to driving their game, an art which may be described as artificial "fighting."

At Cruft's Dog Show the field-trial winning pointer dog Faskally Bragg scored again for Mr. A. E. Butler, who after braving the chances of sport in three Conti-

nents, all in one year, has at the end of it been down with fever, but is, I am glad to say, better again. In the spring of last year Mr. Butler and some friends were in Somaliland and journeyed into the country of the King of Kings where they took his and other photographs and slew game including a famous Albino antelope which was lately figured in *The Field*. The autumn saw Mr. Butler in Alaska where he had less success with photographs in consequence of the want of transport. There his single attendant got badly frost-bitten and had to be nursed, so that it was out of the question carrying about a camera, and difficult enough to convey the necessary equipment for big game shooting. The late autumn saw Mr. Butler on his winter shooting in Scotland. He is one of the very few sportsmen who have covered such a range of country in a single year. He is now looking forward to repeating his victories at the forthcoming spring field trials of pointers; he does not keep setters.

Sport at the Universities.—Once again has the "Blue Fever" attacked us, and once again are all sorts and conditions of sportsmen looking forward to the big sequence of inter-Varsity contests shortly to be decided. First and foremost, interest is general for the Boat Race; and already up-to-date public opinion has conclusively settled that this year's aquatic tussle will be a memorable one. We agree; and on current form, unhesitatingly dub the crews beautifully matched; in short, as we write, there is very little in it between them, even in the matter of polish. They entered into training on Ash Wednesday; as usual, seated thus:—

OXFORD.

- (Bow). F. J. Huntley (Radley and University).
 2. A. de Long (Winchester and New).
 3. J. Young (Winchester and New).
 4. H. du Vallon (Malvern and Brasenose).
 *5. H. J. Hale (Eton and Balliol).
 *6. F. W. Warre (Eton and Balliol).
 *7. T. B. Etherington-Smith (Repton and Oriel).
 * (Str.) R. Culme-Seymour (Eton and New).
 * (Cox.) G. S. MacLagan (Eton and Magdalen).

CAMBRIDGE.

- * (Bow). B. W. D. Brooke (Winchester and First Trinity).
 2. G. Parker (Radley and First Trinity).
 3. E. F. Duncanson (Harrow and Emanuel).
 4. C. W. H. Taylor (Eton and Third Trinity).
 5. F. J. Escombe (Clifton and Trinity Hall).
 6. H. B. Grylls (Rugby and First Trinity).
 7. B. C. Cox (Harrow and Trinity Hall).
 (Str.) G. M. Maitland (Marlborough and First Trinity).
 (Cox.) H. C. S. Wasbrough (Bedford and Trinity Hall).
 * Old Blues.

For once in a way both crews have enjoyed immunity from the manifold ills these representative crews seem heir to, and everything has been pretty fair sailing so far. The Oxonians are a far smarter lot, individually and collectively, than last year, and, although hardly so uniformly powerful as usual, their improvement has been steady and continued *ab initio*. They swing very steadily, reach out well, and (on the whole) row their stroke hard through to the finish with excellent leg-work. All the men work honestly and hard up to date, and their chief failing is a want of leg-support at the finish of the stroke, which makes them rather short back. Culme-Seymour has greatly improved as a stroke; he is being well backed up throughout, and in watermanship—especially the well-balanced control of the bodies—there is not much fault to be found even thus early. Messrs. G. G. Bourne and C. R. Philips (the "Old Blues") have had them in charge on the Isis, and within the next few days the crews will go to Henley for a week as the guests of Sir John Edwardes-Moss. Here Mr. Har-

court Gold will act as mentor, and that other famous "Old Blue" may superintend the work at Putney, where they will arrive on the 11th inst. By comparison with the ideal crew of last year, the Cambridge Eight this season suffers considerably. They are a fairly "classy" combination, however; splendidly weighted, and capable of developing into a really fine crew. Maitland would make a better six than stroke, albeit he sets the work in true workmanlike fashion, and the men behind him are all fairly uniform. They sit up to their work, and swing; the "beginning" is fairly well marked, while the leg-work has improved considerably of late. They also fail in holding the stroke hard through to the finish with legs as well as arms—simply imperative in these days of long slides. We need hardly say that this last refinement or "polish" means a good deal, especially over the tiring Putney to Mortlake course; or that, by a parity of reasoning, the distinction between a winning and a losing crew altogether depends upon its acquirement individually and collectively. Mr. James B. Close has done most of the coaching on the Cam, but it is understood that Mr. S. J. Muttelbury will take over the duties of mentor at Cookham within the next day or so. The Cantabs will practise there for about a week (as the guests of Colonel F. C. Ricardo), and arrive at Putney on the 11th inst. also.

The eventful race will start at 10.25 on Saturday, March 30th, and (obviously) it is idle to predict the issue with any degree of certainty yet awhile. All we can say is, were the race rowed to-day, we should expect OXFORD to win. As it is, if the recent improvement in both boats is main-

tained and continued, there is every prospect of another old-time sensational tussle from start to finish.

Writing on the eve of the "Lents" and "Torpids" races, all details of rowing, &c., must needs come in next month.

For obvious reasons, few and short must also be our remarks on the remaining representative tussles. The athletic sports are fixed for March 29th, and we anticipate another spirited fight for the Chinnery Shield. We fancy Oxford will win the "Half," High and Long Jumps, Hammer and Weight, and Cambridge the "Hundred," "Quarter," Mile, and Three Miles, leaving the Hurdles very open. Everything may depend upon the prowess of Presidents Dawson and Workman in the Three Miles; in which case 1900 history should be reversed, and Cambridge just win.

The Golf contest at Sandwich should result in another easy victory for Oxford, but Cambridge should win both the Boxing and Fencing and Chess matches this year. Both the inter-'Varsity "Grind" and Racquets contests are very open, and (on recent form) the Billiard contests should also provide some exciting tussles. In fact, everything points to another pleasing "variation" in the issue of events in 1901, which (as the wise old Greek assures us) is the best in every walk or gallop of life. Another international cable chess match will be played between Oxford and Cambridge *v.* the combined Universities of America before Easter, and it is our opinion that the sister Blues will retain the Rice trophy as the result. We can authoritatively say that it is most doubtful if the return Oxford and Cambridge *v.* Yale and Harvard

athletic contest will be brought off this year, as suggested. There are big difficulties in the way, notably those of getting together a representative English team, and the previous one of expense. Both the representative Association football and hockey matches will shortly be decided (as we write), and we anticipate Oxford will win their first representative hockey match since 1900. Obviously there will be plenty of titular matter to discuss next month, in all conscience!

General items of interest must now be briefly permitted. Death has robbed us of two famous Oxford oarsmen during the month—viz., Canon Bourne (who rowed in the ever-famous "seven-oared-race" of 1842), and Captain D. H. McLean (who rowed *v.* Cambridge from 1883 to 1887 inclusive). The last named equally famous "coach" died of fever at the front, where (by the way) Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher, another renowned Oxonian oarsman and coach, has been covering himself with glory. The mover of the Address at the opening of Parliament by the King this year was Mr. H. W. Forster, an Oxford cricket "Blue," and an excellent all-round sportsman, who takes politics very seriously. A gloom was cast over University athletics proper by the sensational death of Mr. Drew (Merton College), who expired on the O.U.A.C. track on February 2nd last, while the death of Messrs. F. J. Greenfield (Cambridge) and Reddie-Waddell (Oxford), both prominent sportsmen, intensified this. Mr. Greenfield died at the front as the result of gross maltreatment by the Boers. Another Oxford athlete, Captain Mullins, has just been awarded the Victoria Cross for doughty deeds in South Africa.

Death of Mr. D. H. Maclean.—

As mentioned in the preceding paragraph, the South African War has claimed several prominent rowing men amongst its victims, notably Messrs. A. W. Swanston and N. F. Calvert, the Cambridge "blues." Another victim has been added to the list, Captain D. H. Maclean, of the 69th Company Imperial Yeomanry, who died at Johannesburg on February 5th, of colitis. Mr. Maclean was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford. He assisted Eton to win the Ladies' Plate at Henley Regatta in 1882, and on going up to Oxford was given a seat in the eight in 1883, when he rowed at "5," and had the pleasure of assisting in a Dark Blue victory. He rowed for Oxford for five years in all, 1883 to 1887 inclusive, and was President of the Boat Club in 1885, in which year, with his brother Hector (since deceased) as partner, he won the Silver Goblets at Henley. In recent years Mr. Maclean has devoted no little time and trouble to coaching crews at Oxford, and he has had the satisfaction of acting as mentor to several of the successful Dark Blue eights during the last decade. As a "coach," he was acknowledged to have few superiors. When the war broke out he volunteered for service with the Somerset Yeomanry, and his death at the time when the war is approaching completion was particularly sad. He will be mourned by a very wide circle of friends.

Rugby International Matches.

—At the time of writing, three of six Rugby International games of the present season had been decided, and with results by no means flattering to England. England *v.* Wales, the first international of the season, was played at Cardiff before an enormous crowd, and for the third

year in succession Wales proved successful, the score in favour of the Principality being two goals and a try (13 points) to *nil*. The game was hardly so one-sided as the score would indicate, and the losers were handicapped by the absence of J. Daniell, the Cambridge forward, and an injury to Taylor early in the game. The English forwards held their own fairly well, but the Welsh three-quarters were decidedly smarter than the English quartette, Gwyn Nicholls being quite the most brilliant individual player on the field. England's performance, however, was made to look particularly poor when Wales met Scotland. The Scottish team was of a somewhat experimental character, only six old internationals being included. The game was played at Edinburgh, and from the start the Welshmen were out-classed. The Scotch forwards were irresistible, their rushes sorely trying the opposing defence. The halves, also, were quite equal to the Welsh pair. Scotland ran up the big score of 18 points before Wales replied. The visitors scored twice just before the finish, and the final score was three goals and a try to a goal and a try in favour of Scotland. On the same day England succumbed to Ireland at Dublin. It was hoped that with the weak spots remedied in the team that opposed Wales England would be a match for their rivals. But these hopes were doomed to disappointment. The match was very keenly contested, and the teams were well matched. The English forwards did well in the tight scrimmages, but in the loose the Irishmen were seen to advantage. The English three-quarters did some clever work, but the halves were certainly inferior to the rival pair.

The final score was two goals (10 points) to a penalty goal and a try (6 points) in favour of Ireland, who therefore defeated the representatives of the Rose for the fifth time in the last six years.

The Association Internationals.

—The three International Association games in which England participates will all be played in March. The first match is England *v.* Ireland, on Saturday March 9th, at Southampton. England *v.* Wales will be played at Newcastle nine days later, on Monday, March 18th. The England *v.* Scotland match will be played at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, March 30th.

Mr. Charles Whymper's Pictures at Graves' Galleries.—The exhibition of Mr. Charles Whymper's paintings at Messrs. Graves' Galleries, 6, Pall Mall, which was opened early in the month, is one that appeals to both sportsmen and naturalists. It consists of some fifty drawings in oil and water-colour, chiefly of game birds and wild fowl; and the majority of these are not less noteworthy for the proof they afford of the artist's knowledge of wild life at home than for the skill Mr. Whymper displays as a draughtsman and colourist.

Among the several studies of grouse on the walls, "He hears the Hoodie" (No. 40) perhaps most strongly commends itself: the attitude of the old cock-grouse as he stands on the hill side is perfect, and equally good are the modelling and plumage. "Christmas on the Moors" (No. 10) is a snow-bound landscape, showing well-placed butts on and about which grouse perch with the unconcern born of safety. Mr. Whymper's pheasant pictures are numerous, and the task of selecting any as specially deserving of praise is no easy one. "After Dinner rest a while"

(No. 4), a cock-pheasant crouching near undergrowth; "Study of Hen Pheasant on Nest" (No. 15), "The Beaters are Coming" (No. 14), and "A Wary Old Bird" (No. 41), all stick vividly in the mind as clever and closely accurate studies of the pheasant under various conditions. The last mentioned is as happily named as it is cleverly drawn; "wariness" is expressed in every line of the old cock-pheasant standing motionless in the leafless covert. Of the partridge studies perhaps "Partridges calling in the Evening" (No. 36) owes its prominent place in our recollection for its artistic qualities; the bird on the hillside beautifully outlined against the evening sky. This is a charming picture; its delicate harmonies of colour are a pleasure to the eye. No. 34, "There's Danger in the Air," shows a covey under very different circumstances: the red flag of a beater shows over the brow of the slope, and the pose of the bird in the foreground, disturbed in his siesta, tell that in another moment he will be on the wing.

There are two works which possess the interest of dual workmanship; we refer to Nos. 13 and 24, studies of stags which are the joint work of the famous Joseph Wolf, who died about a year since, and of Mr. Whymper, who it may be mentioned, was one of the pupils of that master of his craft. "A Three-cornered Duel" (No. 13) shows three stags, one followed by his harem, meeting over a pool; the attitude of each is characteristic and distinct, and the picture forms an admirable study of bellicose stags from three different points of view. The other, No. 24, shows "A Real Big Stag" carrying a splendid head, at rest, and facing the spectator. No. 7, "Hare in

her form" is one of Mr. Whympers most successful efforts; and though the game preserver views it from no friendly stand-point, he will not fail to admire No. 33, "A Wild Cat" hesitating to yield to the temptation of a dead lark hung over the trap whose teeth just appear above the snow: this picture is remarkable for the artistic skill wherewith the form and colouring of the cat are merged in the surrounding gloom. "Grey and Golden Plover" (No. 16) is a capital study of two familiar "sundries": "Curlews and Nest" (No. 35) is more ambitious, and arrests attention by reason of the peculiarly appropriate landscape background, half swathed in mist, so subtly painted that it invests the whole with a sense of pervading damp. Of the purely ornithological works, space restricts us to mention of two: No. 8, a Snowy Owl "floating o'er a frozen sea," a most admirable little piece of work in the success with which the silent movement of the bird is conveyed; and No. 38, "The Eagle," which, regarded as a study of bird life, we are inclined to hold the gem of an excellent and most interesting collection.

Golf.—In the golfing community there is a strong and widespread opinion that the new rules of the game stand in need of revision. This opinion arises not from hostility to the general tenor of the new rules nor from disloyalty to those who framed them. On the contrary, there is a lively sense of indebtedness to the Rules of Golf Committee for their labours and a desire to encourage them and a general admission that the new rules mark a great advance in the history of the game. The position taken is that experience has proved the rules capable of improvement,

and that it is a more convenient course that the Committee instead of struggling with a mass of importunate queries on points of interpretation, should undertake a revision, less of a general character than with a view to greater clearness of statement and intention and a better system of grouping.

The Parliamentary Handicap of last year has after many delays been decided, the place of honour going to Mr. A. J. Robertson of the Press Gallery. The final match between Mr. Robertson and Mr. H. Seton-Karr, the member for St. Helen's, was played at Mitcham in a fierce storm of wind and rain, and while the standard of play was low the contest was keen, for at the end of the first round the match stood all even, and in the afternoon Mr. Robertson only won by 2 up and 1 to play. The delay in deciding the tournament on this occasion is likely to lead to changes in the arrangements for the future. Various suggestions are put forward. One is to extend the scope of the preliminary Bogey Competition and thus reduce the number of single matches to be played in the subsequent tournament, and another is to fix a limit of time for the matches. The interest taken in the fixture is as great as ever, and as the General Election has increased very considerably the number of Parliamentary Golfers, there is likely to be a record entry this year.

Fancy Dress Balls at the Opera House.—Quite a feature of the winter season in London is the series of fancy-dress balls which take place every fortnight at Covent Garden. Organised by the late Sir Augustus Harris, they are now under the direction of Messrs. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth, whose names have

in recent summers been so prominently associated with the Opera season at Covent Garden. The management is this winter hampered to some extent for room, as alterations to the stage have limited to the front of the house the space available for the balls, whereas in former years the entire area of the building was open, and the space ordinarily devoted to the stage and "behind the scenes" during the opera season became for the occasion an extensive lounge for "sitting out" within reach of refreshments.

The present accommodation, stopping short as it does at the proscenium, leaves the same amount of space as formerly for dancing, but upon crowded occasions, such as the ball upon last New Year's Eve, there is not too much elbow room. However, that is no hindrance to merriment, in fact, we doubt if there has ever been a more cheery gathering than the one which welcomed with enthusiasm the advent of the New Year.

After a lapse during the sadness of the early weeks of the year, the series of dances was resumed again on February 8th, when blacks and whites predominated amongst the dresses, and the two chief prizes were carried off by ladies whose ingenious costumes referred to the accession of the King.

Miss Roche, who has so often won the first prize at these meetings, had to be content upon this occasion with third prize for a suggested costume for the African Police.

Madame Vernon appears to be the most successful designer of fancy dresses, whilst Mr. Clarkson is always well to the fore. The music provided by Dan Godfrey's celebrated band is one of the best features of an excel-

lent entertainment, and we would recommend those critics who have asserted that the Bal Masqué could never be popular in England to go and see for themselves how cheery a crowd assembles at Covent Garden.

"The Awakening" at St. James' Theatre.—It would appear that Mr. George Alexander has scored another distinct success at his fortunate little theatre in King Street. He certainly approaches any fresh venture with much in his favour. His own personal popularity with the play-going public counts for much, and he has had the sound judgment to enlist the support and assistance of artistes of marked ability, so that if he can but select a play of interest, and if possible merit, he has little to fear in an ordinary way from a first night. Probably, from a managerial point of view, the best test of the success of a production is to be found in the box-office figures, and we are told that in the present case the booking for the early nights of "The Awakening" has surpassed all records in the history of St. James' Theatre since its re-building.

For ourselves we feel a certain diffidence in expressing our opinion that "The Awakening" falls far short of being a good play, because we think it is probably a better play than we ourselves could write; but Dr. Johnson has spoken words of encouragement to the conscientious critic when he explained that although he did not profess to be a carpenter he nevertheless felt himself fully qualified to express an opinion as to whether a table or chair were made well or ill. We cannot help feeling that in this production the author owes a larger debt of gratitude to the Company than do the Company to the author. We were

grateful to Mr. Haddon Chambers for "The Idler," and encouraged by the charm of "The Tyranny of Tears." We looked forward eagerly to "The Awakening," and we are disappointed.

From time to time successful plays have been made the subject of successful burlesque, and should the success of "The Awakening" earn this compliment, there is ample material for burlesque in the story of Jim Trower, although none but the most ill-natured would suggest that little alteration in the book would be necessary.

The character of Jim Trower, "the Juggernaut in trousers so far as women are concerned," is a quaint conception. His occupation, we are given to understand, is the Foreign Office, but our relations with Foreign Powers apparently continue to be so friendly that this remarkable man is able to devote all his time and energies to his more than friendly relations with any lady who is unfortunate enough to cross his path.

A man of courage is this, for he seeks to shroud his intrigues beneath no flimsy veil of attempted secrecy, and when a woman more decent than the rest "*una de multis face nuptiali digna*" rebukes him for his treatment of other women, his responsive philanderings with her palm give her "quite a creepy feeling," as she expresses it.

The time-honoured sentence on such an offender is duly passed by Mr. Haddon Chambers upon James Trower. The punishment fits the crime, and the deceiver, bored with his successes with married women, and somewhat scared by the sudden death of a wronged husband, and the immediate demands of the widow for the tardy blessing of the Church upon their amours, is doomed to lose his heart to a charming young lady, all sentiment, innocence, and jealousy.

From the moment that Trower comes into the life of poor Miss Olive Laurence, she can know no further peace, and the disappointed widow makes a call upon her unsophisticated rival, when in a few minutes she makes her unfortunate hostess years older in every way. Although Miss Olive is terribly shocked at the character of her lover, she relents at the end of Act IV. and agrees to marry Juggernaut.

We hope that the author will one day gratify us with a sequel to "The Awakening"; such a work should be full of possibilities and interest. For the ladies who support Mr. Alexander we have nothing but praise. It is difficult to say who is most deserving of notice: Miss Fay Davis, the *ingenue*; Miss Gertrude Kingston, the discarded; or Miss Granville as Miss Prescott, who lends a helping hand to all, and has the good sense to avoid "the Trower trap" and to marry Lord Reggie Dugdale, admirably played by Mr. H. B. Irving, who has far too little to do.

We regret that the exigencies of space forbid our dealing more fully with this interesting production.

The Skiff Racing Association.—The proposal to form an Association to govern the now popular sport of skiff racing having met with general approval, the new body has been formerly inaugurated under the title of the Skiff Racing Association. At a meeting held in London on Feb. 6th, the rules of the new Association were drafted and passed for the approval of the Amateur Rowing Association. The rules provide for the affiliation of clubs and regattas, devote wholly or in part to skiff rowing and skiff racing, with a committee of management of twelve

members, six to retire annually. The definition of an amateur will be that of the Amateur Rowing Association for men. For women, it was decided that employment for wages in any menial duty would disqualify. Generally, the rules are on much the same lines as those of the A. R. A. The following gentlemen were elected by ballot to serve on the committee for the first year:—Messrs. H. P. Brown (Cookham Regatta), W. Creswick (Thames Ditton R. C.), A. Davis (Bourne End Regatta), G. J. Davis (Twickenham R. C.), H. G. Hale (Staines B. C.), F. W. Hancock (Skiff Club), F. S. Lowe (London R. C.), E. D. L. Osborne (Teddington Reach Aquatic Sports), J. H. Stebbing (Skiff Club), C. E. Thomas (Skiff Club), J. W. Turrill (Windsor and Eton Regatta), and E. W. Wallington (Wargrave Regatta).

Horses for South Africa.—

The new Secretary of State for War has shown himself alive to at least one of the shortcomings in the management of remount supplies. Recognising the absolute necessity for giving horses time to recruit after a long sea voyage, he has endeavoured to land remounts at the Cape a clear month before they are actually required to take their places in the ranks. Between 1st October and 1st February, 21,800 horses had been landed in South Africa in response to Lord Kitchener's call, and by 14th February 8,500 more were on their way. In the meantime, Lord Kitchener had put in operation the eminently practical plan which Sir H. Meysey Thompson has since suggested,

namely, to make compulsory purchase of all the useful horses and mules he could find within the disturbed areas; whereby he has collected 13,000 horses and 4,000 mules, many of which must otherwise have been seized by the enemy. No doubt it is largely due to this wise policy that we hear of the Boers being reduced to mount themselves on donkeys.

John Roberts in India.—The famous billiard player opened his Indian tour at Madras, on 22nd January. His difficulty must be to find opponents worthy of his steel or cue; Madras furnished him with a plucky foe in the person of Mr. C. Kiernandier, who received 700 points in a game of 1000, and whose score stood at 840 at the finish. Roberts started with a break of 189, and followed with another of 154. Having disposed of his adversary, he gave the audience a greatly appreciated exhibition of trick shots.

"Taxes" in Uganda.—The collection of the King's revenues in Uganda must be a more exciting occupation for the authorities than the same business in more civilised parts of the Empire. The natives have been paying their dues loyally, but the regulations, necessarily elastic in a country where coin is as yet little used, allow payment in kind; whereby the Uganda Treasury at Port Alice has been enriched by, among other items, five elephants, a zebra, twenty chimpanzees, several wart hogs—ugliest of the porcine race—water buck, porcupines, snakes, cranes, and an assortment of monkeys!

Sporting Intelligence.

[During January—February, 1901.]

WHILE hunting his own hounds, the Berks and Bucks Harriers, near Wooburn, on January 18th, Mr. P. G. Barthropp had a bad fall over wire; his horse turned a somersault over him, and Mr. Barthropp sustained slight concussion and severe injuries to his leg.

The sale of the late Lord William Beresford's horses was conducted at Newmarket by Messrs. Tattersall on January 23rd. Forty lots realised 19,489 guineas. Caiman made 2,500 gs. from R. Marsh; Jolly Tar sold to Mr. W. G. Singer at 2,200 gs.; Mr. Ernest Dresden gave 1,500 gs. for Nahlband, and 860 gs. for Moor-sprite. Mr. J. B. Joel purchased Democrat at 910 gs., and 1,300 gs. for Alien; Mr. John Porter gave 1,059 gs. for Loveite for her racing career up to four years, when she must be returned to the Earl of Rosebery.

On the same day the stud of Mr. Abe Baily was sold, and some good prices were obtained. Of the horses in training, the best figure was 3,000 gs. for The Raft, knocked down to Mr. John Porter; Mr. P. Gilpin gave 1,350 gs. for Mount Prospect, and Mr. J. H. Peard secured Chesney at 1,000 gs., and Wootton Wood at 600 gs. The beautiful Isonomy mare, Mary Seaton, in foal to Florizel II., went to Mr. J. E. Platt at 4,300 gs.

The trotters, harness horses, and hunters, the property of the late Lord William Beresford, were placed under the hammer by Messrs. Tattersall, Albert Gate, on January 28th. The best price obtained was 500 gs. for Piloteer, a grey gelding, winner of the Richmond Champion Cup for pace and action in 1899 and many other prizes, sold to Mr. Harry Sims. The Duke of Westminster gave 400 gs. for Harry, a bay gelding, and winner of a match from London to Brighton. Nine horses made an aggregate of 1,443 gs.

On January 28th, Mr. W. A. Pochin, of Edmonthorpe Hall, near Oakham, passed away at the age of eighty-one years. Mr. Pochin, who had been in his time a great fox-hunter, was the owner of two historical coverts, Barkby Holt in the Quorn, and Woodwell Head in the Cottesmore country.

Major John P. Traherne, an ardent fisherman, as well as a great authority on angling, died at Whitehall Court on January 28th, after a short illness.

The Rev. G. Bourne, canon of Gloucester, died suddenly on January 31st, in his eightieth year. Canon Bourne rowed

in the Eton eight of 1840 and 1841, and going up to Oxford, rowed No. 5 in the University eight against Cambridge in 1842, the last time the race was rowed from Westminster to Putney. In the following year Mr. Bourne was one of the "seven-oared" crew which won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley, having lost the services of their stroke, F. N. Menzies, through illness.

On January 31st there passed away, at his residence Great Yarmouth, Mr. Richard Fielding Harmer, aged seventy-seven years. For over half a century a great wildfowler and naturalist, Mr. Harmer was as a young man keen to hounds and an excellent game shot.

One of the oldest members of the Belvoir Hunt, Mr. John Nickolls, died on Sunday, February 3rd at Sleaford. Mr. Nickolls, who had followed the hounds for some fifty-five years, had attended the memorial service on the previous day.

Mr. Vernon Francis Drew, an undergraduate of Merton College, Oxford, died while at athletic practice on the O.U.A.C. ground on February 4th. The deceased had partaken of a hearty lunch prior to turning out for practice.

The Earl of Galloway died at Cumlodon, near Newton Stewart, on February 7th, in his sixty-sixth year. The deceased was in the eleven when at Harrow.

The following appeared in the *Sportsman* of February 9th:—"Earl Roberts was recently asked whether he, as stated in some of his biographies, was opposed to athletics in his younger days, and, if so, whether he wished it to be interpreted that he was against the encouragement of sport in the army. To the query he has answered: '17, Dorset Street, S.W. Sir,—In reply to your letter, Lord Roberts desires me to say that he strongly approves of outdoor sports and games and played both cricket and football as a boy.—Yours faithfully (signed), H. V. Cowan.'"

The North Cheshire Foxhounds narrowly escaped disaster on February 11th. The meet was at Church Minnull, and during a run from Aston Little Covert, the fox took them on to the Crewe and Warrington Railway. An express train came up and dashed through the pack, but fortunately no hounds were injured.

While Lord Galway's foxhounds were crossing the Great Northern Railway near Mattersey Wood on February 11th, the Scotch express ran into the pack and killed the valuable hound Driver.

There were two accidents with the Bicester foxhounds on February 12th, when Colonel Sawle, of Padbury, met with a nasty fall, breaking his leg; and Mr. James, stud groom to Mr. FitzHugh Whitehouse, broke his collar-bone.

Sir Edward Stafford, G.C.M.G., who was three times premier of New Zealand, died at his residence, 27, Chester Square, on February 14th, aged eighty-two years. Son of the Master of the Louth Foxhounds, the deceased developed very early in life a keen love of sport which he never lost to the end. He went as a young man to Australia, and later to New Zealand, distinguishing himself on innumerable occasions as a rider on the flat and across country.

A good story is being told, says the *Sportsman*, of the King's appearance as a golfer forty-two years ago, when he was a student at Edinburgh High School and University. Tom Browne was the professional, and he was certainly frank in his comments on his Majesty's play. At last he burst out into a more than usually fervent expostulation. "Don't you know," exclaimed Sir James Baird, "whom you are addressing? You are speaking to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales!" "Ah, weel," said the imperturbable Tom, "his Royal Highness maun learn. If he had done that in a match he would have lost." His Majesty laughed heartily at the frank comment.

During a run of the Cattistock Foxhounds, the fox, being hard pressed, leaped from the cliffs at Burton Bradstock, near Bridport, and two of the pack, before they could be prevented, followed its example. The fox was seriously injured, but managed to drag itself to the sea, whereas the two hounds escaped comparatively unhurt, one dislocating its shoulder. The cliff at this point is about 60 ft. or 70 ft. high.

The Master of the Middleton Park Harriers, Westmeath, Mr. G. A. Boyd-Rochfort, has received a presentation of plate and a silver hunting horn from the followers of his hounds on attaining his majority.

A meeting of the members of the North Cotswold Hunt was held at Broadway, when the committee recommended the

election as master of Mr. Charles McNeill, Carlton Curlew Hall, Leicester, to succeed Captain Cyril Stacey, who had resigned. Mr. McNeill was unanimously elected.

The members of the Holderness Hunt have subscribed a testimonial to George Ash, for many years huntsman to the pack. The present consists of a set of silver spoons and forks in an oak case.

With reference to the poisoning of some of the Limerick foxhounds, a man who had been a gamekeeper was detected laying down portions of meat largely impregnated with arsenic. At the local petty sessions the offender was sentenced to two months imprisonment in default of paying a fine of £5.

Mr. William John Banks, for many years known as the father of the East Kent Hunt, died at his residence, Oxney Park, near Dover, aged seventy-eight years. Mr. Banks was an all-round sportsman, a keen angler, a good shot, and a breeder of greyhounds and other sporting dogs. Many years ago he played for the Kent eleven, and also for the Gentlemen of Kent, and was a well-known upholder of the Canterbury week.

The stallion Hamburg, owned by the late Mr. Marcus Daly, has been sold by auction in Madison Square Garden, New York, for £12,000, to Mr. William C. Whitney.

The famous steeplechaser Ilex, winner of the Grand National in 1890, has been shot. Ilex was for a number of years ridden to the West Surrey Staghounds and neighbouring packs.

The German Emperor's bag for 1900 totalled 8,563 head of game of different kinds. Of these 2,750 were pheasants, 346 were hares, 168 boars, 108 rabbits, 105 fallow deer, 37 red deer, 24 small boars, 6 partridges, 4 roebucks, 4 blackcock, 3 foxes, 2 fallow does, and 6 various animals.

Mr. A. Stedall, who is well-known in the racing world, forwarded to Lord Roberts for the widows and orphans of soldiers a cheque for £740 6s. 6d., realised by the sale of seats to view the funeral cortege of the late Queen from the windows of one of his establishments in the West End.

TURF.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—DUNSTALL PARK STEEPLECHASES.

January 22nd. — The Wolverhampton Hurdle Handicap of 183 sovs.: two miles.

Mr. R. Deplidge's ch. g. Gold

Paint, by Oriveto—Enamel, 5 yrs., 10st. 5lb. Mr. J. Sharp 1
Mr. W. Liddell's b. or br. f. Styrienne, 5 yrs., 11st 6lb.

Mr. W. P. Cullen 2
Mr. A. D. Allen's ch. g. Westmoreland, 4 yrs., 10st. 7lb. J. Pearce 3
10 to 1 agst. Gold Paint.

NOTTINGHAM.—FEBRUARY MEETING.

February 4th.—The Nottinghamshire Handicap Steeplechase of 400 sovs.; two miles.

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|---|--------------|---|
| Mr. J. P. Dunne's br. m. Ardgreagh, by Hackler—Ethelreda, 6 yrs., 11st. 6lb. | Mr. Persse | 1 |
| Mr. John Widger's b. g. Duke of Wellington, aged, 12st. 8lb. | | |
| Mr. J. W. Widger | | 2 |
| Mr. Whitehead's br. g. Laplander, aged, 10st. | Mr. R. Payne | 3 |
| 100 to 12 agst. Ardgreagh. | | |

SANDOWN PARK.—FIRST SPRING MEETING.

February 8th.—The Prince of Wales' Steeplechase of 182 sovs.; three and a-half miles.

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|--|---------------|---|
| Colonel H. T. Fenwick's bl. m. Sarah, by Ascetic—Guiding Star, 6 yrs., 9st. 10lb. | Mr. H. Nugent | 1 |
| Captain A. H. Johnstone's ch. f. Cushenden, 6 yrs., 11st. 7lb. | | |
| Mr. G. S. Davies | | 2 |
| Captain E. Loder's Covert Hack, aged, 11st. 5lb. | Anthony | 3 |
| 100 to 14 agst. Sarah. | | |

The St. James' Steeplechase of 183 sovs.; two miles.

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|--|------------|---|
| Mr. H. Hensman's b. g. Shackelford, by Fitzsimon—Fugitive, aged, 12st. 3lb. | Williamson | 1 |
| Mrs. A. Yates' b. g. Crystal Palace, aged, 12st. 3lb. | Dollery | 2 |
| Mr. E. Murray's br. g. Rodbourne, aged, 12st. 3lb. | Birch | 3 |
| 6 to 4 agst. Shackelford. | | |

February 9th.—The Sandown Grand Prize of 410 sovs.; two miles.

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|---|--|---|
| Mr. Spencer Gollon's bl. h. Australian Star, by Australian Peer—Colours, 5 yrs., 11st. 3lb. | | |
| A. Nightingall | | 1 |
| Mr. S. B. Joel's ch. g. Uncle Jack, 6 yrs., 12st. 7lb. | | |
| Mr. F. Hartigan | | 2 |
| Mr. J. H. Locke's b. g. Killycagh, aged, 12st. 2lb. | | |
| Mr. W. Cullen | | 3 |
| 5 to 1 agst. Australian Star. | | |

The February Four-Year-Old Steeplechase of 168 sovs.; two miles.

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|--|----------------|---|
| Mr. F. W. Blenkiron's b. c. Saltator II., by Salisbury—Therese, 11st. | J. Nightingall | 1 |
| Mr. R. W. Brown's ch. c. Domineer, 11st. | R. Scott | 2 |
| Mr. Marske's b. g. George Fordham, 11st. | Speck | 3 |
| 8 to 1 agst. Saltator II. | | |

FOOTBALL.

January 19th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Coventry, former won by 4 goals (one dropped) and two tries to 0.*

January 19th.—At Queen's Club, Old Carthusians v. Old Westminster, former won by 2 goals to 0.†

January 19th.—At Newport, Newport v. Blackheath, former won by 17 points to 3.*

February 4th.—At Tottenham, Oxford University v. Tottenham Hotspur, latter won by 5 goals to 2.†

February 9th.—At Oxford, the University v. Lennox, former won by 5 goals 6 tries to 0.*

February 9th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Blackheath, latter won by 13 points to 8.*

February 9th.—At Inverleith, Edinburgh, Scotland v. Wales, former won by 3 goals 1 try to 1 goal 1 try.*

February 9th.—At Queen's Club, Casuals v. Old Carthusians, former won by 3 goals to 1.*

February 11th.—At Upton, London v. Cambridge University, latter won by 4 goals to 1.‡

February 16th.—At Queen's Club, Oxford v. Cambridge, former won by 3 goals to 2.†

February 16th.—At Belfast, Ireland v. Scotland, latter won by 2 goals to 1.†

February 16th.—At Cardiff, Cardiff v. Blackheath, former won by 33 points to 0.*

* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

TENNIS.

January 19th.—At Princes Club, F. C. Tompkins v. E. Johnson, latter won by 3 sets to 0.

January 26th.—At Brighton, F. C. Tompkins v. E. Johnson, former won by 3 sets to 1.

SHOOTING.

January 21st.—At Monte Carlo, The Grande Poule D'Essai, Signor Querolo won the gold medal with 15, after winning the stake with Mr. Wesky Watson at 14.

January 25th.—At Monte Carlo, the Grand Prix du Casino. M. Guzot won.

February 1st.—At Monte Carlo, the Prix de Monte Carlo. Mr. Mackintosh and M. Nicelle divided first and second.

February 8th.—At Monte Carlo, the Prix de Monaco. Mr. Vernon Barker and M. Paul Lunden owned first and second.

BILLIARDS.

February 12th.—At the Gaiety Restaurant, Mr. C. C. Christey beat Mr. W. S. Jones in the final heat by 195 points, and won the Billiard Association Amateur Championship.

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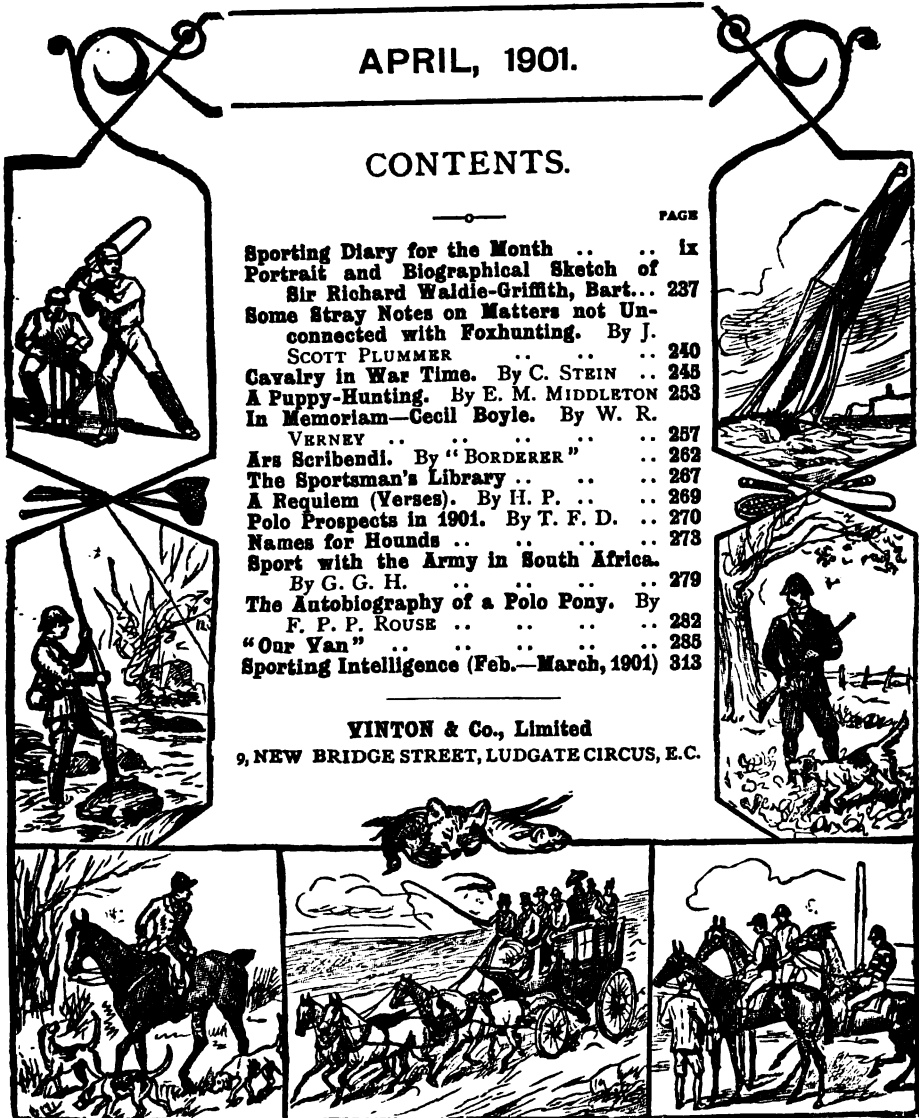
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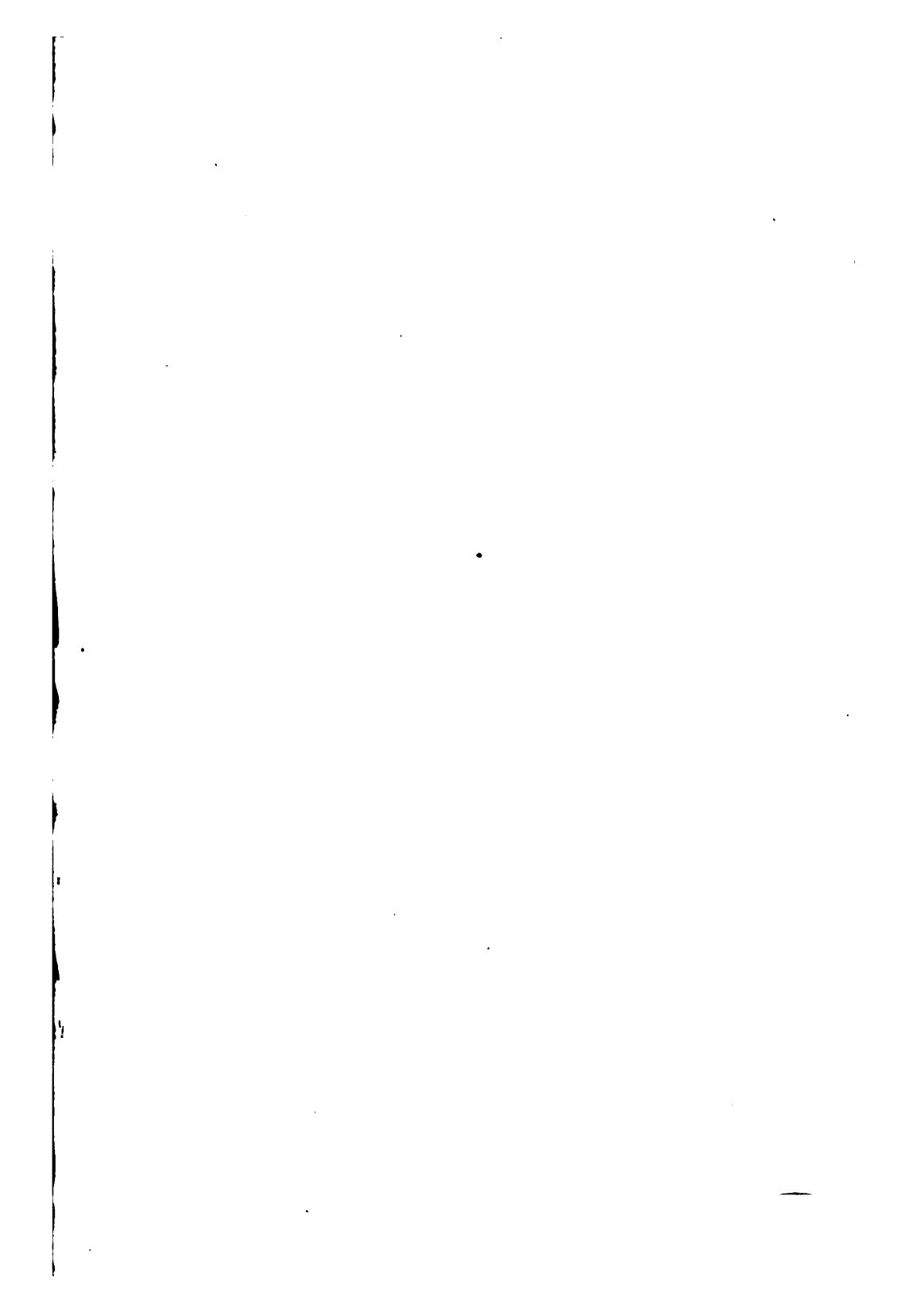
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WITH

Steel engraved portrait of SIR RICHARD WALDIE-GRIFFITH, BART.
Portrait of CECIL BOYLE, Engraving of HOUNDS, &c.

Sir Richard Waldie-Griffith, Bart.

It is a curious fact that although several of our leading owners of racehorses are Scotsmen, like Sir Richard Waldie-Griffith, Sir James Miller (who won the Derby with Sainfoin), Mr. Douglas Baird, Mr. Houldsworth, the Earl of Rosebery, and Sir Frederick Johnstone, their horses are all trained in the South of England, mostly at Newmarket; and although Lord Rosebery sends one or two to run at Musselburgh and Ayr, where the colours of Mr. Douglas Baird and Mr.

Houldsworth are also seen at times, it may be said, speaking generally, that they are "outlanders," so far as racing is concerned. It has been so for more than half a century, as Scotsmen like Ramsay of Barnton, James Merry, Lord John Scott, Lord Glasgow, Mr. Stirling Crawford, and Lord Eglinton all trained south of the Tweed; though Dawson, the father of the four famous brothers who have left their mark on the Turf history of their time, had stables at Gullane,

close to where the Dirleton woods reach down to the Firth of Forth, while the I'Ansons came from Scotland to Yorkshire, bringing with them the Queen Mary strain of blood which has been so invaluable.

Not since then, it may with confidence be asserted, has a good horse been bred and reared in Scotland; but there is ground for hoping that a change may soon come over the spirit of the scene, for Sir Richard Waldie-Griffith, who has for the last few years taken a prominent part in racing, and has had a fair measure of success, has formed a choice stud at his residence near Kelso, and will, no doubt, in time breed there something still better than Vain Duchess, who was so smart a two-year-old, and Veles, who also made his mark at that age. Sir Richard Waldie-Griffith has a very charming place on the banks of the Tweed, just below the town of Kelso, his estate marching with that of the Duke of Roxburghe at Floors; and, though not a very large one it has not suffered that depreciation in value which has affected land in most parts of the kingdom. The border counties have not, as a rule, felt the pinch of agricultural distress to anything like the extent that has been the case further south, and this perhaps is why the relations between landlord and tenant have been exceptionally amicable.

The personal qualities of Sir Richard and his amiable wife will go some way to account for this, so far as Hendersyde is concerned, and there is something peculiarly attractive about the site of the house, which stands upon an eminence overlooking the Tweed, and commanding fine views of the town of Kelso and the distant Eildon hills. The house, not less attractive for its

fine architecture than for its internal comfort, stands in a park of about 150 acres, and the estate is well stocked with game. Just outside the park are the paddocks and the stud-farm, where Sir Richard has now a dozen mares which, with anything like luck, will breed him some good racehorses.

It was about eight years ago that he began to race, two of his first purchases being *Wedding Bell*, by Hampton—*Sterling Love*, who was bred by Mr. Simons Harrison, and *Sweet Duchess*, a daughter of *Hagioscope* and *Grand Duchess*. It was in 1893 that the former of these won him the New Stakes at Ascot, his first important victory, whilst *Sweet Duchess* was also very useful on the Turf before going to the stud. Since then, Sir Richard has nearly always held a forward place in the list of winning owners; his best year being in 1899, when, thanks to *Vain Duchess*, *Bettyfield*, *Landrail*, *St. Ia*, and several others, he was credited with twenty-seven races worth nearly £15,000; while last season he won about £10,000.

Sir Richard does not hesitate to attribute his success during the last two or three seasons, in some measure at all events, to *Sloan* and *Martin*, as he was one of the first to recognise the advantages of the American style of riding, especially with horses having weak quarters and good shoulders, as the weight is put forward. It so happens that Sir Richard's best animals have been fillies, and so, with *Wedding Bell*, *Sweet Duchess*, *Asterie* (who ran second for the *Cesarewitch* and won the *Manchester November Handicap*), *Velleda* (the dam of *Vatel*, *Velo*, &c.), *Merle* and *Landrail*, he has a select lot of mares to breed from. The stud is under the

management of Chayter, who was for many years with the late Lord Rosslyn, first at Easton and then at Burghley, and he has three or four capital yearlings coming on.

An excellent plan adopted at the Hendersyde Stud is to affix on the near side of the lead-collar of each mare and foal a number corresponding to that on the card, so that visitors who may be going round the paddocks when the stud-groom is absent have no difficulty in identifying each animal.

Fond though he is of racing, Sir Richard is not less devoted to many other forms of sport: to rowing, to fishing, to hunting, to curling, and to shooting, but though he has plenty of game on his own estate, and rents about 4,000 acres besides, it is more for the purpose of entertaining his friends than himself. After leaving Radley, where he first learnt to handle an oar, he distinguished himself at Cambridge, by rowing stroke of the Jesus College eight, and by winning his College Sculls and being unluckily beaten by J. B. Close for the Cambridge University Sculls and the Diamond Sculls at Henley. There hangs on the smoking-room wall at Hendersyde a picture of the old boat belonging to the same college in which his father had rowed bow thirty-one years before. Upon leaving Cambridge, he went into the "Bays," and served with them for seven or eight years, getting his troop and retiring soon after his marriage to a daughter of the late General Irwin.

It would be difficult for the owner of Hendersyde and of the fine stretch of water which extends down the Tweed to the celebrated Sprouston Dub not to be a salmon-fisher, and a visit to the smoking-room at Hendersyde

would bear eloquent testimony to this, as Sir Richard is proud to show a fish of 39lbs., which, together with twelve others of various weights, he caught the same day. On this occasion his father, the late baronet, who was fishing a little way above him, got very few; but on the next day he came down to "The Dub" and secured ten fish, including one of 44lbs. Sir Richard has much to say about the Tweed fisheries, and it is interesting to learn that the heaviest salmon ever taken with rod and line was one of 57½lbs., which was secured by Mr. Arthur Pryor when fishing the Floors water. He is very fond of hunting, and has for several years been Chairman of the Covert Fund Committee of the Buccleuch Hunt, which, as a reference to "Baily's Hunting Directory" will show, is one of the few private packs dating from the year 1827, the country, as now constituted, having existed ever since. It has been the pleasant custom to have a "Hunt meet" at Kelso in the latter part of November, with balls, lawn-meets, &c.; but this was omitted in 1899, as so many families had relatives on the way to South Africa, the Duke of Roxburghe having gone out with the "Blues," and the Duke of Buccleuch having four sons and a son-in-law in South Africa. Sir Richard is, moreover, colonel of the 1st Roxburghe and Selkirk Volunteers, over a thousand strong, and is very proud of the fact that his men won the Minto Cup and the General's Cup.

What with his county and local duties, Sir Richard does not know what it is to have an idle hour, and you cannot fail to bring away from Hendersyde the pleasurable impression of having been the guest of a model sportsman and country gentleman.

Some Stray Notes on Matters not Unconnected with Foxhunting.

I MAY as well begin by stating that this is not an article on the Science of Foxhunting. I think it best to do so at once, for fear some luckless individual, on seeing the heading, should be induced to read it, and having done so, would have good cause to complain that he had been deceived by false pretences.

I have no intention at present to take in hand so difficult a subject as that, to criticise, for instance, the various ways in which hounds are hunted, to express an opinion on such questions as to whether it is better for a huntsman to be noisy or quiet, to hardly ever take his horn from his mouth, and so please one section of critics, or hardly ever take it from its case, and so please another; whether he should go away with half the pack when the fox leaves the covert, or wait for all his hounds; whether he should take out as big a pack as he can, or as small a pack as he can; whether he should try and get home early on a bad scenting day, or persevere till dark; and lastly, whether he should frequently lose his temper for the sake of amusing or possibly annoying, the field, or keep it, and so do neither.

Nor am I going to discuss the merits or demerits of the modern foxhound, to make any remarks on the comparative value of straight legs and good shoulders, to take one side or the other in such well-worn arguments as to the relationship of nose and pace, or the superiority or otherwise of the present English foxhound to his forefathers.

No, I leave all such subjects to those who are much

better able to speak about them with authority than I am; or to that large class of persons whose opinions, rarely founded on knowledge, are always to be had for the asking, if they have not already been bestowed gratuitously.

These are only a few stray notes on much more trivial matters. I suppose it is the fashion in this world to overdo most things, and certainly this is the case as regards hunting literature, and though I must plead guilty at the present moment, I refer more especially to the enormous increase there is nowadays in the accounts of sport with the various packs of hounds in the United Kingdom.

Not only are the columns of the regular sporting papers full of such accounts, but nearly every local paper has its hunting correspondent. It seems almost a pity this should be so, as besides the harm it does in advertising countries, no run is really worth recording unless a very good one, and then the shorter and simpler the account the better. All that is necessary to be known is where the fox was found, what line he took, how the run ended, and if possible the time and distance, but these two latter to be of any value must be absolutely accurate.

I must say I agree with Mr. Thomas Parrington, who when recording in a few lines in his journal a great run he had had with the Cleveland in 1840, adds: "Such a beautiful run needs no embellishment."

But now, with a good number of packs every day's sport is published, whether it has been good, bad, or indifferent, and the

writers seem to be possessed not only of very lively imaginations, but also of rose-coloured magnifying glasses. I suppose most people know the story of the man who, after having had his first week's hunting in the Shires, exclaimed to his friend on reading the sporting correspondent's account of what they had done, "Why, bless my soul! although I did not know it, we seem to have had a very good week after all."

What one may call the up-to-date manner of describing a run, the style that is used for the fashionable countries is quite peculiar, and worth some passing notice.

It is to be found under such headings as "Leaves from a Midland Diary," "A Week in —shire with Stag and Fox," "Hunting Notes," &c. The chief object of many of the writers seems to be to mystify their readers. After getting to the end of one of these articles, I have often wondered whether I have been reading about good sport or bad sport, and I have sometimes even been in doubt, but, of course this was owing to my own stupidity, what sort of sport the writer has been describing. Not much trouble is taken with the names of coverts or places which have been passed during a run, the hounds often are scarcely mentioned, the fox sometimes only in ambiguous terms, a good deal of space is devoted to the performances of the field, and many apologies are tendered for mentioning several persons, especially ladies by name, the writer swearing that it is positively the first and the last time such an offence has been or will be committed by him; the time up to the first check if the pace is good is recorded to a second, but if after

that check the run continues for another half hour or so at a slower pace, little or no notice is taken of it, the correspondent merely remarking that after the first seven minutes and thirty-four seconds "the cream of the thing" was over. When he wishes to be extremely laudatory he calls a run a great and a good run (whatever that may mean), and manages to convey the impression to his readers that he was distinctly in it, or would have been if his horse had stood up. These articles are usually extended to some considerable length, because many matters are introduced full of interest no doubt, but which have about as much to do with hunting as they have with bear baiting, or any other sport.

I said above, that when any of the field was mentioned by name, an apology was tendered for so doing, but I notice that lately this latter practice has been almost entirely given up, and names are scattered broadcast in these accounts. Some of the correspondents, too, are getting quite familiar, and talk of Mr. Thomas Jones or Mr. John Smith not as Mr. T. Jones or Mr. J. Smith, but as Mr. "Tommy" Jones and Mr. "Johnny" Smith, while even ladies appear under such titles as Mrs. "Reggie" Brown or Mrs. "Dicky" Robinson.

Then, besides these regular contributors to the sporting papers, there are the local writers who send occasional Hunting Notes to the local papers, or perhaps to some daily paper. Their style, as a rule, is quite different to that of the regular brigade, and perhaps some of the best examples of it hail from north of the Tweed.

Take, for instance, the following accounts which actually appeared in a well-known Scotch

newspaper, and are by no manner of means unique. I have merely altered the names of the places, &c.

"There was a big field out on Saturday with the — Fox-hounds. Liston surrendered a fit fox, and the hounds forced him at a merry pace over the White Rock, but he was headed. The hounds, which behaved gallantly, got a view of the flying fugitive, and ran him at a rantipaling (?) pace back to the Whins, where after dusting him round they lost the quarry. The master and field then found at Sorbichill, and a long-winded candidate gave the field a grand run to the hills, and after a spanking *détour*, a slight halt ensued. The game quarry, however, put his nose to the hill, which it climbed, and shot over the heights to South Glen, and creeping round a farm mustered courage, and gallantly swept onwards over the splendid hunting ground. He was in no mood to die, and with strong courage, which the field relished, he kept on till scent seemed to baffle the brave hounds, and it was thought reynard was ensconced in a building. Every horseman rejoiced at the grand victory, especially as she was supposed to be a vixen. A fox then met the pack, and was forced from covert, and after a rasping run, the vulp retraced his steps to his native haunts, and as the shades of evening were fading fast, the horn call ended a splendid day's sport."

Here is an account of another day's sport. "The entry has been strengthened by the introduction of a number of young hounds which have been over the hunting grounds in the county. Cubhunting has been engaged in for five weeks, and a number of the young fry have fallen to the

pack. The sport on Tuesday was poor, the Braes was the first covert which gave a whimper, but the specimens evicted were unworthy of the pack." And so on. Later on in this account the writer says: "Another attempt was made to find a fox, but pug was too safely ensconced to sniff the frost," whatever that may mean.

I suppose there is no sport in which people indulge for a greater variety of reasons than fox-hunting; but perhaps the reason that induces more people to hunt than any other is the certainty that they will be able to enjoy a thorough good grumble. There are few occupations so pleasant or so popular as grumbling, and out hunting there is such wide scope for it. Either the country is beastly, or the wire on the increase, or the Master is unpunctual, or the hounds are taken home too early, or the wrong coverts are drawn, or the right ones are drawn the wrong way, or the foxes are too plentiful, or sometimes even too scarce, or the meets are at the wrong places, and at the wrong time, or a hundred other things. And if there is absolutely nothing else left, about which to grumble, of course there is always the huntsman to fall back on who, whatever he does, is naturally in the wrong; in fact, if he was not, he would not be a huntsman.

The people who abuse the country most are divided as a rule into two classes, those who hunt entirely for the sake of riding, and those who hunt for many reasons, but none of them remotely connected with either riding or hunting.

One can see at once why the first class are so particular, as nothing but endless grass and constant flying fences would natu-

rally suit them; the other's predilection for a good country is not so apparent, but I think must arise from pure unselfishness, and a sincere desire to see the jumping brigade enjoy themselves. So particular are some sportsmen as to the country over which they will ride, that I verily believe they would prefer to hack some distance, and see Velvetreen Gorse drawn blank, because it is surrounded by grass, than go to the neighbouring Hold'em Woods with the certainty of finding there because hounds will probably cross some ploughed fields, and may possibly go up a slight hill or two.

By the way, in asking a man his opinion about a particular bit of country, it is always as well to find out first how far it is from his home, and having found that out, you can then fairly judge what his opinion is worth. This is certainly not a case of distance lending enchantment, but one of the nearer, the dearer. It is wonderful how a tract of country which to a stranger's eye appears to consist chiefly of plough, wire and hill, is looked on by an inhabitant in quite a different light, and is invested with virtues which must be hidden, as they certainly are not apparent. The plough, the wire and the hill are somehow all explained away.

How very strange it is that out of the number of people that hunt how few, how very few of them take any real interest in hounds. I always think if one wants to see examples of brave men struggling against adversity—I mean trying to look pleased when they really feel very much bored—take nine hunting men out of ten to spend an hour or two on the flags. One feels so sorry for them, and yet they often will come, because, I suppose, they

think it proper to pretend they like it. But even if looking at hounds in kennel to the majority of people may appear wearisome work, and although it may be a strain on them to get up any interest in Shamrock's shoulders or in Rhapsody's ribs, yet out in the field one would think the hounds would form the chief topic of conversation. Not a bit of it. At the end of a run or during a check, what does one hear? Remarks on the way hounds have hunted, either what a good head they carried over such and such a plough, or why they checked in that grass field, or something of the kind? Oh, no; what one does hear is a good deal about the performances of the riders themselves or their horses, such as "Did you see my little horse jump that fence out of the road?" or "That's a good mover you are on," or "How did you get over that nasty place at the corner of the wood?" or conversation on politics, society, food, dress, the latest scandal, anything you like, but never, or hardly ever, a word about the chief actors in the performance. I beg their pardon, I suppose the huntsman and whippers-in consider themselves the chief actors, or at any rate as sharing with the hounds the honours of the chase.

Talking of hunt servants, I wonder if many people have noticed the extraordinary similarity that there is between them. It is not only that they are very alike in general appearance, but they nearly all have the same manner, the same way of talking, and do everything much in the same way. Of course there are exceptions to every rule, and to this rule I know some very notable exceptions; but I think in nine cases out of ten what may be called this family likeness is so

marked that it can be easily detected by anyone who has any acquaintance with hunt servants as a class. It is especially apparent among whippers-in, as sometimes when a man becomes a huntsman he seems to strike out a line of his own; but even among the majority of them I think it exists. People who visit the Belvoir kennels for the first time say they find it most difficult to distinguish one hound from another, so much are they alike. Now if it was possible to collect all the hunt servants of the United Kingdom together, I am sure, with few exceptions, the same difficulty would arise. I believe if one could trace back their pedigrees to the dark ages of hunting, to the days of the ancient Egyptians, for instance, one would find that they all came originally from the same stock, and have been carefully inbred ever since.

Curiously enough, among masters of hounds there exists, though perhaps less so nowadays than formerly, one common attribute, and that is a limited command of temper and an extensive command of language. This I know is not their fault, but only their misfortune, and is entirely attributable to their surroundings, which is proved by the fact that M.F.H.'s who in private life are the mildest mannered of men, and (like a friend of mine who, after undergoing great vexations, exclaimed, "I shall soon be forced to say 'damnation'") can hardly be induced to swear, when they get into the hunting field are as irritable as a bear with a sore head, and ready at the first opportunity to prove their superiority to any trooper in the choice variety of their vocabulary.

This is by no means wonderful, if one considers for a moment the provocation they receive. Apart

from the ordinary ills their flesh is heir to, such as blank coverts, foxes going the wrong way, hounds kicked, deceptive holloas, a too eager field, &c., whose temper can be expected to be proof against the annoying questions that frequently assail them? A capital way of getting a rise out of a master, as it is invariably successful, is to ride up to him just near the end of a run, when it is a matter of doubt which is going to get the best of it, the fox or the hounds, and ask him where he is going to draw now. And yet I have heard this question asked many a time, and quite innocently too. Unless hounds are going at what our Scotch correspondent would call a "rantipaling" pace, some people, I imagine, must think they are doing nothing. I have been told, though I cannot vouch for the truth of it, that in a certain country in England where the fences are small, but the "field" big, the huntsman, when his hounds come to a check, dares not cast them back, even though he is sure that by so doing they would hit off the fox's line again, so he just gallops on to the next covert with the crowd thundering after him; and this answers the purpose well enough, as most of his followers think they are still pursuing the fox.

As in most other things, so as regards foxhunting, how many people live in the future! Everyone who hunts must know the man who is always intending to do great things next season. He is going to have a lot of horses, live in the centre of the country, and hunt every day of the week; but somehow when the next season arrives he has put off his arrangements for another year; or the man who is never quite happy with the sport taking place

at the time, but is always sure it is going to be very good. Needless to say, it never comes up to his expectations; but no matter, he is a living proof of the line that declares that "hope springs eternal in the human breast."

After all, the great beauty of foxhunting and wherein lies its popularity is that it includes amongst its votaries persons of every class and every taste. I don't suppose that any two men go out to hunt for exactly the same reason. One man goes out to ride, another to watch the hounds working, a third to show off his horse, a fourth to show off his clothes, a fifth to help his digestion, a sixth to see his friends, a seventh to escape from his worries, and so on; and if the rider happens to be a lady, she may even be going out for the one and only purpose of cutting some rival down, though I hope she would spare the said rivals if she succeeded in the first part of the performance, the second or "hanging-up-to-dry" process, or, at any rate, as long as the present riding-habit remains only conspicuous by its almost complete absence.

By the way, why is it that so many women go full speed ahead when they get into either a ploughed field or deep ground, particularly if it lies uphill? They must, as a rule, be very well mounted, otherwise their horses at the end of a fast run over a deep country would usually be in a state of utter collapse, which I am bound to say they, as a rule, are not.

But I am afraid I am treading on dangerous ground, so for fear I should say anything that I might afterwards regret, I will bring these rambling notes to an end, only expressing in conclusion a hope that the great lesson the present war has taught us, namely, the value of mounted men, may be taken to heart by those through whose opposition hunting has been driven out of many districts where once it used to flourish. The more that hunting is encouraged the better, as it not only induces many men to ride who would not otherwise do so, but it improves a country in a way which only those who have lived in a hunting district can thoroughly appreciate.

J. SCOTT PLUMMER.

Cavalry in War Time.

WE have read many despatches from the seat of war, many long letters from newspaper correspondents, and we have been favoured with copious criticism (too often depreciatory) from commentators at home on the work of our cavalry, but little is generally heard or known of the commonplace regimental life of a regiment and the commonplace difficulties

that it encounters in war time. We have now met many returned warriors, most of them in shattered health, we have received letters from others still in the field, we have glanced over private diaries and memoranda, and it may be worth while to record a few facts drawn from real experience which may shed a light on many questions.

We will pass over the voyage to the Cape with its inevitable troubles and casualties. Happy was the transport that had fine weather and in which the men were well rationed and the horses could be occasionally taken out of their stalls and exercised for a short time. We will pass over the landing and the sorting out of stores. We will suppose that the regiment is encamped near the port and is pulling itself together for the tasks that are before it. The first thing to be done is a most thorough and careful inspection of every horse and man, every article of kit. The men and kits are probably all right, though some of the former are not as hard as they might be. But the horses. After three weeks at sea, even under the most favourable conditions, they are terribly out of condition, some legs are very full from long-continued standing in a somewhat cramped space and it is evident that change of scene has put many of them off their feed. Then the change from a cold winter to a semi-tropical summer has suddenly altered their coats, with some influence of course on their general health. Oh, for a quiet fortnight or three weeks in which to get them passably fit and well before the honour of England and the lives of their riders are entrusted to them. But the harsh exigencies of war forbid any repose or period of preparation and (after a couple of days) the regiment is bundled into a troop train and starts for the front.

We cannot help believing that in the immediate movement of our cavalry and artillery after disembarkation a mistake was made. The exigencies of war are no doubt imperious and must be obeyed to a certain extent, but how are they satisfied by sending

mounted corps into the field which are in no real case to act as mounted corps? In everything they are dependent on their horses, and if most of these are in a weakly condition, what is gained by exposing them to trials which they cannot meet and which either destroy them altogether or leave them useless and incapable for an indefinite time? A severe campaign was known to be in prospect, and (though of course it may be said that it is easy to be wise after the event) it has not absolutely appeared that anything would have been lost by conceding a few days for the recuperation of horses. If this had been done, our mounted troops would have been in a condition to act according to the best traditions of their services, instead of always struggling feebly to do work for which they were little capable, disappointing the generals in chief command and mortifying themselves.

Nearly three days in a train, the horses in open cattle trucks, is weary work and little likely to restore the energies lost on board ship. The horses are fed and watered, but of course there is something of a scramble and it is probable that some, at least, among them have suffered a good deal before arrival. But there is no rest, no chance of recuperation, and at once the regiment has a seven hours' march to the place where its presence is required. Tents are pitched and the first night at the seat of war is made less tedious by the many stories of recent battles and skirmishes.

Sunday on active service is far from being a day of rest. Réveille may sound as late as five o'clock, for there is nothing very pressing to be done. The regiment however parades mounted at

six o'clock, horses are linked and the morning service is read by the commanding officer. Then the squadrons separate for various reconnaissances and patrols, and it is late in the afternoon before all are once more back in camp. The next day the severer trials begin. A squadron is to examine a town fifteen miles distant said to be occupied by the enemy, and the other two squadrons are in support. The town is found to be evacuated and there is no fighting, but having started at 5 a.m., the regiment does not return to camp till 9 p.m., horses having been fourteen hours under saddle. On the morrow there is no widely-extended movement, but the following day there is a reconnoitring march of twenty miles covering a front of twelve miles. Towards the evening the corps is concentrated, but it has to bivouac, as the return to camp is impossible and moreover the forward movement may be continued.

It is probable that many of our readers have never bivouacked and may think that, after all, it is no great hardship to do so. No more it is on a fine still night, when the sky is clear overhead; and, wrapped in a cloak with a saddle under his head, a tired man may sleep *al fresco* with considerable comfort. But the weather is not always fine, the sky is not always clear and on the African veldt it is no unusual circumstance for a cold brisk breeze to spring up after nightfall, and this more often than not may develop into a dust storm. Dense masses of red sand come whirling through the air, blotting out every object in thick darkness, and in a moment the minute particles penetrate everywhere. Mouth, eyes, ears, every human crevice, is filled with gritty substances, to get rid of

which afterwards is by no means an easy or rapid process. Fortunately if a thunderstorm with heavy rain does not follow the sand, as is usually the case. If it does, then the sand is turned into red mud and the results of a fall out hunting in a wet ploughed field are nothing to the condition in which the wretched dragoon now finds himself. And if the men are tolerably miserable, in what state are the horses? They are little likely to have profited much by their night's halt.

This is not the record of a particular regiment's doings, so it may be that, on the occasion of a first bivouac, a dust storm may not occur, but in the course of the campaign it may be taken as certain that dust storms were weekly visitors to our troops, if they did not come much more frequently. After a bivouac in the neighbourhood of the enemy there is no prolonged slumber. Every man stands to his arms about 3 or 3.30 and everything is ready for a move at the first streak of daylight. Lucky is it if sufficient dry fuel can be found to prepare some tea or coffee. And this, though apparently a small business, is of very sufficient importance if the men are to be able to begin their day's work fresh and in good heart.

There is a change in the plan of operations. The enemy has shown himself in unexpected strength some 80 or 100 miles distant. The present line of advance, on which our regiment has been acting, is to be given up, and it has to transfer itself by four days' route march to another scene. Marching is weariness of the flesh, but it has one advantage. The hours are regular, and, if there is fatigue, men and horses have a fair allowance of food and sleep. It is generally

understood in ordinary marching at home or abroad that there must be occasional halting days (besides Sundays), but no such consideration has been possible in South Africa. However long a distance may be traversed, there is immediate severe action waiting at the end of it. The enemy has threatened the line of communications, and cavalry with horse artillery must at once move to dislodge them. Now comes the first real engagement. Only a matter of long-range fire perhaps, but several horses and one man are hit, and the young soldiers have the new experience of hearing bullets whistling past their ears. It is fortunate that the enemy do not fight stubbornly for their position, for the movement against them has been necessarily so rapid that the small-arm ammunition cart and the water-cart have been left behind. The day is scorchingly hot, and the men are suffering from thirst. For long hours, too, it has been impossible to give the horses a drink. Altogether a very trying day. Night comes at last, however, and a bivouac is established; some rough food is procured, and blessed sleep follows.

The want of water for horses has been mentioned, and no one who has not had the experience knows what this means on a campaign. Nothing, not even the want of regular feeding, tells upon the condition of horses so much as the want of water or the use of a contaminated supply. In an arid country like South Africa, it is of course inevitable that opportunities of watering horses should be few and far between, but certainly on many occasions there was a lack of care in managing the water supply that was available. There is an old and well-known camp regulation, when

many troops are massed together, that the upper waters of a running stream should be used for drinking water by men, below that there should be a space where animals can satisfy their thirst, and that all washing should be carried out lower still. In South Africa, possibly from quite unavoidable circumstances, this regulation has not always been enforced, and washing with soap has been done higher up a river than the drinking-place for horses. The consequence has been that the water has been so foul and contaminated that animals would not drink it, at least as freely and in such satisfying quantities as was necessary to their constitution.

Again, all available forces are drawn together, for a great action is impending. We shall not enter upon the general doings of all arms, but follow the duties of our regiment. The horses have been fed later in the evening, for there may be no chance of doing so for many hours. The regiment is on parade at midnight, and at 1 a.m., in pitch darkness, it moves off, following an infantry column. The men are leading their horses, partly to spare them and partly because the ground is too rough for riding where nothing can be seen.

A position is at last taken up, and daylight is anxiously awaited. With the first dim light of dawn heavy firing breaks out on our flank, and it becomes necessary to fill up a gap in the general line. Two squadrons are at once pushed forward dismounted, and find themselves within a few hundred yards of the enemy's entrenchments. The men take what cover they can find, and are allowed to begin slow independent firing, but the officers are still able to maintain some control,

and no ammunition is wasted. A battery of horse artillery is in action on a ridge behind them, and the shells pass shrieking over their heads. The sun rises higher and higher in the heavens and beats down in power on the backs and necks of the soldiers as they remain prone upon the earth. Little by little the men creep forward, and their stinging fire has a marked effect in keeping the foe opposed to them comparatively harmless, while the regimental machine gun has been able to establish itself so as to pour out effective showers of lead at intervals. Some poor fellows are seen to crawl away to the rear, sorely hurt, while others remain silent and motionless on the spot where death has found them. Hour after hour goes by, and still, parched with thirst, cramped with long lying and creeping, the dragoons are straining their eyes, trying to see some definite mark for their carbines. But for long there is no change. Messengers are sent back to ask for supports, but one or two are hit in crossing the fire-swept zone, and it is evident that there is nothing for it but stern, determined endurance. The afternoon comes, and with it some relief. The firing dies away on both sides. New dispositions are made, and at last the two squadrons can retire, but first they perform the sad duty of giving rude burial to comrades who will sit in saddle no more. They have been engaged from six in the morning till four in the afternoon, and this is the work that may not infrequently be required from cavalry in a modern battle!

Needless and tedious to recount the reconnaissances, patrols, bivouacs, skirmishes that follow in long succession. Enough to say that every day's work is hard, but that on some days it is harder

than on others. Let us look at the net result on the horses after being a little more than a month in the country. Out of an establishment of 506, 173 have left the ranks, of which very, very few will ever again be fit for service. And, though shot and shell have taken their toll, the greater proportion of the loss is due to over-fatigue and insufficient and unsuitable food and water. And there has been no lack of care and attention. In all the corps of which we have indisputably accurate details, the stable duties were, as far as circumstances would permit, accurately carried out exactly as they would have been in the most comfortable barracks in England; each horse was minutely inspected at least once daily, nothing that foresight could suggest was overlooked, legs were hand-rubbed, and the few resources for stimulating appetite and securing nourishment were zealously used.

And here is manifest one of the greatest faults in the class of horses on which English cavalry are generally mounted. They have, when they are in condition, many undeniably good qualities; but, both congenitally and on account of their pampered existence at home, they are so delicate that they demand endless attentions which would not be required by a hardier race. On service, a trooper should not require any very special attention except with regard to its back, and its appetite should be so healthy that it will eat anything that is available at whatever time the food may be offered.

We have been talking a good deal about the food of the horses. How are the officers and men fed? Of course the well-provided regimental mess of home service is only a matter of

memory. Except in a permanent camp, and that is necessarily only for a comparatively short time, there is no regimental mess. The officers of a particular squadron generally feed together, and, more often than not, their food is confined to their rations of meat and bread stuff, which they receive in common with the rank and file. Each regiment has its own small supplies of luxuries (what most people in England would call the necessities of life) for officers and men, and these accompany it or are forwarded to it whenever opportunity permits, but it may be taken for granted that, on most days during a campaign, the officers "eat to live," they do not by any means "live to eat." An intelligent officer's servant is told off to cook for the officers of a squadron, and, though he may manage to grill or stew the rations of trek ox after a fashion, to heat up some preserved soup, or even to make some tea or coffee in a camp-kettle, his best efforts do not prove him to be a *cordon bleu*.

There is a great outcry among some would-be army reformers about the luxury of our officers' manner of life at home. This outcry is little to be justified at any time, even in the most luxurious messes; but certainly on service, and many of our officers manage to see a good deal of service, the average of plain living is very amply restored, and we think that many fluent reformers would be very loth to live in company with our cavalry officers upon active-service rations for a month. With regard to the rank and file, we rather fancy that, though they have quite sufficient hardships, they are not comparatively quite as badly off as the officers. They have the same cooks as they have had in barracks, and every effort is made to keep them properly

supplied. It is the officer's duty to see that his men have all possible supplies, and, in the English army, this duty is most scrupulously performed. With regard to his own wants, he has no one to depend upon but himself, and he has little spare time in which to think about his comforts.

We have said that we will not follow for a considerable time the details of each day's work, but we may pass to a great cavalry movement, and the trials and losses that it entailed. Again we will not particularise the operation or the individual corps whose experiences we may cite. As supply depôts are to be left behind for a time, each horseman takes with him 150 rounds of ammunition, a day's rations for himself, and a day's forage for his horse. In the squadron carts are two days' forage, two days' rations, with some biscuit and groceries. Guns, cavalry, and mounted infantry pour over the vast plains, and, many though they really are, they seem lost in their far-spreading surroundings. Every mile of their advance is watched closely by the enemy's scouts, and at every favourable position they meet resistance. Now the crossing of a river has to be secured, now a kopje must be assailed and cleared, and now batteries must come into action to shell some force that is too strong to be dislodged by dismounted men alone. Practically for seventeen days the marching and fighting are continuous, with no respite for man or horse. There is, of course, no shelter at night, and long-continued rain is not uncommon. There can be no issue of rations during most of the time, and none of forage. Fortunately for the men, some live stock are captured, and there is

an ample supply of meat; but of the other matters that go to make the humblest of meals there is nothing. The wretched horses maintain their existence by the scanty grazing that they can pick up, and such chance food as good fortune throws in their way. And the results are terrible. After the third day, in one corps 63 horses have knocked up, of which 21 are actually dead, and most of the others will never do another day's soldiering. And at the end of the long-continued trial only 160 horses are available out of 385 that started little more than a fortnight earlier.

And why has there been this enormous waste? The work has been terribly severe, but this in itself is insufficient to account for cavalry horses collapsing so completely. There can be no doubt what are the real reasons. (1) Our horses are of an indifferent stamp, lacking in breeding, not hardy by nature, and made still more soft and delicate by the treatment which they have received ever since they have been in the service. (2) In South Africa they never had a reasonably fair chance. They were hurried into the field when they were in the worst possible condition, and were put to the severest toil before they were fit to do anything but the mildest exercise. Even the strongest and hardiest breeds of animals might be excused if they had broken down under the circumstances. (3) They had exceptional hardships in having deficient food, and very often an extremely bad water-supply. (4) The weight that they were called upon to carry was excessive. Including food for man and horse, ammunition, cloak, blanket, water-proof sheet, arms and saddlery, every horse carried about 8 stone besides its rider. And it is very

difficult to see where this load could be reduced. There is not anything that is not of absolute necessity. Possibly the weight of the saddlery might be lessened, but this is doubtful, for we might then get articles that would not stand the wear and tear of service. There seem to be only two alternatives; either we must have a number of spare horses, such as have our present enemies the Boers, or we must have two or three light two-wheeled carts attached to each squadron, which are able to accompany it wherever it goes, and into which can be put food, forage, blankets, water-proof sheets, &c., such matters as are not immediately necessary, but are required at a halt. And even this last, which may be the most practical solution of the difficulty, has many drawbacks—for instance, at the close of a day's work, a large proportion of men and horses must certainly remain on picquet and outpost duty, even if they are not altogether detached. How are they to have their necessary coverings and food, if, as must necessarily generally happen, they are not within easy reach of their squadron carts? And again, it may well happen that a horse may break down, or a man may have some accident which makes him quit his corps. How is he to pass the night if he has no food, no covering actually in his personal possession? The whole subject is full of pitfalls, and he will be a very clever man indeed who will be able to re-equip our cavalry in such a manner as to avoid them.

But if horses are lost, remounts are pouring in to supply deficiencies, Argentines, Indian country-breds, English horses, &c., and most commanding officers of regiments ask that they may have the Indian country-

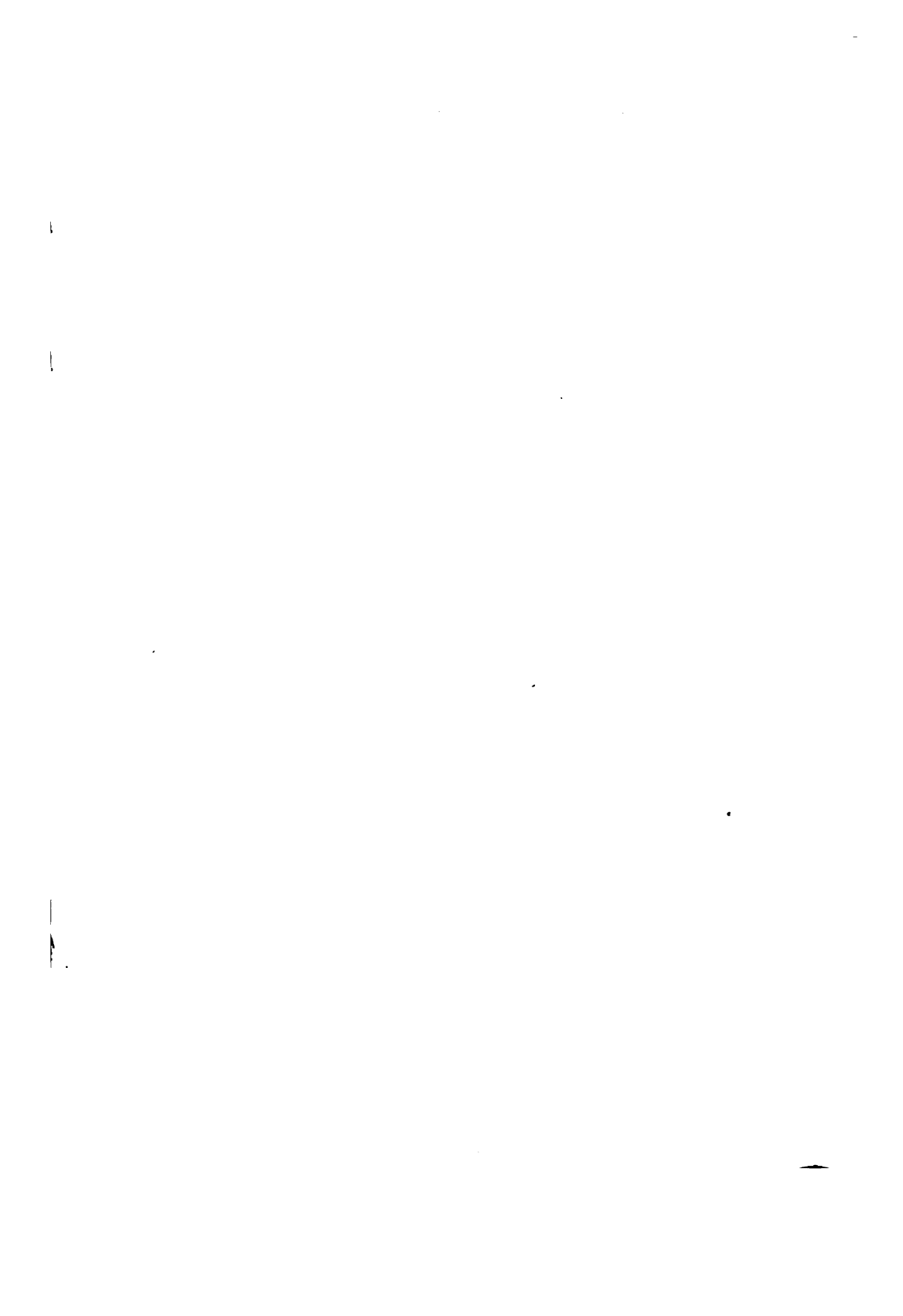
breeds, though of course all cannot be supplied with them according to their wants. Good and desirable as many of the remounts are which arrive at the front, they all are suffering from the same misfortunes as attended the troopers that accompanied the regiments from England. They have all been hurried into the field immediately after disembarkation, before they were in any way fit to stand hard work and to face exposure with scanty rations. They can only die exhausted and worn-out after a very few weeks of campaigning. And very few of the remounts have the size and framework of the big English horses. The consequence is that the available saddles are much too big for them, and it is almost impossible to guard against sore backs. It is pretty certain that our cavalry saddlery must be revised in the near future, and, when this is done, it is to be hoped that some form of saddle-tree may be found that can be expanded or contracted according to the size of the horse which is to be fitted. We must be prepared for all the emergencies of war, and the possible necessity of equipping any available animals with the saddles of dead or cast horses has never yet been sufficiently considered.

How many lessons in tactics have been taught to our cavalry by the stern experience of war! It is not that the lessons taught in our text books have lost their value. In principle all our old rules are perfectly correct, but in modern war such a vast space has to be covered that many modifications in practice must be introduced if, particularly in advanced guard and reconnoitring duties, the work is to be done with any smoothness and rapidity. This is

not the place in which to enter upon the subject, but, if it should unhappily occur that our cavalry have to meet that of any other modern army in the field, we may be certain that South African experience will be found to have given to our officers and men a degree of vigour, dash and self-confidence which will be very surprising to their opponents.

It may be thought that after a long succession of hardship and exposure in rude bivouacs, dust storms, torrential rains and constant encounters with an active enemy, there would be a falling off in the personal spruceness which is the especial characteristic of our mounted services. But this is far from having been the case. Cheeks are as clean shaved, accuracy of turn-out is as careful as ever, and on every opportunity there is a general polishing up and a putting of all equipment to rights. The khaki may be far from spotless, and there may be many patches in war-worn garments, but the smart corps of old is the smart corps still. As the campaign wears on, what a change has passed over the ranks of the regiment; how many officers and men have passed away from life, how many more have been sent back to their native land, maimed in limb or shattered in constitution! The service of England cannot be carried out without terrible sacrifices. And who would recognise the burly, fresh-looking dragoons who appeared on the last parade in England, in the gaunt thin men with lined faces and frosted hair who are doing their duty on the African veldt? Such as they are, they are the pick and cream of the world's cavalry soldiers, and England may be proud of them.

C. STEIN.





"HEADS UP AND TONGUES GOING."

After a picture by B. Marshall.

A Puppy-Hunting.

In days when growlers vow that hunting is galloping to its grave, when countries are forced to start wire funds, and subscribe heavily for damage to poultry-keepers, it is refreshing to learn that there are parts of England's North Countree wherein the game old spirit is yet alive, and that the M. F. H. who hunts a country, his field and neighbours generally, are all of one and good accord as to the promotion of that Sport of Kings. "And what sport it is, and what a science too!"

Few of those even who enjoy the gallops—the fine spread of landscape o'er-swept, the sympathetic and "alive" vehicle that shares the pleasure, the clean sweet air, the pleasant society of all classes that they meet in the hunting field—realise what the proper up-keep and maintenance of a pack of fox-hounds really entails upon its owner. A pack like our own, for instance, of well on to 150 years' life, what heed and trouble, what thought, and experience rightly used—not to speak of time and cash—it has demanded and represents!

Hounds are not machines, electrical or steam-driven, to be wound up and go by rule for the public following; they are living individuals, with separate and special characters, of diverse qualities and gifts; their virtues have to be bred in, their faults bred out, till, as near as possible, the perfect actor for his stage stands ready:—nose, tongue, pace; constitution, drive, steadiness, courage—all are needful to each and every hound in the pack; and when you think that about seven years is the limit of a hound's working life, you realise that, so far as time limit goes, it is indeed

a case of *multum in parvo*. And the "galloping snob," or the giddy and irresponsible damsel, who kicks in the rib, or smashes the limb of its master's favourite hound, does a great deal worse than kill a dog.

Then, when your kennel is full of the right sort, it is no easy seeking to find the right leader. Your perfect huntsman, in sympathy with his pack; bold and patient, cunning and keen, quiet, letting his hounds alone to carry out the guiding of instinct, stronger and surer than any taught wiles—ready to encourage, chary of chiding, prompt and resourceful:—resolute, with the drive and courage of his own pack—what a jewel is he! The man, also, who can direct his subordinates kindly, if firmly; not rough of speech, nagging or overbearing in manner—no tyrant, but a true leader of men. With his field, pleasant and cheery; courteous ever, but ready with respectful deprecation for the officious and meddling—punctual, persuasive, and, most important, sober of habit and sound of constitution.

Such a man as described does not find it difficult to get good subordinates. I hold, however, that both huntsman and whips should be reared to remember that horses are not bicycles, nor motors, but, like hounds, should be always considerately treated, and remembered as living entities, during the best run ever enjoyed.

Well known among the difficulties of hound-rearing (and they are many) is the fell disease—dis temper, which, some seasons, carries off the pick of your puppy-pack, and reduces what promised to be a good entry into something mediocre indeed.

There is little doubt that a kennel can be impregnated with distemper, and I have heard an observant M. F. H. say that, for this and another reason, he would seriously consider whether it were wisdom to build a permanent hound-kennel, and not rather make some arrangement whereby the destruction of old buildings might be achieved at small cost, new ones inexpensively erected, and the site from time to time moved elsewhere. Because, too (and herein lies the other reason), it is an undoubted fact that when puppies are bred year by year on the same soil, within comparatively narrow limits and surroundings, the ground, as is indeed the case with other animals, becomes stale. With horses this has been much observed, and I know the wild deer, roe and red, suffer at once from contracted habitat—a fact also noticed with hares in a walled park, or rabbits in a warren. So young stock degenerates, losing both in size and stamina.

The Master of a certain northern pack of fox-hounds felt this very keenly, and, profiting by the excellent sporting spirit and good feeling in his hunting district, invited individuals to take in an old lady-hound in whelp, that her puppies might be born away from home, and spend the early flop-and-roll stage of their lives in "pastures new." The appeal met with handsome response, and many families were born afield, and, reaching a certain age, were recalled and gathered into the kennel precincts and straw sheds, thence to be ultimately distributed to out-quarters and "walks."

One day, when it was time for the ingathering of hound-youth from quarters, the M. F. H. in question went up to his kennels to enquire how they were coming

in, and as to their condition generally. Talking to his huntsman outside the buildings, he happened to look down the approach, and saw coming through the gate a company, which on nearing resolved itself into two riders—and a small pack of fox-hounds. As these came nigh the M. F. H. recognised a Mr. Greyson, a tenant farmer living at one end of the hunt-country, some twenty miles distant, mounted on a lean, low, old chestnut mare, showing quality and breeding in every line of her shape. Behind him, on a great grey plough-horse, whose long rough-and-tumble coat, matted with damp, showed that he had been "taākin' it 'oot iv his sen" in pace on the way, rode a yokel, a jolly, red-phiz'd, yellow-poll'd child o' the wolds, in his ordinary farm working suit, acting evidently as whipper-in to a pack of half-a-dozen fine young "fox-dogs."

The M. F. H. and his huntsman met the party with a welcome, knowing Mr. Greyson to be so warm a friend to the Hunt that he not only took an old matron hound to whelp on his "spot," but had insisted on walking the whole litter himself. And right well he had done them, not grudging (from appearances) the "setting of eggs by-times, or a foot or two of butter" that I recollect being named by an enthusiastic walker, in a puppy-feast speech, as the puppy's due and deserts.

A right royal time, by the farmer's account, had this amateur huntsman and his whipper-in enjoyed from break o' day, conveying the undisciplined youngsters home to kennel. The twenty and more miles to be done ere the young pack reached goal showed, in every one—an experience; and even now there was no use in the

real huntsman and his satellites striving to house those wild free lances ; they showed untiring defiance, and only the jovial Jim plough whip, at long last succeeded in enticing and trapping them within walls. Mr. Greyson's adventurous ride seemed so well worth chronicling that he was asked to put his experiences on paper ; and more or less in his own words, but with, in no case, true names of place or person, it follows here :—

A DAY WITH THE LITTLETOWN PACK.

"We left Littletown," begins Mr. Greyson, "on the morning of December 13th. It was a beautiful hunting morning, with a good scent.

"When we started at first, the hounds flew in all directions. We could not keep them together till we reached the high road, then we managed very well till we got to Stonegrange.

"There we had two or three sharp spins among rabbits in the little covert. A bit further on a hare got up and came into the road. Freakish, Freeman, and Frugal were in the road, and Freckle, Fragrant, and Fragile were inside the field ; they got on the line of her, and took her a merry pace half way down the road, until things got too hot for her, when she had to turn into the field. Then the whole pack joined in, with their heads up and tongues going. (Imagine the melody !)

"When half-way down the field the hare turned to the right, and took the high road for Potter's Park, where the farm hands came running out, evidently under the impression that it was a hunting morning in truth, and that the real hunt was out. Now puss turned into another field on the

right, as though making for BILDale. After crossing the dale she ran into a sheepfold, and turned up the dale to the right, thus giving us a little time and chance to overtake, when the chase ran on to Wells road-end, where we were at last able to stop them.

"Progression was now possible for a time by exercising caution until we reached that big turnip field that lies at Fellboro', where Freckle, Frugal and Freakish slipped through the hedge and found a squatting rabbit, and coursed it among the roots till we thought its fate was assured ; but Freckle ran over the top of the rabbit and turned a somersault, which gave it time to get through the fence. Freeman and Fragrant now taking up the running chased bunny safely to ground, about a hundred yards down the road.

"We happily found nothing more till we got to Trolliewood, at Bolford, when our pack hit on another rabbit, which soon got away. As they were coming empty out of the wood, up jumped an old hare ; her they took down the road and across the lane which leads to Bruton, where we got them stopped owing to a prick (thorn) in old (?) Freeman's foot.

"We got through Bolford very well, and gave our pack a drink at the pond there. Thence proceeded fairly till we reached Jericho Cottages, but when we got into the grass riding-road beyond, the youngsters soon said there was a hare in some turnips. She bounced out, and flew into the little strip of plantation alongside ; they drove her a merry pace down the wood, and when she came out we managed to stop our pack. When we got nearly half way to Fairdale Tunnel, they were all in the swath but Freckle ; questioning about, she put a hare up

in the fallow, giving up the pursuit, however, directly, as we firmly refused permission to her brethren desirous of following and assisting.

"We went over Fairdale and the next field peaceably enough, but the puppies found a hare in the wood beyond, and drove her cheerily along until we got opposite Kelham Pastures. Puss here broke out of the wood, and they followed before I could get through the gate. Away down the hill and up the other side, with their heads up and their sterns down, and all abreast; they raced. I thought to myself, 'Good daa, noo I sal nivver see ye na mair,' what with having to gallop down one hill and scramble up another with my slow old horse. But luckily they made a turn at Kelham Pasture, and I caught up to them at the corner. I got all the hounds stopped, but old (?) Freeman: however, when the hare ran into a fallow field, he too gave it up, and we trotted away back on our tracks, till we reached the wood on the roadside again.

"We now progressed famously till we came to that big grass field, further on, when they (the pack) once more got into a wood and ran a fresh hare through it, till we checked them at far end, against the high road.

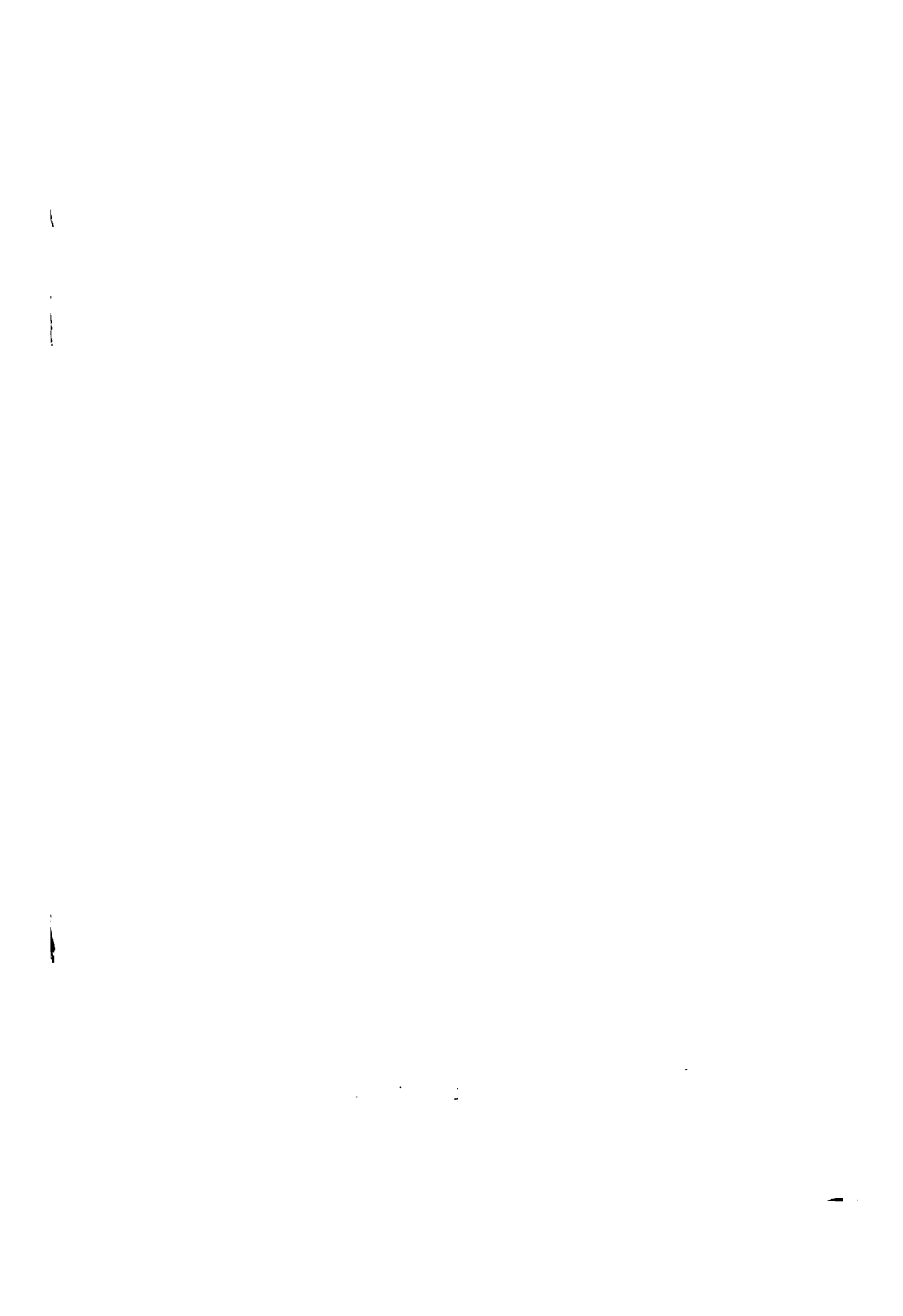
"By this time I flattered myself they had had enough, and we should get no more of the sort of thing, but could take the shortest cut to the kennels. Alas! for blighted hopes. We turned down the bridle road, and moved along very smoothly, till Mr. Brown's turnip field offered new temptations, and here a (very inconsiderate) rabbit jumped up right in front of us. There were some sheep-nets in the way, and there was a death before I could reach them (and clever indeed were

the huntsmen to have prevented earlier bloodshed!)

"We got into Mr. Brown's hilly grass field with the bushes, and in through a hand-gate to the Old Dale, where another rabbit sprang out, and before going far met a hare in a hurry, into which the rabbit ran, and both went spinning off, hounds after, as though they were making for Aldwark, when puss turned to the right, down hill, coming back into the middle of the big wood, only just in front of hounds.

"It was a near shave for her: she turned down the wood to the left on the bottom side, and, judging by the music they were making, her pursuers appeared to go up the wood. We were kept waiting a quarter of an hour before we could get the whole lot out. We secured four, but Frugal and Fragrant were left back, and we imagined they must have killed the hare (and were taking a light lunch!) The other four employed their time by following after a fresh hare which had happened upon them, and they raced her in the very direction of the kennels, but soon gave up the chase when they saw us following, as by that time we had got Frugal and Fragrant out of the wood, and meant to have no more nonsense.

"Just before we got to the Home Farm, the pack, however, once more beat us by getting on to the line of a hare, and in spite of what we could do, or call, away they went, making beautiful music, and it was some time before we could collect the lot (it was always so long before we could get old Freeman back). However, we now took close charge, and passing through the Home Farm buildings on to the high road, we contrived to keep the mischievous and sporting youngsters together till we reached the kennels, and received the





J. Thompson, photo.]

THE LATE MR. CECIL BOYLE.

hearty welcome of master and servants."

As, indeed, was their just due.

The experience was delightful, but exhausting. Imagine the solid patience required to circumvent these young raiders in the black-white-and-tan, out probably for the first time *au large* as a pack, over that fine, free, wold country, where exhilarating air and plenitude of game temptations alike stirred their young blood to rapine.

We can fancy the lolloping plough-horse getting round a lagging half couple, while the old thorough-bred, with bit in her mouth, forgetting dithery knees and that ancient splint, tore up and down the dale sides to head the assured and resolute leading hounds.

And how vain calls and whistles and whip-cracks, as puss led the pursuers that "merry pace," through roots and shingles and coverts, now doubling back, now swallowing ground in speed, as

she gained on the pack, with wiles worthy of Mr. Fox himself; and the final halt, when the assembled and nonplussed brethren threw themselves panting on their bellies, tongues out, eyes questioning their offended rulers, who, instead of inflicting stripes, were only too thankful to mop their brows and breathe their perspiring mounts.

And when one of the latest of their fifteen objects of pursuit—that rabbit—ran into the astounded hare, with no "by y'r leave," and both together seemed bent on showing these tireless puppies the furthest road to avoid the kennel haven of their weary unwilling Nimrods—what despair—comic indeed—must have wrung their huntsmen's souls, and yet what pride, too! For varmint had proved every "F" in their pack—tongue, nose, pace—all the material was there; and did they only satisfy the judges as to points, would surely prove to be the pick of the season's entry.

E. M. MIDDLETON.

In Memoriam—Cecil Boyle.

He was stately, and young, and tall,
Dreaded in battle and loved in hall.

—("Lay of the Last Minstrel," Canto II., 28.)

I HAVE been asked to put together some remembrances and memories of our dear friend, the late Cecil Boyle, as a sportsman and fox-hunter.

He was the third son of Charles John Boyle, Commoner of Christ Church, and Fellow of All Souls, and of Hall House, Hawkhurst, Kent, grandson of the seventh Earl of Cork.

He was born in April, 1853, and went to Clifton College in 1866. He went up to Oxford as

a Commoner of University College, where he played for Oxford *v.* Cambridge at cricket, but did not take a degree as he left in 1874 to go on the Stock Exchange.

He very soon gave up cricket and football and took to hunting and such soldiering as came in his way, joining first the London Scottish, and then in 1866 the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars, in which he became a Captain in 1898.

In 1877 he married Miss Buxton, whose brother, Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., had been with him at Clifton. His boy died, but the two girls, Dorothea and Elizabeth, survive him. May I go on to say that his very name, by which he was always known, implied what a good fellow he was, for I never heard him spoken of in any way, but as "Cecil Boyle"; and in thus speaking of him you instantly conveyed to your friend his distinct personality. He was just "Cecil Boyle." He ought perhaps to have lived in the good old times of chivalry—you associated him naturally, as you do some men, with deeds of "derring do," with closed vizors, waving banners, splintered lances, rescued maidens, stricken fields. Into the minor perils and risks of the hunting field he carried the same undaunted courage and determination; and as the late Sir Charles Mordaunt wrote of him in the "Annals of the Warwickshire Hunt": "It may truly be said of him, that he does not know what fear is. We have often seen him ride for a certain fall in order to get into the same field with the hounds." We may have seen, no doubt, better and more skilful riders; perhaps his lack of early practice and his short sight accounted for this lack of perfection in the science of horsemanship, but scarcely ever has been seen in the hunting field one who rode with such undeniable courage or pluck, or one who loved the grand old sport with more faithful and untiring devotion.

He had no riding as a boy, except when Archdeacon Bathurst took him out occasionally on a pony when he was about ten years old:—a pony that filled his heart with pride, for it had been through the Crimean War. "But it's a war horse"! he exclaimed

as he mounted it with boyish pleasure in its past history; a prophetic blending of his future love of riding and his future zeal in the Yeomanry service. At Oxford he could hunt but seldom, though he never failed, when he could afford it, to hire a hack, and get a day with the hounds.

Here I must diverge for a moment, and speak of Cecil Boyle as an athlete, for though his cricketing career was short, it was by no means undistinguished. That high authority, the Hon. Robert Lyttleton, wrote of him to me as "the fastest bowler the cricket field has ever seen."

In 1872, at Clifton, he won the Quarter-mile and the Throwing the Cricket Ball, this last with a throw of over 105 yards. In the same year he made for his school the highest score of the season, and the largest number of runs, and won the average bat, with $31\frac{1}{3}$, and took twenty-eight wickets for an average of $6\frac{2}{3}$. He played against an eleven of the M.C.C., captained by General Neville Lyttleton, and in the first innings he bowled nine wickets for 19 runs, and himself made the highest score of the match, 77 not out. At Oxford he got into the Rugby XV. in his first year, and played under Rugby rules "as an International" at Edinburgh for England v. Scotland, in March, 1873. In this summer he played for the Oxford XI. at cricket, in a match against M.C.C. at Lord's, taking four wickets for 12 runs in the first, and seven wickets for 33 runs in the second innings; while at Prince's against Middlesex he took four wickets, three of them with consecutive balls, for 28 runs. His bowling was perfectly fair, but terribly fast. At Clifton they used to put on three long-stops, but Mr. T. W. Darley, who was killed at Abu Klea, was the only

one who could manage him single-handed, and in the year when he held the post there were very few byes.

It was not till 1880, when his financial position was commencing, through untiring work, to stand upon a higher basis, that he made his first regular appearance in the hunting field, at Market Harborough, of all places for a novice to commence at. Unlike Mr. Sawyer, he had no previous provincial training, or provincial reputation, but in accordance with his character and his maxim "first or nowhere," he landed himself on the ocean of sport in the very centre of the storm.

In 1881, probably for reasons connected with the train service to London, he came to Banbury, and very soon enquiries began to be made as to the young sportsman for whom no bullfinch was too thick, no rail too high, no brook too broad, with the usual answer, "That chap! oh, that's Cecil Boyle." The first time that I myself remarked him he was somewhere near Watergall. We were penned in a corner, and our friend was the first to crash the rails and let us out. The horse he was then riding was, I believe, Merevale, a bright-bay blood horse, full of courage and speed, and he had another at the time, Elcho, which he bought when staying with Lord Wemyss. He hunted at first only one day a week, but afterwards he took two days, Friday with the Warwickshire, and Saturday with the Bicester, always returning to town on the Saturday night, to be ready for work on the Monday morning.

In 1883 he bought and altered the stables at Banbury, formerly in the occupation of Mr. James Fisher, so well known in connection with the celebrated racehorse

Fisherman; and he afterwards occupied the same sportsman's old rooms at the "Red Lion," where the genial hospitality to which we had been so long accustomed in Mr. Fisher's days was not forgotten.

In 1889 he was in the great Byfield, or rather Boddington run, which took place on March 9, and went extraordinarily well on his favourite chestnut horse, Ronachan, then called Redskin.

"Brooksby," in the *Field*, wrote a very spirited account of this very fine run, in which he said of our friend: "The road was close by (under the village of Aston-le-Wells), hounds bent to it, and here was Lord North already in position, 'to cheer on the thrusters,' when Mr. Boyle, on Redskin (I am told, and can well believe it, the best hunter in England out of training), crashed a last great fence for very pastime, the others galloping gladly through the open gateway beside him." Redskin, or Ronachan, was a tall, rather long-backed chestnut, nearly thoroughbred, of great speed and power, but when Cecil Boyle first had him a very difficult horse to ride, nor was he very gentle in the stable, though he altered a good deal in both respects after he had been a year at Banbury.

This same spring, 1889, I think, he won the United Hunt Steeplechase at Brackley on him, but alas! he started him in the Welter at the Midland Sportsmen's Point-to-point races at Chacombe in 1890, and he broke his back at a little open grip, when going strong. Mr. Chinery killed his horse Cricket at the same ditch, and Sir Charles Mordaunt wrote in "The Annals," that "the fence into this field which they both jumped clear was one of the biggest on the

course ; they were both first-class hunters, and their owners assured Colonel Norris, who picked the course, that £1,000 would not have purchased either of them." Shall we blame our friend, nay rather, we will sympathise with him, in that he was not ashamed to shed a tear as he stood by the body of his well-beloved horse ; Egerton Warburton's well known line, in fact, occurs to us :

Wept like a schoolboy o'er my A B C.

In the winter of 1891-92, Cecil Boyle was at the Cape. Little did he think, so absolutely is the future hidden from us, that in eight years time he would visit it again on a far different errand, and under such changed auspices, and that there he would meet an early and a soldier's death. He was a Yeoman, indeed then, but who ever thought of the Yeomanry being called upon for active service, and active service 6,000 miles from England? The first Yeoman to go out, he was the first to fall, but amidst that gallant khaki-clad band of heroes, no one carried a braver heart to the conflict, and few, perhaps, gave up so much at home to go out. Like many of those who fell early in the struggle, it was with no light heart that he volunteered for the front. Whether there is a kind of foreboding utterly and entirely disregarded by the brave, I know not ; but in Cecil Boyle's case it was there, and he almost tore himself away from his happy home life, and his pressing business, and his many interests and occupations, and I may add, from his beloved fox-hunting, because he felt it was the call of duty and of honour of his country and his Queen, and therefore could not be disregarded. It does not come within my province to write of him as a soldier. We know that

he was invited to serve on General French's staff, and shared in the memorable ride which brought about the Relief of Kimberley. He wrote, as we know, a spirited account of it which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, and only rejoined his company or squadron of the Queen's Oxfordshire Imperial Yeomanry to meet his death.

On his return from the Cape in 1892, he went to Cottesbrooke in Northamptonshire, and hunted on Fridays and Saturdays with the Pytchley. He had a very bad fall with these hounds in 1894, through riding a tired horse at a big fence, a fault, and I suppose it is a fault, he was rather prone to. He was taken to London, and attended by Dr. Bond, who wrote of him, after his death, that, "if he had lived in the middle ages he would have been a Crusader." He was allowed to ride a little in the March of 1894, and he then remarked that "he never knew before how many people went through the gates." This rearward position did not suit him at all, and he was very soon taking his part again in the more lively and stirring game. He came back to the Red Lion at Banbury in 1895 ; about which time he bought some land above Fenny Compton. He did not build his house there, as was expected, but on the other side of the hill, below Avon Dassett Windmill. While the house at Avon Dassett was building, Cecil Boyle often used to come round to it after hunting, and then ride back to Banbury ; but he did not get into residence till 1897. He always took his full enjoyment out of the two days a week, now changed to Thursday and Friday, which he allowed

himself as a respite from business. The ride to covert, with him, instead of being a task, was thoroughly part of the day's enjoyment, and he often spoke with rapture of the route to Shuckburgh. There was the early start, the galloping chestnut, and once through Fenny Compton, and past the station, he could strike the bridle road, which led him over the wide-stretching pastures past Marston Doles to the very foot of the hill where the Shuckburgh knight of old made his gallant stand against the Parliamentary forces. He always called it "a beautiful ride," and so it is. His love of a point-to-point race, with its touch of excitement and danger still remained. He had been second in the Stock Exchange race, on Drogo and in 1893 ran two, Flora Macivor and Red Earl," the horse that gave him the bad fall, but he was not placed. The last time that he rode was in the Warwickshire Hunt Point-to-point, 13st. 7lbs., in the Red Horse Vale at Burton Dassett in 1899, and I remember his saying to me at the start, "Are you going to ride? I'm very glad of it, this sort of real sporting race ought to be encouraged." The pace set by Mr. George West on Oxhill, winner of the Army Welter at Rugby, was too good for some of the older stagers, but Cecil Boyle completed the

course in safety, and no doubt thoroughly enjoyed his ride, as indeed he always did.

Lately, through the War, there have been many rents made in our hunting circle, which seem to take longer and longer to repair. There is something in the very fact of our going on to participate without them in the noble sport we love so well, which keeps their memory green. We cannot forget them—Cecil Boyle least of all—many places, many fences even, recall him. There may have been, as I said, finer riders, more finished horsemen; there are some to whom the science of fox-hunting, which can only be thoroughly learned in boyhood, and the essence of which grows up with us, was more thoroughly known, but I say, without fear of contradiction, that no one loved it better or with a more undivided heart than did our friend, and that no one faced its toils, its dangers, its difficulties, the minor perils of its mimic warfare, with a more undaunted heart, or joined in it with a more chivalrous and unselfish spirit. The very idea of jealousy, which we sometimes read of, was foreign to his whole nature; he rode up to his motto, "Be with 'em I will." He "enjoyed a run most, when his friend saw it too." He was "a rum-'un to follow, a bad-'un to beat."

W. R. VERNEY.

Ars Scribendi.

How very different are the arts of writing and speaking! A man may be a practised and even an elegant writer, yet put him upon his legs and set him to speak even before the most appreciative assembly, and he may lamentably fail to come up to either his own or his audience's expectations, unless he has practice or teaching. Moreover, it is possible that many a great thinker and ready writer may be wanting in opportunities of putting wing to his thoughts, and is therefore incapable of pouring forth his elegance of diction in words. The mere fact of standing before an expectant audience is as a weight on his tongue and an extinguisher on his thoughts. Thus many a privately rehearsed and often written out speech is destined to die unborn.

Many may suppose that it is easier to attain the art of writing than that of speaking; practice alone can perfect the latter; whereas intuitive knowledge and work lies before the would-be proficient in writing. On him falls the severest criticism and the weightier task, and as Pope says:

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,

As those move easiest who have learnt to dance."

Sportsmen do not indulge their taste for sport for the sake of writing about it, unless indeed it be pioneer travellers and big-game shooters, who go forth to make books as well as to collect trophies. Nor is it the ambition of professors, wranglers, or classic scholars of any kind to pour out their thoughts on sport, so that for the most part sporting literature has for its votaries the unlearned, or at least amateurs. In fact, to write on sport is not the

ambition of members of the Athenæum, nor is it favoured by the editors of our leading monthlies.

We have in the last fifty years added little to our text-books on sport, except by the publication of the many volumes of the Badminton Library; and what profit is there to do so? Can any of us improve upon Beckford, Vyner, Delmé Radcliffe, or Mills, as text-books on hunting, or can we increase our knowledge of hounds by singing over and over again the praises of Belvoir blood? Can we cap Druid's "Saddle and Sirloin," or his "Silk and Scarlet"? Can we put Jorrocks in the shade, or despise the sweet melodies of Whyte-Melville or Warburton? Can we speak out as "Nimrod" did, or be as social and chatty as Cecil in his hunting tours? Can we labour for years to outdo Taunton in his history of celebrated race-horses, or compete in pedigrees with old Osborne? Can we write more elegant prose than Bromley-Davenport, or pluck feathers from the cap of "the Gentleman in Black," who for so many years adorned your volumes with his epics? I trow not. It is our happy lot in these later days to enrich our minds with all the wisdom and knowledge that has gone before us, rather than to pile Pelion upon Ossa of theory and exemplifications. There is indeed a fine foundation on which to work, and the sporting writer of to-day has more ample scope for his abilities, more light upon his subjects, more readers, more tablets on which to engrave his thoughts, more *kudos*—in fine, more responsibility in his work by ten thousand times—than was his lot one hundred, or even fifty years ago.

It was not many years after I left Eton that the *Sporting Magazine*, on the loss of "Nimrod," died a natural death, after an existence of nearly eighty years, and on its ashes sprung up and flourished your magazine, now approaching its Jubilee. For a long time I had aspired to be admitted into its sacred precincts. One Eton compeer of mine, as "Amphion," filled me with envy by his articles, and at last, after I had flung unsuccessfully several effusions into the Editor's box, I one day made bold to beard him in his den. Never shall I forget that day. When after gazing at the likeness of Kettledrum by Harry Hall, which then stood in the window of his printer's shop opposite the Royal Exchange, the resort of thousands of City men and boys, who loved those sporting pictures, I dashed in, and sent up my card to Mr. Baily.

There he was in a little upstairs room, sitting, as was his wont, in his shirt-sleeves—a fine-featured, large old man, implacably stern to my young idea. And when he met me with, "Well, young man, what can I do for you?" I felt small to a degree. "Ah! yes," he went on, "you sent me something to read, did you not? And I suppose you think you can write like Mr. Clark ('the Gentleman in Black'), or 'Amphion' (Mr. Tyrrell), or Mr. Robert Grimston; do you? Do you know Admiral Rous? He is a friend of mine (Mr. B—— was very proud of his friendship with the Admiral), and he will not read trash, you know. What's your line?" I briefly and nervously assured him that if he would give me a chance I thought in time I might work out an article or two for him. This I did, and we eventually became friends, so that whenever I was in London I had

to present myself in his upper room, and he made me presents from time to time of pictures of Macaroni, Lord Clifden, Blair Athol, and The Colonel, with George Stevens up, from his gallery of winners, coloured from Harry Hall's paintings.

From that day to this, nearly forty years, have I been faithful to my old love, and, marvellous to relate, have not had my *congé* from two successive editors. With a fast, yet tottering pen, I have galloped along all these years in a very *ad captandum* fashion on hunting and racing, and occasionally on fishing and wanderings, and oh! so often have I laid down my pen in a dissatisfied fashion, my subject ill-digested, my ideas in a tangle. Then again it is often a well-merited accusation against me as a scribe that I am not an elegant exponent of my country's true prose—that I coin words, invent phrases, and make wrong quotations. In all which things I am guilty, and were I an aspirant for membership of the Athenæum Club, should no doubt be promptly blackballed on this account, if on no other.

Many people would say, Never mind, he is only a sporting writer, we must not expect too much in that line. Oh, but why should such things be said? Are sporting themes unworthy of pure prose? Are they never to rank among the volumes of the learned? Are the pages of BAILY only to be the prey of infants and *indocti*? Are its favourite subjects to be the laughing-stocks of our M.A.'s and bluestockings? Some of them are so, I fear; but now there is time in this new century to hark back, and take a leaf out of old volumes, ancient text-books—long-past treatises—that cry aloud for imitation even now. We may fairly say that there is no better

writer of pure prose, unpedantic prose, in these days than the Earl of Rosebery, and he has the advantage of being able to speak it also. Oh! why should not he wield his pen now and again on sporting topics? Would not then the scoffers cease their scoffing, and the critics be at rest? Politics may pale, but sport will not. Great Britain cannot afford to lose her record in sport. The game must be played out.

Sporting writers and their subjects are necessarily various, and their styles are equally diverse. Many of them suffer from having to rush their ideas into print at the earliest possible moment, often by wire or telephone, in order to satiate the public appetite for news the next morning. Some of them have little or no insight into, or taste for, their subject, and very absurd are some of the hashes that are thus served up for sportsmen's breakfast-tables. Then, again, the influx of daily and weekly papers do much to swamp the afterthoughts, as it were, of the monthly magazines. Often have I turned away from an interesting sporting subject because it has been hammered at by the sporting papers *ad nauseam*, and I have felt that to have discussed it in your magazine afterwards would not be favoured by your readers, who would naturally conclude that the article was merely a *réchauffé* of already thrashed-out opinions, although in this we are probably too apt to forget that the contents of a magazine are likely to survive those of a newspaper. There is also the fact which tells against magazine writing, and that is that it is not so remunerative as ordinary press work, that is, supposing a man has regular press employment. Thus a clever newspaper writer, unless he be entirely

a leading-article writer or editor, cannot afford the time to sit and indite a careful and well-thought-out article on a subject—although he might be able to do it—if he chose.

That our objects are good and of true and honest intent of a surety we may proclaim, and in this matter may I not be allowed to quote the words of the afore-said "Gentleman in Black," which are as true and fresh to-day as in May, 1864, when he wrote them. He says:—"An educator of the public taste is sure first to regard the direction in which it goes, and an acute journalist will be said to direct rather than form. Sportsmen are more refined than formerly and embrace a much larger circle of persons; so journalism meets the feelings of the age, and persuades itself too often that it has created that for which it only catered. Success will probably attend the man who is acquainted with the subject on which he treats, and the more so if he keeps his mind in communication with the age in which he lives. It is as dangerous to be too much before, as behind. He should endeavour after truth; candour is the soul of criticism. Journalists should remember the powers they wield, and that every subject is not equally fitted for the crucible any more than it would be desirable to pass by anything from fear of handling it. As the main study of the writer should be to do good, he would rather succeed by *suaviter in modo* than by the *fortiter in re*. He should always be sure of his ground, and although it is honourable to retract when wrong, it is more honourable never to have cause for doing so." There we have in plain, unmistakable language what made me, and probably others, humble disciples of that elegant writer.

I shall never forget old Dr. Shorthouse, the original editor of *The Sporting Times*, pulling me up in his usual abrupt and crusty style for something I had ventured to say that he considered not according to "Cocker;" when, however, he found that I took what he said in good part, we became the best of friends, and he asked me to come and visit him down in Surrey. Mr. Willes, better known as "Argus," and for many years the Van Driver in your magazine, was another writer from whom, as a young man, I learnt wisdom; he was a curious and eccentric man, but clever and quick in his profession, quite worthy of imitation.

After all, the old Latin motto, *Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons*, which, being interpreted, means, "the principle and source of good writing is to think rightly," is the goal to which we should apply ourselves; and let it not be said that our exercise of *Ars Scribendi* on sporting subjects is not of sufficient importance. Do not we sing most of that which we love best? And if sporting tastes are worth encouraging at all, are not their essential details worthy of the best prose, as well as verse, that can be brought to bear upon them?

How useful it has been in after life to have treasured up in memory tit-bits of advice given by men of note successful in life! As an instance of this the great contractor, Mr. Brassey, once said to me, "Young man, let me advise you to trust to your head in matters of importance, and when that fails you, it will be

time to depend on notes." It is well known that when his wonderful head, in which he carried for years the biggest pile of figures, did fail him, he never touched another contract. On the other hand, I know another eminent writer now living, and whose name for this reason I forbear to mention, who, through a long life, has pigeon-holed his facts and indexed them, so that they can be marshalled on any given subject with wonderful rapidity, and he is the envy of his brother penmen. And then there are those critics! Do not be afraid of them, my dear fellow scribes; they are as the salt on the earth; they fertilise literature. It is only sportsmen, who can really criticise sporting literature, and critics are seldom sportsmen; hence in a great measure the degeneracy of genuine sporting books; they are too often thrown on one side as not worthy of their sugar or vinegar.

I once had the temerity to write a novel, which I sent to an editor to review. Judge of my feelings when I soon after received a note from him:—"Please send me a review of your book." It was with difficulty that I refrained from resenting such a snub, and writing in reply, "Damn you." But I didn't. I always think that there is a warm corner of kindness in the eye of the critic that will some day beam upon me, and to quarrel with him is one of the most fatal mistakes an author can make, not forgetting the truth of the old saying, Oh that my emeny some day may write a book!

BORDERER.



THE MOMENT TO PULL.
(From "*The Wild Fowls in Scotland.*")

The Sportsman's Library.

MR. MILLAIS' new book,* in size, form and general get-up, is similar to his previous works, "A Breath from the Veldt" and "British Deer and their Horns," and in merit and interest well deserves a place beside them. He gives us here the cream of his experience as a wild fowler on the East Coast of Scotland with shoulder and punt gun; and as he began his career when eleven years old, with an independence almost precocious,

hundred proofs of the photographic accuracy with which he notes the passing attitudes and postures of birds in every variety of circumstance. It would be hard to say whether he is keener as a sportsman or naturalist, for he is equally persevering in his endeavours to make a bag or to collect a specimen. Having devoted his attention for many years past to the task of obtaining series of specimens to show the plumage of each bird



MALLARD FEEDING IN THE SHALLOWS AND ON THE MUD.

and his enthusiasm has grown with years, he is entitled to rank as an authority on the subject. In one respect he stands quite alone among naturalist-sportsmen; and that is in the accomplishment which he inherits from his gifted father. No artist of the day can equal Mr. Millais in the extraordinary skill wherewith he puts his birds, alive, dying, or dead upon paper. The beautiful plates which adorn this book afford a

in its various stages of age and seasonal change, he has come to the conclusion that it takes about fifteen years to complete such a collection: his own probably lacks little by this time, but he is none the less keen whether on the mud-flats or in the punt.

Mr. Millais, we are glad to see, voices the opinion we have long cherished: to wit, that "to the young shooter there is absolutely no training in the world to compare with shore shooting for two seasons." The splash of the shot in the water tells him exactly how

* "The Wildfowler in Scotland." By John Guille Millais: with 60 Illustrations, and frontispiece by the late Sir John Millais, P.R.A. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

he held his gun: whether behind or before, above or below his mark; and with this silent mentor to point out mistakes, he cannot fail to learn how to judge distance and pace. We are accustomed to hearing the assertion that these islands of ours are shot out for all but those who can afford to pay high shooting rents. Mr. Millais demonstrates the magnitude of this error; there are many places along the coast of Scotland where capital rough sport may still be had by those who care to seek them out and work for their bag; the author mentions a few of the preserved areas; but is wisely reticent about the free and open grounds. The book is most pleasantly written and appeals to many interests: there is adventure in it and sport, and there are many passages which again betray that talent for observation that goes so far to make his pictures what they are.

The extraordinary popularity which has recently been attained by "Bridge" has led Mr. Frank Haddan to investigate the Russian national card game, Vint,* which possesses many of the features of the game of Bridge whilst it appears in every way to be a more complicated and difficult affair.

The respective value of the suits is the same as at Bridge, spades being the lowest and "without trumps" the highest, but the business of making trumps is difficult, for although the dealer has the first right of proposing what game shall be played he can be overcalled by any other player who desires to make the game higher, the chance of raising the game going round, as at Poker, until

there is no further bidding, when the game is played according to the proposition of the highest bidder. This is another difference from the declaration at Bridge, where the declarant merely indicates what suit is to be trumps, for at Vint, should any of the players desire to play a higher game than a simple one the propositions must be increased corresponding to the value of the game desired: thus "2 spades" indicates making 8 tricks, "3 hearts" 9 tricks, "5 no trumps" 11 tricks up to the highest call of all "grand slam no trumps," indicating that the declaring side will make every trick and play the game without trumps.

For every rise in the game the value per trick obtained also rises in due proportion; thus the simple game scores 10 per trick, the game of "2" 20, up to "grand slam" 70 points per trick. There is a terrible penalty attaching to these high calls, for should the declarants *fail* to make the necessary number of tricks required according to the value of the game they declare, they have to pay a penalty to the other side of 1,000 points per trick in a simple game for every trick *under*, the value of each such undertrick increasing in a due proportion according as the game is raised; so that "grand slam" lost by *one* trick entails a penalty on the declaring side of 7,000 points for such trick in addition to the declared points. All penalties, however, are scored with the honours above the line as at Bridge, and do not affect the progress of the game, which is 500 up, and whichever side reaches 500 first at any period of a hand, wins the game.

We must confess that the figures used in the scoring of Vint are somewhat overwhelm-

* "The Laws and Principles of Vint Stated and Explained and its Practice Illustrated." By E. H. Gmunn and A. von Kennenkampff, St. Petersburg. Edited by Frank W. Haddan. (London: D. Nutt, 57-59, Long Acre.) 16mo, fancy boards. Price 2s. 6d.

ing to our Bridge mind, for should little or grand slam be *declared* and scored, 5,000 or 10,000 points are scored, the slams being 1,000 and 2,000 respectively if undeclared, whilst in case of failure the above points go as penalty to the non-declaring side. 2,000 points are added for rubber points, and honours have a variable value, to our mind always excessive: in the case of "no trumps" the aces count 250 each in a simple game up to 1,750 per ace in grand slam. It is impossible for us here to do more than touch upon one or two features of the game; but those who do not find sufficient

variety in Bridge will do well to buy this little handbook of Mr. Haddan where Vint is explained in as lucid a manner as we should think its nature will permit. For those gamblers who are discontented with the Russian game in its general form there are special developments such as "vint with a refuse-heap," "auction vint for four players," "buying cards from stock," exchanging cards by declarants, and "the last straw."

Vint may be a game worthy of the greatest gambling nation in Europe, at present modest Bridge is likely to satisfy our requirements.

A Requiem.

A DELICATE cast where that ripple sank—

A rush, a struggle; the golden fins
Quiver their last at our feet on the bank,
And the Olive its earliest victory wins.

A trout to be wondered at must be seen
Fresh as he drops from the net to the grass;
Or the yellow will dull, and the crimson sheen
Like an evening rise will quickly pass.

Monarch he's roved by stickle and shore,
Chasing his rivals, while minnow and fry
Flee him in terror—now all is o'er,
Life and the river behind him lie.

Throstles, sing out a last refrain;
Owls, your mournfullest melodies hoot!
Lies here one who will never again
Out from his hover at green drake shoot.

Gently and carefully lay him down
There in the basket's grassy tomb;
And Primroses scatter—above—around,
Fragrant, to lend him their sweet perfume.

Daintier bed for a hero none;
Scenting of river-swept bank, they'll make him
Dream that he still shoots a glittering stream
Where fairies' gossamer spinners wake him.

H. P.

Polo Prospects in 1901.

It is impossible that the long continuance of the war which drags out its weary length should not affect the polo season which begins this month. Yet it is equally impossible not to feel satisfaction in the distinction won by the men who, foremost at the game, have shown that it is a recreation which has at once an attraction for soldier-like minds and is a training for them. Players of the game will not soon forget the names of Airlie, Ava or Le Gallais, of Rose, Mackenzie or Hanwell, for these all were men who won the respect and affection of their friends, whether as soldiers or companions. When we look at Mr. Goodwin Kilburne's fine picture of the Ranelagh pavilion, we cannot help remembering how many of the faces there depicted we shall see no more, nor how glorious was the close of their bright and useful lives.

Nevertheless, our leading clubs are preparing steadily for the season. So far as Hurlingham and Ranelagh are concerned, we may anticipate that play will be as brilliant, as constant and as interesting as ever. Incidentally the Hurlingham programme, which is already before us, shows that several of the minor clubs are full of life and preparing for an active season. Fetcham Park, Stansted and Eden Park have all arranged matches with the senior club.

One sign of a good season in London may be noted. Every stall at the Hurlingham stables was let for the season more than a month ago. This has never before happened so early. Ranelagh also will start the season with three available polo grounds and thirty new boxes, so that London players will be well provided for. The

return of the Household Cavalry will give a stimulus to Eden Park. These regiments, however, will lose the services of two well-known players. The Duke of Roxburghe, of the Royal Horse Guards, is going to Australia on the staff of the Duke of Cornwall and York, and Captain G. F. Milner, First Life Guards, has been selected for service with the mounted infantry in South Africa. Of the other clubs round London, Wimbledon Park is in a state of suspended animation. It may be reconstructed, but the loss of Mr. Tom Dryburgh was, in many respects, a severe one, following, as it did, on the departure of their excellent polo manager, Colonel Bonham, for South Africa. The North Middlesex, the Aberdeen and the Eastbourne Clubs have dropped out of the list.

On the other hand, a new club at Manchester has been started under favourable auspices. With a subscription of £5 5s., and an entrance fee of like amount, they have fifty playing members. Their club-house is De Trafford Park, so that they have good accommodation. A large sum has been spent in returfing and improving the ground. If Manchester only follows in the footsteps of Liverpool, polo should take a good hold of Lancashire. Liverpool, thanks to Mr. Herbert Pilkington, this year's president of the County Polo Association, is one of the best managed and most successful of polo clubs. A final between Manchester and Liverpool for the County Cup would be a most interesting game, and may some day be a reality. So far only the clubs which are more or less supported by great towns have been considered.

Now we have to turn to the county clubs. Of these Rugby again stands by itself. County as to its situation, but world-wide in its membership, it is rightly regarded as the school of polo, to have graduated in which is to qualify oneself to play anywhere. Cirencester, Stratford, St. Neots, Leamington, Kingsbury, and in the north Hull, Catterick Bridge and Wirral, among others, stand out conspicuous for a strong membership and capable management. The All Ireland Club, like Hurlingham, is already in the field with a strong list of fixtures. Wherever polo flourishes, its popularity will never be greater than in Ireland, which may almost be regarded as the home in Europe of the game. So far, then, all is full of promise.

But there is, I imagine, a subdued feeling of anxiety as to the future of military polo. No one who has watched the rise of polo, or who has been intimately connected with the game for the last twenty years, can doubt that its prosperity is inseparably connected with its support by the Army. To say that polo will not continue to flourish without a large infusion of soldier players would, perhaps, be too strong an expression of opinion. Yet if the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary-at-War determine to discourage the game in military circles, it cannot well survive their disapproval, even though there should be no actual order for its suppression; indeed, such an order is unlikely. It must not be forgotten that English officers must, at all events for some time to come, be men who can contribute to their own support. The country cannot afford to pay such a sum as would enable officers to live in the Army in reasonable comfort, according to the habit of their class. Mr. Brodrick

has, indeed, disclaimed a belief in sumptuary laws for the individual, but there can be no doubt that regimental expenditure will be held sternly in check. It is probable that the two forms of expenditure on which the hand of the reformer will fall first are the regimental coach and the regimental polo club. But I wish to appeal to those in authority to reconsider the question of regimental polo. The very large number of noted polo-players who have won distinction and done good service gives us a title to ask that the facts of the case should be inquired into. It is far from my purpose to suggest that men like Baden Powell, Rimington or De Lisle are such good soldiers because they are fine polo players, but to point out that a game which attracts men of that calibre must be of value to the Army. For one thing, it brings together men like those I have named and others less gifted, who looking up to and admiring their leaders in the polo-field, learn to imitate them in other matters also. Taking the fact that, so far as the outside public can judge, the game of polo can show more distinguished soldiers than the Staff College, it seems worth while for the authorities to pause before they enter on a steady policy of discouragement. *The Field* has hinted that there was lately something like a pecuniary race between regiments to buy the best ponies. The incident to which reference was made is much exaggerated, but anything of the kind could be easily stopped, since it has been by no means of frequent occurrence. I am sure that, with one possible exception, the regiments which, during the last ten years, have won the Regimental Cup at Hurlingham have in no case paid extravagant prices for their ponies. But even

if this had been the case, the remedy is entirely in the hands of the authorities. What is to be feared by those who are interested in polo is that the War Office and Horse Guards, having their minds full of greater matters, may yield to uninstructed clamour and sweep away the good with the bad. That there are a great many traditions and expenses which tend to extravagance in the Army, and more particularly in cavalry regiments, we all know. I do not hesitate to say that regimental polo is not one of them, and that if its assailants would only condescend to facts and figures, it would be found not to be expensive as compared with its peculiar suitability as a soldier-like recreation. On the other hand, it has very great advantages. Thus regimental polo is :—

(1) Within the regiment and so subject to control by the C. O., and offers an interest and recreation to officers *with* and not *away* from the regiment.

(2) An admirable school of practical horsemanship.

(3) Moral and physical training, unequalled by any other game, for soldiers, with the possible exception of football.

(4) An admirable training in the judgment and management and conditioning of horses.

(5) If the game is popular in the Army, it is sure to be so with civilians, and thus a very useful breed of horses (the 14.2 riding cob) is greatly encouraged.

There is one more argument which is really sound, though it lies not so much on the surface as the others. That is the healthy contact brought about at polo between men "in the service" and their civilian fellow-countrymen. Much of the spontaneity of the volunteering of well-to-do men for the Yeomanry had its origin

in the association with our best soldiers which polo has brought about. We had learned to admire the qualities of the officer in the polo-field, we were willing to become his subordinates and comrades in a more serious business. This feeling underlies much of the enthusiasm for service which caused many prosperous civilians to spend their money and risk their lives as privates and corporals in the Imperial Yeomanry and other special corps.

The point of these remarks lies in the fact that in the general reform of the Army military polo is worthy of regulation and encouragement. It is the game of all others which takes up the least time. Polo keeps a man with his regiment. Once a year there should be a military polo tournament in London, as well for the sake of the civilians with whom it is so popular as for the soldiers. Considering the large gate drawn, the whole expenses should be borne by the club on whose ground the tournament is held.

I make no apology for introducing these ideas into an article on the prospects of the season. The importance of the subject to polo is obvious.

Let us turn for a moment to the question of the supply of ponies. Without raising any disputed questions as to the reasons, the fact remains that the supply of high-class ponies, though limited (as the supply of high-class horseflesh always is), is, nevertheless, increasing both in quantity and in quality. We shall know, too, how prices are likely to rule after the sales at Messrs. Tattersall's after the Polo Pony Show, and the still more important sales of Messrs. Miller in April at Rugby, of Mr. J. Farmer, of Mr. J. Hornsby and others.

During the past year, in spite

of many adverse circumstances, the Polo Pony Society, under the presidency of Sir Richard Green-Price, has steadily grown in membership, and its recent Stud-book is a most interesting production. No doubt the system of entry to the book can and will be improved. In the meantime the society have succeeded in encouraging ponies of the riding type, and the frequent victories at shows of ponies by registered sires and dams is, perhaps, a sufficient proof of success in general, while the undoubted popularity of the Spring Show at the Agricultural Hall has brought the society before the public.

For the supply of ponies outside the limits of the capacity of our English powers of supply, I look to America. We have tried Arabs and Argentines, and both have their place in polo. But the American dealer has several advantages; he seems to possess the exact type we want, to be able to raise it at a reasonable price, and to convey it to our shores in less than a fortnight.

Whatever the more distant future may have in store, we can look, at all events, forward to another polo season likely to be as enjoyable and successful as its predecessors. T. F. D.

Names for Hounds.

A LIST of names appropriate for hounds, more particularly a list which offers so large a field of choice as that which follows, brings its own recommendation with it. Mr. Alexander H. Wilson, of East Keal, Spilsby, the compiler, places masters and huntsmen under an obligation which they will readily acknowledge; for the difficulty of selecting suitable names for the large numbers of whelps which are now bred in most kennels is one of annual recurrence, and one which the passage of time does nothing to simplify. Method in naming young hounds is much to be recommended as a means of easily recalling their pedigree, and in every kennel the usual method is to bestow upon the youngsters names which begin with the first letter of the name of the dam or sire, preferably that of the dam. In the Pytchley and Woodland Pytchley kennels they adopt, as

far as possible, the practice of giving names that begin with the first two letters of the dam's name, which plan obviously furnishes an admirably easy and ready key to the pedigree of any hound. But this excellent rule cannot always be followed. Many masters, when a bitch throws a litter to a sire belonging to another kennel, bestow upon the youngsters names whose initial letters correspond with that of the male parent; but a glance through half-a-dozen kennel lists will show that a good deal of latitude exists. With regard to work in the field, the great thing is to select names easy of enunciation by the men, and of recognition by the hound. Care should be taken to avoid bestowing on two of the same litter names sounding so much alike as Acklam and Ackland; the natural tendency is to accentuate the first syllable, and names so closely resembling one another are un-

desirable as being likely to cause confusion. With so large a choice as Mr. Wilson's carefully compiled list offers, the annual duty of selecting appropriate names will be changed from a trouble-

some task to an amusement; while it contains not a single name to which objection can be urged, it would, we think, be difficult to suggest a name that could be added.

Abbess	Amber	Baker	Birthday	Brunswick	Carrier	Citron	Convict
Abbot	Ambrose	Ballad	Bismark	Brusher	Cartridge	Claimant	Convoy
Abelard	Ambush	Balmy	Bittern	Bubbler	Carver	Clansman	Cordial
Abercorn	Amethyst	Balsam	Blackberry	Buckler	Casket	Clara	Cordon
Abigail	Amity	Bandage	Blackcap	Buckshot	Caspan	Clarence	Cormorant
Abolom	Amorous	Bardbox	Blameless	Buckthorn	Cassock	Clarinet	Cornett
Absolute	Analyst	Bandit	Blarney	Budget	Castor	Clarion	Coroner
Accent	Anchor	Bandy	Blazer	Bugler	Castaway	Clasher	Coronet
Accident	Anchorite	Baneful	Blemiah	Builder	Casual	Clasper	Corporal
Accurate	Andover	Bangle	Blissful	Bumptious	Catharine	Claudia	Corsair
Acheron	Anecdote	Bangor	Blithe-	Burghley	Cato	Claudian	Corsican
Acklam	Angela	Banish	some	Burglar	Caustic	Client	Corydon
Ackland	Angler	Banker	Blossom	Burgundy	Cautious	Climax	Cossack
Ackworth	Anguish	Banquet	Blucher	Burnaby	Cavity	Clincher	Costly
Acolyte	Anulet	Banter	Bluebell	Burnish	Cecily	Clinker	Cosy
Aconite	Anthony	Barbara	Bluecap	Burnisher	Cedric	Cloister	Cottager
Acrobat	Antic	Barber	Blueskin	Bursar	Celery	Cloudy	Counsellor
Active	Antidote	Barefoot	Blunder	Bushman	Celia	Clumsy	Counter-
Acton	Anxious	Bargain	Bluster	Bustler	Celtic	Cluster	feit
Actor	Applicant	Barmaid	Boaster	Busy	Censor	Coaxer	Countess
Actress	Approbate	Barnaby	Boastful	Butterfly	Census	Cobweb	Courier
Actual	Arbiter	Baroness	Bodkin	Buttress	Centaur	Cockspur	Courser
Ada	Archer	Baronet	Bolster	Buxom	Cestus	Colleger	Courteous
Adamant	Archibald	Barrier	Bondage	Buxton	Challenger	Collier	Courtesy
Adela	Arctic	Barrister	Bondmaid	Buzzard	Chamber-	Colonel	Courtier
Adelaide	Ardent	Barton	Bondsman	Buzzer	lain	Colonist	Courtly
Adeline	Arduous	Barytone	Boniface	Byron	Champion	Columbine	Covenant
Adjutant	Argent	Rashful	Bonnilass		Chancellor	Combat	Coventry
Admiral	Argonaut	Battery	Bonnyfield	Cabinet	Chancery	Comedy	Covetous
Adrian	Argument	Bauble	Boreas	Cæsar	Chandler	Comely	Cracker
Advocate	Argus	Bayard	Borderer	Caitiff	Chanter	Comet	Cracknel
Affable	Arklow	Bayonet	Bounty	Caleb	Chanti-	Comical	Craftsman
Affluent	Arrogant	Beacon	Bowler	Calif	cleer	Commo-	Crafty
Agatha	Arsenic	Beadle	Bowman	Calomel	Chantress	dore	Crasher
Agent	Artery	Beatrice	Boxer	Cambric	Chaplain	Commoner	Crazy
Agile	Artful	Beauty	Bracelet	Camelot	Charity	Compact	Credible
Agnes	Arthur	Bedford	Bracket	Camera	Charlotte	Comrade	Creditor
Agony	Article	Beeswing	Braggart	Cameron	Charmer	Comus	Credulous
Aimless	Artifice	Bella	Bragger	Candid	Charming	Concord	Cricketer
Aimwell	Artist	Bellman	Brasier	Candidate	Charon	Condor	Criminal
Airy	Asteroid	Belmont	Bravery	Candour	Chaser	Confer-	Crimson
Ajax	Audible	Bencher	Brazen	Candy	Chasuble	ence	Critic
Akbar	Auditor	Bender	Brenda	Cannibal	Chatter-	Conflict	Cromwell
Akerman	Audrey	Bendigo	Brevity	Canopy	box	Congress	Crony
Alaric	Augur	Benedict	Brewster	Canvas	Chatterer	Conical	Crowner
Albany	Augury	Benefice	Bribery	Capable	Cheerful	Conjurer	Cruel
Albert	Author	Benefit	Bride-	Captain	Chieftain	Conqueror	Cruelty
Albion	Authoress	Benjamin	groom	Captious	Childeric	Conquest	Cruiser
Alfred	Autocrat	Bentinck	Brides-	Captive	Chimer	Conrad	Crumpet
Alice	Avarice	Bernard	maid	Carbine	Chirper	Consort	Crystal
Alien	Axiom	Bertha	Bridget	Caramel	Chorister	Constable	Culpable
Aliment		Bertram	Brigand	Cardinal	Christabel	Constance	Culprit
Alma	Babbler	Beryl	Brilliant	Careful	Chronicle	Constant	Culvert
Alpha	Bacchus	Bessemer	Brimstone	Careless	Cicely	Consul	Cumbrous
Alpine	Bachelor	Betsy	Briton	Carlist	Cicero	Contest	Curate
Altitude	Badger	Beverley	Brittle	Carmen	Cinnamon	Context	Curfew
Amabel	Baffer	Bilberry	Broker	Carnival	Cipher	Contract	Curio
Amazon	Bailiff	Binder	Bruiser	Caroline	Citizen	Convert	Curious

Curlew	Definite	Dorimont	Ecstasy	Evelyn	Federal	Flippant	Frailty
Custody	Delaware	Doris	Edgar	Evident	Federate	Flora	Framer
Customer	Delegate	Dormant	Edible	Excellent	Felix	Floral	Francis
Cuthbert	Delia	Dormouse	Edict	Exigence	Felony	Florence	Franchise
Cutler	Delicate	Dorothy	Editth	Exigent	Female	Florian	Frankfort
Cutlass	Delta	Dotterel	Editor	Exile	Fencer	Florid	Franklin
Cygnat	Democrat	Doubtful	Effable	Expert	Fenian	Florist	Frantic
Cymbal	Demon	Doughty	Egbert	Expiate	Ferdinand	Flotsiel	Fraser
Cymric	Denison	Douglas	Egerton	Extract	Ferment	Flotsam	Fraudu-
Cynic	Denizen	Dowager	Eleanor		Fernery	Flounder	lent
Cynical	Denmark	Dowry	Elegance	Faber	Ferryman	Flourish	Freckle
Cynthia	Dennis	Dragoman	Elegant	Fabian	Fertile	Flourisher	Frederick
Cypher	Density	Dragon	Elegy	Fabius	Fervent	Fluency	Freeborn
Cypress	Denton	Drapery	Element	Fable	Fervid	Fluent	Freedom
Cyprian	Deputy	Draught	Elevate	Fabric	Festival	Flurry	Freely
Cyprus	Derelict	Draftsman	Elfish	Fabulous	Festive	Fluster	Freeman
Cyril	Dermot	Drayman	Elogy	Facer	Fettler	Flutter	Freezer
	Derogate	Dreadful	Eloquent	Faction	Federal	Flyer	Frenzy
Dabbler	Desolate	Dread-	Elsie	Faction	Feverish	Foamy	Frequency
Dabchick	Desperate	naught	Embassy	Factor	Fibre	Focus	Freshman
Dabster	Despot	Dgamer	Ember	Factory	Fibster	Foeman	Fretful
Dacian	Destiny	Dresden	Emblem	Faculty	Fickle	Foible	Fretwork
Dado	Destitute	Driver	Emerald	Failure	Fiction	Foiler	Friar
Daedalus	Detriment	Drollery	Emerson	Fairburn	Fiddler	Foliage	Friction
Daffodil	Devious	Drover	Emery	Fairfax	Fidget	Folio	Friday
Dagmar	Dewberry	Drowsy	Emigrant	Fairmaid	Fieldfare	Folke-	Friendly
Dagon	Dewdrop	Druid	Emily	Fairly	Fiendish	stone	Friendship
Dahlia	Dexter	Drummer	Eminence	Fairplay	Fiery	Follower	Frigate
Dainty	Dexterous	Dryden	Eminent	Fairstar	Fifer	Folly	Frigid
Dairymaid	Dextral	Dubious	Emperor	Fairy	Figaro	Footprint	Fringent
Daisy	Diadem	Duchess	Emphasis	Faithful	Figment	Forager	Frisky
Dalesman	Diagram	Dudley	Empire	Faithless	Filbert	Forcer	Frisolous
Dalliance	Dialect	Duelist	Empress	Falcon	Filcher	Forcible	Frolic
Damaris	Diamond	Dulce	Endless	Falconer	Filial	Forecast	Frolic-
Damper	Dido	Dulcet	Energy	Falkland	Filigree	Foreigner	some
Damsel	Difference	Dulcimer	Enmity	Fallacy	Finder	Foreland	Frontier
Damson	Diffident	Duminy	Ensign	Fallible	Finery	Forelock	Frosty
Dancer	Dignity	Duncan	Entity	Falmouth	Fingal	Foreman	Fugal
Dandy	Diligence	Duplex	Enterprise	Falstaff	Finisher	Foremost	Fruitful
Danger	Diligent	Duplicate	Envious	Famous	Firebrand	Foresail	Fruitless
Dangerous	Dimity	Durable	Envoy	Fancier	Firefly	Foreshore	Fuchsia
Dareful	Dimple	Durance	Envy	Fanciful	Firelock	Foresight	Fuddler
Darling	Dinah	Dusky	Epicure	Fancy	Fireman	Forer	Fugitive
Daring	Dingle	Duster	Epigram	Fanfare	Firetail	Forfeit	Fugleman
Darnley	Diplomat	Dutchman	Epigraph	Fantail	Fisherman	Forfeiture	Fulgent
Darter	Discipline	Duteous	Epilogue	Fantasy	Fitly	Forger	Fullerton
Dasher	Discord	Dutiful	Episode	Faraday	Fixture	Forgery	Fulmen
Dashwood	Discount	Dynamite	Epitaph	Farcical	Fizzle	Formal	Fulsome
Dastard	Discourse	Dynasty	Epithet	Farmer	Flagman	Formalist	Fumbler
Dauntless	Dismal		Equity	Farquhar	Flagrant	Formative	Funnylad
Dawdle	Dissolute	Eager	Ermine	Farrier	Flameless	Former	Funnylass
Dawdler	Distaff	Eagle	Ernest	Fashion	Flamer	Formula	Furious
Daydream	Ditto	Eaglet	Errant	Fatal	Flamm-	Fortitude	Furlough
Daylight	Ditty	Earing	Erskine	Fatalist	able	Fortress	Furnisher
Daystar	Diver	Early	Escort	Fatimer	Flasher	Fortunate	Furrier
Dazzler	Dividend	Earnest	Essence	Faulter	Flatterer	Fortune	Furtive
Deacon	Document	Earth-	Esther	Faulty	Flattery	Founder	Fury
Deaconess	Doeskin	quake	Estimate	Favorite	Flaxen	Foundling	Fusible
Deadlock	Doeful	Earwig	Ethel	Fearful	Fleecer	Foundress	Fustian
Dealer	Dollar	Easeful	Etheling	Fearless	Fleety	Fountain	Fustic
Deborah	Dolphin	Easily	Ethelred	Fear-	Fleetwood	Fowler	Futile
Decimal	Domicile	Easterly	Etiquette	naught	Flexible	Fraction	
Decorate	Dominant	Easy	Eulogy	Fearsome	Flicker	Fractious	Gabriel
Dedicate	Donovan	Ebonite	Eustace	Feasible	Flightly	Fragment	Gadabout
Deemster	Dora	Ebony	Eva	Feather	Flimsy	Frangance	Gadfly
Deficit	Dorcas	Ebor	Eveline	Feature	Flinger	Fragrant	Gaffer

Gaiety	Glorious	Hackster	Heriot	Jasper	Leisure	Mantle	Miriam
Gaily	Glory	Hadrian	Heritage	Jealous	Lenient	Manual	Mirthful
Gainer	Glowworm	Hailstone	Hermit	Jealousy	Lenity	Marathon	Mischief
Gainsome	Glutton	Halifax	Hermitage	Jester	Leveller	Marchion- ess	Miscreant
Galahad	Gobbler	Hamilton	Hero	Jezebel	Levity	Marcia	Miser
Gallant	Goblet	Hamlet	Heroine	Joker	Lexicon	Margaret	Misery
Galliard	Goblin	Handicraft	Hesper	Jollity	Liberal	Margot	Mistletoe
Gallinule	G-dfrey	Handmaid	Hesperus	Joyful	Liberty	Marian	Mistress
Galloper	Golden	Handsome	Hester	Joyless	Lictor	Marigold	Misty
Galopin	Goldfinch	Handy	Hestia	Joyous	Lifeboat	Mariner	Mockery
Galway	Goldsmith	Hannibal	Hilda	Jubilant	Lightfoot	Model	Model
Gambler	Gordon	Hanover	History	Juggler	Lightly	Marjory	Modest
Gambol	Gorgeous	Hapless	Homage	Julia	Lightning	Marksman	Modesty
Gamecock	Gosling	Haply	Homeless	Juliet	Lightsome	Marmion	Modish
Gameboy	Gossamer	Happiness	Homely	Jumble	Likely	Marplot	Mohawk
Gamely	Gossip	Happy	Homily	Juniper	Lingerer	Marquis	Mohican
Game- some	Governess	Harbinger	Hominy	Jupiter	Linguist	Marshal	Moiety
Gamester	Governor	Harbor- ough	Honesty	Justice	Linkboy	Martial	Moleskin
Gander	Gownsmen	Hopbline	Hopbine	Juvenal	Linkman	Marvellous	Molly
Gangway	Grabber	Hopebell	Hopeful	Grabber	Matchless	Mona	Mona
Gangway	Gracecup	Haricot	Hopeless	Kaiser	Lionel	Matron	Monarch
Ganymede	Graceful	Harlequin	Hornet	Katherine	Listless	Mavis	Monitor
Gaoler	Graceless	Harmless	Hornpipe	Keepsake	Lively	Maximus	Monogram
Garish	Gracious	Harmony	Hospodar	Kennedy	Loadstar	Mayflower	Monstrous
Garland	Gradient	Harold	Hostage	Kilworth	Locket	Mayoress	Moonlight
Garlic	Gradual	Harper	Hostess	Kindly	Lofty	Maypole	Moonstone
Garner	Graduate	Harpist	Hostile	Kingcraft	Logical	Meddler	Moral
Garnet	Grafter	Harriet	Hotspur	Kingston	Loiterer	Meddle- some	Moralist
Garnish	Grampian	Hartshorn	Humbert	Kinsman	Loner	Melanite	Morian
Garrulous	Granby	Harvester	Humorous	Kismet	Longbow	Melody	Mortimer
Gaslight	Grandison	Hasty	Huntress	Kitchener	Loriner	Melody	Motive
Gaspar	Granville	Hatred	Hurricane	Lorna	Mennon	Mount- bank	Mount- bank
Gandy	Graphic	Haughty	Hurry	Labourer	Lotta	Memory	Mournful
Gauger	Grapnel	Havoc	Hurtful	Laceman	Lottery	Menial	Mournful
Gauntlet	Grapple	Havoc	Hurtful	Laceman	Lottery	Mentor	Mulberry
Gaylad	Grasper	Hawfinch	Idler	Lady	Lounger	Merciful	Muriel
Gaylass	Grateful	Hawthorn	Ignorant	Ladybird	Lovelock	Mercury	Murmur
Gaymaid	Gratis	Hazard	Immigrant	Ladylike	Lovely	Mercy	Muscat
General	Gratitude	Hazle	Imminent	Lambkin	Lowlander	Meredith	Music
Generous	Gravity	wood	Impetus	Lancer	Lowly	Merlin	Musical
Genial	Graying	Hazy	Impious	Lancet	Loyal	Mermaid	Musket
Genius	Grazier	Headling	Impudence	Landlord	Loyalist	Merman	Muslin
Gentiar	Grecian	Hearsay	Impudent	Landmark	Loyalty	Merriment	Myrtle
Gentleman	Gregory	Heartsease	Impulse	Landseer	Lucifer	Merryboy	Mystery
Gently	Grenadine	Hearty	Incense	Landsman	Luckless	Merrylass	Mystic
Genuine	Greta	Heather	Incident	Languid	Lucky	Merryman	Mystical
Geoffrey	Gretna	Hebe	Indolent	Languish	Lucy	Messenger	Mythical
German	Grievance	Heckler	Industry	Lapidist	Luxury	Messmate	
Gertrude	Grief	Hector	Infamous	Lapwing	Mabel	Mexican	Nailer
Gesture	Grimston	Heedful	Inference	Larkspur	Macaroon	Midget	Nameless
Giantess	Grinder	Heedless	Infinite	Latitude	Madcap	Midnight	Namesake
Giddy	Grotto	Heiress	Ingoldsby	Laudable	Madrigal	Mighty	Nancy
Gimcrack	Groveler	Heirloom	Injury	Laurel	Magic	Mildew	Napier
Gipsy	Growler	Helen	Innocence	Laurence	Magical	Mildred	Narrative
Girder	Grumbler	Helena	Innocent	Lavender	Magnate	Milford	Naseby
Girdle	Guardian	Hellebore	Insolence	Lawful	Magnet	Militant	Nathan
Gladly	Guardman	Helmet	Insolent	Lawless	Magpie	Milkmaid	Native
Gladness	Guesswork	Helpful	Interval	Lawrence	Maiden	Milliner	Naughty
Gladsome	Guider	Helpless	Intimate	Lawyer	Majesty	Mindful	Nautical
Glaner	Guildford	Helpmate	Intricate	Layman	Makeshift	Miner	Nautilus
Gleaner	Guiltless	Hemlock	Irksome	Leader	Malady	Minion	Nebula
Gleeful	Guilty	Henbane	Isobel	Lector	Malice	Minister	Nebulous
Glider	Gulliver	Herald	Ivanhoe	Lecturer	Mallard	Minster	Necklace
Glisten	Gunboat	Heracles		Legacy	Manager	Minuet	Nectar
Gloaming	Gwen- doline	Heresy	Jacobite	Legend	Mandrake	Mirabel	Needfu
Gloomy		Heretic	Jailer	Legible	Manifest	Miracle	Needless

Needy	Omen	Passable	Pindar	Prettyman	Racer	Reginald	Rosabel
Negative	Ominous	Passenger	Pinnacle	Previous	Rachel	Regular	Rosalind
Negli-	Onslow	Passion	Pintail	Priestess	Racket	Regulate	Rosamond
gence	Oppidan	Passionate	Piper	Primate	Rackety	Regulus	Rosary
Negligent	Optimist	Passport	Pirate	Primitive	Racy	Reindeer	Roseate
Negro	Option	Pastor	Piteous	Primrose	Radial	Relegate	Rosebud
Nelly	Optional	Pastoral	Pitiful	Principal	Radiant	Relevant	Roseleaf
Nemesis	Oracle	Patchwork	Pitiless	Priores	Radical	Relish	Rosemary
Neptune	Orator	Patent	Pittance	Prisoner	Raffle	Remedy	Rosery
Nero	Ordinance	Patience	Placable	Pristine	Raffler	Remnant	Rosette
Nestor	Organist	Patriarch	Placid	Privilege	Raftsmen	Remus	Rosy
Nettle	Oriel	Patrick	Placida	Probity	Ragman	Render	Rotary
Nettler	Orient	Patriot	Plaintiff	Problem	Rider	Renovate	Rounder
Neutral	Ormonde	Patron	Plaudit	Proctor	Rillery	Reprobate	Rouser
Newsman	Ornament	Peaceful	Plausible	Prodigal	Raiment	Resident	Rover
Nibbler	Orphan	Pearly	Playful	Prodigy	Rainbow	Resolute	Roxburgh
Nicety	Osborne	Pediment	Playmate	Profligate	Rakish	Resonant	Royal
Nickleby	Osprey	Pedlar	Plaything	Progress	Ralliance	Restive	Royalist
Nightingale	Outcast	Peeler	Pleader	Promise	Rilly	Restless	Royalty
Nightmare	Outfit	Peerness	Pleasant	Prompter	Rallywood	Reticent	Rubican
Nightshade	Outlaw	Peerless	Pleasantry	Prophecy	Rambler	Reticule	Rubicon
Nimble	Outrage	Pegasus	Pleasure	Prophet	Rampant	Revel	Ruby
Nimrod	Oxford	Pelican	Plenary	Prophetess	Kampart	Reveller	Ruction
Nipper	Packet	Pembroke	Plenteous	Proselyte	Rampish	Revelry	Ruddy
Nitre	Packman	Penance	Plentiful	Proserpine	Randolph	Revenue	Rudiment
Nobbler	Padlock	Pendant	Plenty	Prosperous	Random	Rhapsody	Ruffian
Noble	Pagan	Penitence	Pliable	Protest	Ranger	Rhetoric	Ruffle
Nobleman	Pagant	Penitent	Pliant	Protestant	Ransack	Rhoda	Ruffler
Noiseless	Painful	Penniless	Plover	Provident	Ransom	Rhymer	Rufus
Noisy	Painter	Pensioner	Plumper	Provost	Ranter	Richmond	Ruin
Nominal	Palafox	Pensive	Plunder	Provost	Rantipole	Ridicule	Ruinous
Nonsense	Paladin	Peony	Plutus	Prowler	Rapid	Rifleman	Ruler
Nonsuch	Palatine	Perdita	Poacher	Proxy	Rapier	Rifler	Rummager
Norah	Paleface	Peregrine	Poet	Prudence	Rapture	Rigid	Rumour
Normal	Palmer	Perfect	Poetess	Prudent	Rarity	Rigorous	
Norman	Paltry	Perfidy	Poetry	Prudish	Rascal	Rimy	
Norma	Pamela	Perfume	Policy	Pugilist	Rashness	Ringdove	Rupee
Norval	Pamphlet	Pericles	Politic	Pungent	Rasper	Ringlet	Rupert
Norwood	Pancake	Perilous	Polka	Punisher	Raspberry	Ringwood	Rural
Nosegay	Pansy	Periwig	Pomfret	Punster	Rasselas	Riot	Russet
Notable	Panto-	Perjury	Pompey	Purchase	Rataplan	Rioter	Rustic
Notary	mime	Perquisite	Pontifex	Puritan	Rateable	Riotous	Rusticus
Notion	Parable	Pertinent	Pontiff	Purity	Rational	Ripple	Rustler
Novel	Paradigm	Pessimist	Porcelain	Purple	Rattle	Risky	Ruthful
Novelist	Paradox	Petersham	Portia	Purser	Rattler	Rita	Ruthless
Novelty	Paraffin	Pe rel	Portland	Puzzle	Ravager	Ritual	Rutland
Novice	Paragon	Petulant	Portrait	Puzzler	Raven	Rival	
Nugget	Paraphrase	Phantom	Positive		Ravenous	Rivalry	Sackbut
Nuisance	Parallel	Philomel	Possible	Quaker	Raymond	Rivet	Safeguard
Numeral	Parapet	Phoebe	Postboy	Quality	Reason	Rockery	Safety
Nutmeg	Parasite	Phoenix	Postman	Quarrel-	Reasoner	Rocket	Saffron
Nutriments	Pardon	Phos-	Postscript	some	Rebel	Rockwood	Sailor
		phate	Posy	Quarry-	Recent	Roderick	Sanguine
		phorus	Potentate	man	Reckless	Rodney	Saintly
Oarsman	Parity	Poverty	Quaver	Record	Rodomont	Saladin	Salary
Obdurate	Parker	Phyllis	Queenly	Recreate	Rogues	Roguish	Salesman
Object	Parody	Pibroch	Practical	Queenly	Rector	Roguish	Salient
Obsolete	Parsee	Pickwick	Prattler	Querulous	Redcap	Roisterer	Salisbury
Obstinate	Parsee	Picture	Preacher	Query	Redolent	Roland	Sally
Obvious	Parsley	Picrust	Precedent	Quesser	Redpole	Roman	Salvage
Oculist	Parson	Piet	Precept	Quibble	Redstart	Romeo	Sampler
Odious	Partial	Pigment	Precious	Quibbler	Redwing	Romper	Sampson
Offspring	Particle	Pilgrim	Prefect	Quickly	Reflex	Rompish	Sanction
Oliver	Partisan	Pillager	Prejudice	Quiver	Refuge	Romulus	Sandal
Omega	Partner	Pilot	President	Quotable	Regal	Rory	Sandway
		Pincher	Prettylass	Quotient	Regent	Rosa	

Sandy	Sher-	Speedy	Sunrise	Teaser	Tomboy	Truelass	Varlet
Sanguine	brooke	Spencer	Sunshade	Technical	Tonic	Truelove	Varnish
Sapient	Shiner	Spend	Sunshine	Tedious	Tony	Trueman	Vary
Sapphire	Shuffler	thrif	Sunstroke	Telegram	Topic	Truena	Vassal
Saraband	Shylock	Spicy	Suppliant	Telescope	Topical	Trumpeter	Vatican
Saracen	Sibyl	Spider	Surety	Telltale	Topmost	Trustful	Vaulter
Satchel	Sideral	Spindle	Surplice	Tempe-	Topsy	Tru	Vaunter
Satellite	Sigma	Spinner	Swallow	rate	Torchlight	Truthful	Veda
Satirist	Signal	Spinster	Swarthy	Templar	Torment	Trywell	Vehement
Satrap	Signet	Spiteful	Swiftly	Temporal	Torpid	Tudor	Velvet
Saucebox	Silence	Spitfire	Swindler	Tempter	Torture	Tulip	Vendor
Saucy	Silent	Splendour	Swinger	Tenable	Torturer	Tamult	Venery
Saunter	Silky	Spoiler	Swivel	Tendrill	Tory	Tunable	Vengeance
Saunterer	Silva	Spokes-	Swords-	Teruagant	Total	Tuneful	Vengeful
Savory	Silvia	man	man	Terminal	Touch-	Turban	Venial
Scamper-	Sinbad	Sponsor	Sybil	Terrible	stone	Turbulent	Venison
dale	Sinecure	Sportful	Sycamore	Terror	Touch-	Turmoil	Venom
Scampish	Sinful	Sportive	Sycophant	Tester	wood	Turpin	Venomous
Scandal	Singer	Sportsman	Syllable	Testy	Towser	Tuscan	Venture
Scanty	Sinister	Spoiless	Sylva	Tetrarch	Tozer	Tutor	Venturer
Scarcity	Sinless	Sprightly	Sylvan	Tentor	Tracery	Twilight	Venturous
Scarlet	Siren	Sprinkle	Sylvia	Texture	Tractable	Twinkle	Venus
Scatter-	Skillful	Squeezer	Symbol	Trader	Thankful	Twister	Verdant
cash	Skipper	Stainless	Symmetry	Thankless	Traffic	Typical	Verdict
Scavenger	Skirmish	Stanford	Sympathy	Theorist	Tragedy	Tyranny	Verdure
Scenery	Skirmisher	Standard	Symphony	Theory	Tragic	Tyrant	Verger
Sceptre	Skylark	Starlight	Syndicate	Thesis	Traitor	Tyro	Verily
Schemer	Slander	Starling	Syrian	Thievish	Trajan		Veritas
Scholar	Slender	Starle		Thimble	Trampler	Uhlan	Verity
Schoolboy	Slumber	Stately	Taciturn	Thirsty	Tranquil	Ultimate	Vernal
Schoolgirl	Smartly	Statesman	Tackler	Thistle	Transept	Umpire	Versatile
Schooner	Smasher	Steadfast	Tactic	Thought-	Transient	Una	Vertical
Scornful	Smiler	Steady	Tactless	ful	Transit	Unicorn	Vesper
Scorpion	Smoker	Stealthy	Tailor	Thought-	Trappist	Unison	Vesta
Scrambler	Smuggler	Stentor	Taintless	less	Traveller	Unity	Vestal
Screamer	Snowdrop	Sterling	Talbot	Thrasher	Treason	Upstart	Vestige
Scrivener	Social	Stickler	Talent	Thrifty	Treasure	Urgent	Vesture
Scruple	Socialist	Stimulant	Talisman	Thrilling	Treasurer	Uriel	Veteran
Scrupu-	Sofa	Stockdove	Talkative	Throstle	Treatise	Ursula	Viceroy
lous	Solace	Stoker	Tallage	Thruster	Treaty	Useful	Vicious
Scrutiny	Soldier	Stormer	Tally	Thunder	Trefoil	Usher	Victor
Sculptor	Solitude	Stormy	Tamarin	Thunder-	Trencher		Victory
Sealskin	Solomon	Straggler	Tamarind	bolt	Trepid	Vacancy	Victress
Seaman	Solon	Stranger	Tamarisk	Thunderer	Trespass	Vacant	Vigil
Seamstress	Soluble	Strategy	Tambour	Ticket	Trespasser	Vagabond	Vigilance
Secret	Somerset	Straw-	Tancred	Tickle	Tribune	Vagrant	Vigilant
Seemly	Songster	berry	Tangent	Tickler	Tribute	Valentine	Vigorous
Senator	Songstress	Stream	Tangible	Ticklish	Trickery	Valiant	Villager
Senseless	Sonnet	Streamlet	Tangle	Tidy	Trickster	Valid	Vincible
Sensible	Sophie	Strenuous	Tapestry	Tigress	Tricksy	Valorous	Vinery
Sensitive	Sorcerer	Striker	Tapster	Tilter	Trident	Valour	Vineyard
Sentient	Sorceress	Stringent	Target	Timbrel	Trifle	Vampire	Vintage
Sentiment	Sorcery	Striver	Tariff	Timorous	Trimbrush	Vanda	Vintner
Sentinel	Sorrowful	Stroller	Tarnish	Timothy	Trimmer	Vandal	Viola
Sergeant	Sovereign	Struggler	Tarquin	Tincture	Trinket	Vandyke	Violate
Serious	Spacious	Student	Tarragon	Tingle	Triton	Vanguard	Violence
Settler	Spangle	Studios	Tartan	Tinker	Trojan	Vanish	Violent
Sexton	Spanker	Stylish	Tartar	Tinkle	Trophy	Vanity	Violet
Shadow	Sparkler	Suavity	Tasteful	Tinsel	Tropical	Vanquish	Virgil
Shaker	Sparkle	Substitute	Tasty	Tippler	Troubler	Van-	Virtue
Shameful	Spartan	Sultan	Tattle	Tipster	Trouble-	quisher	Virtuous
Shameless	Speaker	Sultry	Tattler	Titan	some	Vantage	Virulent
Shamrock	Special	Summary	Tawdry	Titmouse	Trouncer	Vapid	Visible
Sharper	Specimen	Sumptu-	Tawny	Toilet	Truant	Variance	Visitor
Shaver	Specious	ous	Teacher	Token	Truckler	Variant	Vista
Sheldrake	Spectacle	Sunlight	Teasel	Tolerant	Trueboy	Various	Vital

Vivian	Wafer	Wary	Weasel	Whale-	Whiteboy	Winterton	Woodbine
Vivid	Waister	Waspish	Weather-	bone	Whitting-	Wisdom	Woodman
Vixen	Waitress	Wasteful	gauge	Whetstone	ton	Wishful	Workable
Vocal	Wakeful	Watchful	Weather-	Whiffer	Whynot	Witch-	Worker
Vocalist	Wamba	Watchman	cock	Whimsey	Widgeon	craft	Workman
Volatile	Wanderer	Watch-	Weaver	Whimsical	Wildair	Witchery	Worm-
Volley	Wanton	word	Wedg-	Whipcord	Wildboy	Witness	wood
Voluble	Warble	Waselet	wood	Whipster	Wildfire	Wizard	Worry
Volume	Warbler	Waverly	Wedlock	Whirligig	Wildman	Woeful	Worth-
Votary	Warden	Waxy	Welcome	Whirlwind	Wilfred	Wolds-	less
Voucher	Warfare	Wayfare	Welfare	Whisky	Willful	man	Worthy
Voyager	Warlike	Wayward	Welkin	Whisper	Willing	Wonder	Wrangler
Vulcan	Warlock	Wealthy	Welladay	Whisperer	Wind-sor	Wonderful	Wrathful
Vulture	Warranty	Weari-	Welling-	Whistler	Winkle	Wondrous	Wrecker
	Warrener	some	ton	Whitby	Winifred	Wood-	Wrestler
Wafer	Warrior	Weary	Westward	Whitaker	Winsome	cock	Wrinkle

Sport with the Army in South Africa.

MANY a man in South Africa during the past year has enjoyed his day's shooting, even if unsuccessful, as a welcome relaxation. Everyone out there has taken an interest in the animals of the country. I saw a letter the other day from an officer who, after mentioning that he had tried nine consecutive shots at a Boer behind a rock, went on to say that he had shot one hare and three partridges, with an elaborate account of the country in which he got them. In Natal game is not plentiful at any time; it has been too much shot down. Near the Mori river there are a few snipe, and riding over the country south of the Tugela river we came across partridge and quail, and also saw a few buck—the latter chiefly among the hills. During the time the Army was at Spearman's camp, the naval guns were in position on Mount Alice, a hill whose wooded slopes faced Spion Kop. I saw some buck walking about perfectly unconcerned, and a flock of guinea fowls were cackling away close to the guns. When the guns were first fired the guinea-fowl made a good deal of noise,

but after the first few shots they got used to it, and paid no further attention. They went to roost at night as if nothing unusual was taking place, regardless of the impedimenta of a large army all around them. At Colenso a buck got up on the river bank, and I watched it crossing a shell-swept plain. Everyone took more interest in its movements than in the shells that were passing over us. Again, the morning after Pieter's Hill, a buck appeared in the midst of a bivouac, and was knocked over by some men; it got confused when it discovered its surroundings, and no wonder. The surface of the ground was pitted with shell marks, and covered with biscuit tins; the smell of dead animals alone was sufficient to have stupefied it. There were very few vultures. Those one saw were gorged, and have possibly succumbed by now to overfeeding. A few more of them would have been of use, as carcasses remained for weeks on the ground.

In the Orange River Colony there is still plenty of game. At Bethulie, on a plain some five

square miles in extent, there were about 500 spring-bok. They remain very much in the open, and avoid the hills, so are very difficult to stalk. The way the Boers kill them is to organise drives, and this is the best method. If there are only a few guns, you ride round them in a large circle, gradually decreasing the distance. When on the move they always go in Indian file, and the Boers, under these circumstances, don't pick their animals, but fire at the line; they get a good many in this manner. It is very difficult to get nearer than about 300 yards, and at that distance they present a very small mark. A wounded spring-bok travels a long way; the only chance is to have your pony by you and try to ride him down. They get their name from their paces. They move with great bounds, with their tails between their legs, and their backs arched. They are the commonest buck in South Africa. At Zand River, during Lord Roberts' march to Kroonstad, large herds of these animals were seen galloping about between the Boers and ourselves. I fancy a good many shots were fired at them. On several occasions shooting at buck caused false alarms. In fact, using Government ammunition and rifles for this purpose was forbidden in general orders. At Jagersfontein, south of Bloemfontein, the whole garrison, consisting at the time of some 4,000 men, were turned out for several hours. A patrol galloped in saying they had been fired at. Mounted troops went out, the remainder stood to arms. It was then discovered that two or three officers had gone out shooting, and in firing at buck had dropped several bullets among the patrol, whom they could not see. The delinquents came in later quite

innocent of the excitement they had caused, and they did not escape a certain amount of abuse, though we ate their buck. I have ridden out some ten miles to find out what the firing was, and have discovered a buck shooter. Very often he was a Colonial. The Colonials could never resist the temptation. On a reconnaissance near Kroonstad, when we were momentarily expecting to come in touch with the enemy, firing commenced on a flank; supports having been collected and brought up, it was found that some men had been unable to resist the temptation to fire at buck.

Wildebeeste are very rare; in fact, they are only found on one farm in the Orange River Colony, near Ventersburg. They were kept there, but the fences having been broken they are now scattered over that district. They resemble a mule, with a buffalo's head. They are very inquisitive animals; you see a herd gallop up to have a look at you, coming quite close; they stand and gaze at you, then kicking their heels in the air they gallop off like a lot of young colts.

All over the veldt are little colonies of meerkats. They resemble squirrels, but live in holes in the ground, and they are responsible for many falls. They are easily tamed, and many have been brought home as pets. Whether they will stand our climate is doubtful.

One of the commonest of birds is the korhaan, or lesser bustard. They are about the size of a black-cock, but have the wings of a crow. They make a curious harsh noise when disturbed; taking short flights they are easy to shoot. They go about singly or in pairs. Their flesh is dark in colour, and tastes rather like black-game. With judicious hanging no doubt they might be very good eating,

but otherwise they are rather tough, which is the failing of all animal food in South Africa. The ordinary grey plover and ducks, where there is any water, are fairly numerous. The finest bird in South Africa is the ostrich. They are chiefly kept on the Karoo, that desolate tract of country in the north of Cape Colony, where the soil is suitable for them. As far as I could see, they are the only creatures possessed of digestions strong enough to find a living off the stunted heath which takes the place of grass in this district. Often in the dim light of early morning, or in the gloaming, they have been mistaken for men. It was a common sight to see an old cock ostrich walking about among our camps or bivouacs, picking up odds and ends in the most impartial spirit. It is a mistaken idea to think that you can buy their feathers cheaply. You may be able to do so if you are in the wholesale line, but I have heard as much as eight shillings asked for a good feather. I fancy a few birds may have shed their plumes in an unorthodox way during the last year, as an ostrich feather forms the distinctive badge of some corps, and it is a tempting sight to see several pounds' worth of feathers standing before you waiting to be plucked.

Of creeping beasts and other unpleasant creatures, nothing was so bad as the common house-fly. Mosquitoes were rarely seen; they are said to spread malaria. I think flies spread enteric. When a camp had been for some time in the same place, during the summer months, flies innumerable appeared. You had to struggle with them for your very food. Along the beaten tracks, in the path of troops, there they were again, and as you came on a frequented road

you became covered with flies. If at dusk you had forgotten to drive them out of your tent, they prevented you sleeping after day-break, if you wished to. They prevented you having a doze during the day, and they crept about over you at night. Undoubtedly, the common fly is the most pestiferous animal in South Africa.

There were very few cases of snake bite among the men, but there were some wonderful snake stories. One species of snake, a Boer farmer informed me, was five feet long, and was so vindictive that it would pursue a man on horseback for miles. I asked him whether, when it came to a hill, it rolled itself into the shape of a cart wheel and went spinning down the slopes. But he only put me down as an incredulous Britisher. Scorpions abounded in Natal, especially in Frere Camp, where we dug fifteen from beside two tents. But they are not as venomous as those you find in India or Egypt.

The above are some of the ordinary animals that one comes across in South Africa.

One of the most serious questions during the war has been the supply of horses and transport animals. There have been, undoubtedly, as many animals of this class in the country as there have been soldiers. The wastage of men has been great, but of horses in particular it has been enormous. Each of the cavalry regiments have been remounted at least four times. That means that they alone have used some 30,000 horses. If you add to this the consumption by mounted infantry and colonial corps, the total number of horses used during the war reaches an enormous figure. The average price of a

horse to Government, taken in all the different classes, comes to about £35. The cavalry were mounted on English, American, Hungarian, and "Walers" chiefly, the Argentines and Cape ponies being generally kept for the mounted infantry.

The majority of the English horses were very unsound. The Americans were sounder, but were all legs. The Hungarians want stamina. The Walers were not of the same class as the Indian remounts, and like the Americans were scarcely broken.

The first consignment of Argentines was good, but the quality of later drafts fell off. They require a lot of driving, and they won't lead. The ponies varied, but taking them all round they were preferable to the horses. The vast majority of men agree that out there they would rather ride a pony. A pony does himself better on scanty rations, does not require so much looking after, is more comfortable to ride, being more sure-footed, and is easier to get off and on. Of the 5,000 cavalry horses that I myself saw in the Orange River Colony, in five months it was an exception to see one trot sound. The cavalry soldiers have been blamed as being bad horse-masters, and people are inclined to attribute the wastage of horses to this cause. The following are the

facts, however. Horses arrived at the coast; they were at once put in a train, in many cases straight off the ship, and sent up direct, say, to Bloemfontein — often further. It may have taken them three days to get there. The watering and feeding *en route* was doubtful. On arrival, they were taken to a remount dépôt, and probably were issued out to a regiment the following day. In many cases they were saddled and marched off twenty miles within a few hours. Many had never even been saddled before, and there was no time to fit saddles. A large percentage broke down at once. They were so soft that even when saddles had been fitted they fell away, and no saddle would fit them. This caused sore backs, which the best management could not, under these circumstances, have avoided. Again men and horses went out at daybreak and returned after dark, so that the veterinary officer would never have the opportunity of looking at the horses. Add to these other disadvantages, the tremendous weight they had to carry. The intense hurry that prevailed during the early stages of the war was responsible for the wastage of horses rather than the want of attention given them. Whether the old proverb of "more haste less speed" is applicable, it is not for me to discuss. G. G. H.

The Autobiography of a Polo Pony.

THERE are more links 'twixt the horse and his rider
Than ever your shallow philosophy guessed.

It was somewhere on the Arabian coast, in the year 1888, that I first saw the light of day, and "thro' the mist of former years" I look back on the days of

my colthood with some vain longing to see again the desert where I frolicked in my youth, and where for the first time I learned to bear a burden on my back. I started low in life as a baggage pony to carry merchandise, but my treatment was kind, and I was made

to feel, as it were, a member of the family of my Bedouin master.

As I base my after life in Hindustan chiefly on my make and figure, I may give some idea of what my qualities were, though I scarce can say whether they were for my blessing or otherwise, and whether it were not better to have lived and died where nature bred me, or to have mingled glory with pain in a far-off distant land.

I was bay in colour, with a well-bred head and a good eye and rein; I was strong in the loin, and had beautiful hocks and a short back. My shoulder, however, was slightly upright, and my forehand was not quite perfection, and I must own it, I was not possessed with the best of tempers. My height was 13.2. In my early days I did not know how truly thankful I ought to have been for this blessing, but in after years when I saw what some of my stable companions had to go through in order to "measure," I realised the gift I had, and thanked my God I was not as other ponies.

At the age of three I left my native land. I need not describe my voyage to India; even now I dislike to think of it. I was a bad sailor, and oh! how thankful I should have been if only I could have been sea-sick, but I couldn't.

At last I arrived in Bombay, and found myself amongst a lot of others in the Arab stables. Life was now full of interest, but not without its ups and downs. I was constantly being looked at and my points picked to pieces by officer after officer in search of a likely polo pony, who really knew very little about me, till at last I was chosen by a cavalry subaltern, by whose orders I was railed to Bangalore, there to be trained for a game that has no rival.

What price I fetched I do not know, for filthy lucre forms no part in the troubles of such as I. I was now measured for polo, and received a 13.2. certificate from the Indian Polo Association under the name of "Hermit," though I never knew what an illustrious name amongst horse-flesh I bore, or how years ago my namesake had won the Derby at 100 to 1. But "what's in a name"? By my Hindustani-speaking syce (groom) I was called "Helmit"!

My master evidently knew his work, and my early training for polo consisted in being circled round and doing a figure of 8, and having it impressed upon me, which I soon discovered, that a polo stick is not a whip and not a thing to be feared. I quickly took to stick and ball, and my master soon found that I had a distinct turn of speed. The flaw in my training was that my temper was always excitable, and my tender mouth was not treated with the care it ought to have been by the hands of my rider; consequently I had to bear a lot of pain when a stroke was made without a slight loosening of the reins—result, I *pulled*, and have pulled ever since, nor even now do I intend to give up my one and only vice. I couldn't if I tried, it has grown on me, and become a part of my very nature. It was not my fault in the first instance.

As my training proceeded and time went on, I was bitted more severely, which really only made matters worse in the long run. My pulling was not entirely due to my tender mouth and the rough usage it had received, partly it may be attributed to excitement and partly to having raced, as I have made a name for myself not only on the hard-baked

dusty polo grounds of India, but also on the Turf, where I have often shown a clean pair of heels to my rivals in the race. Pulling, which I have gone in for more in later years, and the consequent heavy, almost diabolical bits I have been played in have been the curse of my life . . . would that my master had had good hands. I am now played in a "Mohawk" bit, in which my present master, after months of experimenting, found me playable but not pliable.

After a few months' training I became a trained polo pony, and, by Jove! I could move and turn! I could nip round in a moment and be off again, and in a hustle I was hard to beat. I was very soon played in a tournament, and very proud I was that day when I played No. 3, and I and my master between us got goal after goal, and in the final simply romped it.

I have played in many a tournament since, but never have I felt so proud as I did that day when I made my *début* before the Indian public. My master and I, except in the matter of his hands and my mouth, understood each other . . . a momentary pressure of the leg was quite enough for me, and I instantly saw what was wanted. I never required a spur. Except for the pain in my mouth, I simply loved the game, and galloping over the ground, and twisting, and turning, and hustling. I flatter myself, too, though I say it who shouldn't, that no other pony on the ground was a patch on me.

I will not weary you with a list of tournaments I have played in, but I know most of the polo grounds in India, from Bangalore to Banno on the N.W. frontier. The latter place reminds me of a different phase of my existence, for when I was there I had passed into the hands of another, and had become the property of an officer of the Indian Army.

Besides being still played at polo, I was honoured by being used as a charger, in which capacity I journeyed to the front for the Tochi Expedition. If every charger were decorated in the same way as the late Volonel, the Arab of Lord Roberts, I should now be wearing on my breast the medal for the Indian Frontier. But medals are not given to the equine species, though, God knows, we do our share, and know too well the agonies of the battlefield.

My present master is now a subaltern of Indian Horse, and my height of 13.2 hands no longer permits of my being his charger, but he still plays me at polo, though I am now more advanced in years.

I should like before I die to play in one more tournament, and feel once again my Arab blood coursing through my veins in the excitement and whirl of the galloping game. And perhaps when I am dead my spirit will fly over the Indian waters, and I shall see once more my Arab home, where the sun is ever shining and the desert white with dust.

Sic transit gloria equi.

F. P. P. ROUSE.

“ Our Van.”

Sandown Park.—The three days' meeting which commenced on the last day of February was a very slow affair from start to finish, and the social gathering compared very poorly with what one was accustomed to before the war when the military held sway at this particular meeting. But the social tone of all our metropolitan club enclosures has been much lowered in recent times. Such interest as there was in the racing was centred in the appearance of several horses entered for the Grand National. To call more than a few of them Grand National horses would be fulsome flattery; and nothing is more surprising than to see animals that have been harried all over the country for months, picking up unconsidered trifles that came in the way, spoken seriously of as possible winners at Aintree, as February comes round. If such as these are thought worthy of winning what should be the blue ribbon of steeplechasing, but very often is not, what is the use of paying high prices for superior chasers? This is a question which Mr. H. Brassey has no doubt put very seriously to himself. He paid 3,000 guineas for Hidden Mystery, with the laudable object of winning the Grand National upon him. He rode him for the first time in a race on the second day, in the Military Steeplechase, with the lamentable result that Hidden Mystery came down at the open ditch near the entrance gate, where so many horses come to grief, and smashed the near fore-leg. That the greatest sympathy was felt for the bereaved owner goes without saying, but that will not give him his horse back. The race was won by Romanoff, owned and ridden by

Captain W. H. Lambton, who beat The Sapper, owned and ridden by Mr. W. H. Pawson, by three lengths.

On the same day the riding of F. Mason on St. Jacques gave rise to so much suspicion that the stewards suspended him for the remainder of the meeting. The matter was subsequently investigated by the stewards of the National Hunt Committee, who severely admonished both Mason and the owner of the horse, Mr. R. Gare. It would be little short of a calamity if so good a jockey as Mason came to grief in this manner.

Kempton Park.—As at Sandown, the feature here was the loss of a good steeplechaser, Ballyhack, one of the most promising of jumpers from Ireland, for whom the Duke of Westminster had given 1,200 guineas, breaking a leg through falling at the open ditch. This was on the first day, in the Stewards' Steeplechase, in which Mason, on Bashful Boy (10st. 11lb.), stole a march on Mr. J. W. Widger, on Duke of Wellington (12st. 7lb.) as it appeared, Duke of Wellington having the race apparently won at the last fence, but Bashful Boy got up a few strides from the judge, winning by half a length. The March Handicap Steeplechase of 500 sovs., two miles, was won by Grand Attack, who beat The Don by three-quarters of a length, after a really good race from end to end. On the second day the 500 sovs. stake was for the Kingston Hurdle Handicap, for which the Australian Manazona ran, by no means unfancied. With 12st. 11lb. he was well looked after in the matter of weight, and he failed to stay under it. Several others were carrying over 12st., and the

race went to Cracky (10st. 9lb.), whose success excited no emotions.

Hurst Park.—The success of this riverside meeting has been a good thing for owners, and at the two-day March meeting the stakes amounted to £2,700, £1,700 being devoted to the second day. On the first day, when the weather was of the atrocious character which has become associated with Hurst Park meetings, was run the March Maiden Hurdle Race, in which Australian Star was expected to repeat his Sandown success. But even Arthur Nightingall could not induce him to do his best. The race was won by Mr. Quilp, an extreme outsider; this being in keeping with the majority of the results for some time, bookmakers look like starting the flat-racing season with plethoric banking accounts.

On the second day we had the New Century Steeplechase of £1,000, in its second year, Count Schomberg having won the inaugural race. A few that had become known as hurdle racers were being sent over fences, amongst these being Sans Gêne, who had gained a small reputation and was now made favourite. He came down at once, however, the race being won by North Tyne, a four-year-old, by Bona Vista, that was making a first appearance over fences. He was carrying 10st. only, so it was not surprising that Grand Attack, carrying 12st. 7lbs., finished four lengths behind him.

Gatwick and Lingfield.—The executive of the Gatwick meeting, with plenty of experience behind them, have a firm belief in liberality as a sure foundation to success, and of this belief we see plenty of evidence during each twelve months. At the March meeting of two days the stakes aggregate 3,050 sovs., though

owners of course contribute most money by far. On the first day was the Tantivy Steeplechase of £1,000, and it was won by the good-looking Mintstalk. On the second day came the International Hurdle Race of £800, and this was won by Bonnie Dundee.

Lingfield is here coupled with Gatwick for the sake of the contrast, the Lingfield stakes being of the most modest description, only one stake reaching £100 in the two days. Nevertheless, fields are good, and horses that have been run for stakes of much greater value are started. During the two days the stakes amounted to £690. In this respect Lingfield differs from the other metropolitan meetings having the same social class of membership, and its success is undoubtedly due to the comfort of the arrangements, although a quarter of a mile walk still has to be taken from the station, and to the beauty of the surroundings. The lack of stayers was made apparent by the two races at three miles, the total of starters for the two races being seven. Similarly, at Gatwick, for a three miles' race of £100, there were but three runners.

The Open Ditch.—Viewing the matter broadly, men have agreed that the undoubted decline which is fast coming over racing under National Hunt Rules is to be laid at the door of the National Hunt Committee, but they are by no means unanimous in placing a finger upon the particular blemish in the regulations whose removal would put an end to the rot. For instance, there is one section which says, "Do away with the regulation open ditch and all will be well," the suggestion being that many who would like to run their horses flatly decline to do so, so long as the open ditch retains its present form. Now, it

is not a matter of an odd man here and there objecting to this particular obstacle, for the malcontents amongst those actively engaged in steeplechasing form a considerable majority. They rely upon the argument of facts, saying that most accidents to horse and rider, and nearly all the serious ones, take place at the open ditch. This can of course be proved or disproved by statistics, but, without referring to figures, the impression made upon the mind of the frequent race-goer is that the open ditch is terribly prolific of accident. The rule providing for it runs as follows: "There shall be in each mile at least one ditch 6 feet wide and 3 feet deep on the taking-off side of the fence, which ditch may be guarded by a single rail, or left open, and which fence must be 4 feet 6 inches in height, and if of dead brushwood or gorse 2 feet in width." (I hasten to disclaim the grammar, by the way.) The objectors say that this fence is a pure creation of the committee and that it is unlike anything met with in the open country. Horses, to race over such jumps, have to be especially schooled at them; and those who have to do the schooling do not hesitate to say that for every horse that comes well out of the ordeal two, or even three, are spoiled. These are the assertions that are roundly made at any steeplechase meeting when the subject of the open ditch comes up for discussion. That it has been much in evidence of late is not surprising, seeing that within the space of a few days two such horses as Hidden Mystery, costing 3,000 guineas, and Ballyhack, costing 1,200 guineas, had legs shattered at the open ditch. To be thus summarily deprived of such fine specimens of the steeple-

chaser was a sad blow to their respective owners, and in these days of rarity the loss is also felt and deeply deplored by the racing community at large, who can appreciate a good horse although it may be the property of another. Seeing that each horse met his death at the open ditch, and that in every steeplechase that particular description of fence must be taken at least twice, we can speculate with some certainty of arriving at a reasonable conclusion as to the probability of either owner again risking his money. In this way men who would be liberal supporters of steeplechasing are at once lost to the cause. Yet we go on wondering that the sport, such as it is, is kept going with the aid of a handful of "crocks" worth a few hundreds a-piece, few of whom dare be sent on journeys over two miles, and who are for the most part raced off their legs. Where is the encouragement to invest money in valuable horses, say those with the means to do so, with the prospect of having their legs broken at what so many insist is an artificial, unnatural obstacle?

The open ditch was introduced some fifteen or sixteen years ago, and it is a stock argument with its opponents of to-day, that those who have the legislation of National Hunt matters in their hands have had no practical acquaintance with this fence. That is to say, they have not had to race over it; and that experience, it is argued, is necessary to qualify a man to legislate upon so important a point. Anybody can express an opinion; but, after all, the issue lies with the men who eventually make the laws. If there be anything in this argument, it follows that the infusion of fresh and younger blood into the committee would be an advis-

able step. A perusal of the list of members of the committee will tell "the man in the street" that very many of them certainly have very little, if any, practical connection with steeplechasing, whatever may have been the case in the past. It is impossible for anyone outside the committee to know what proportion of the party of forty odd gentlemen forming this body take much active part in the administration of affairs, but the conduct of its business cannot deviate so much from what is usual in the larger world that it should not be desirable to have men at the helm who, in addition to being what is termed practical, are in actual touch with current matters and opinions. Whether very many of the present National Hunt Committee can lay claim to both these qualifications is very much open to question.

It will be seen that the provision of the guard-rail is optional, and at the first introduction of the open ditch there was no rail. On the complaint being made that horses sometimes failed to notice the ditch and slipped into it, the now customary guard-rail was added. As a light rail is shattered by the first horse that strikes it (as was shown a few months since at Sandown) the timber has to be substantial. The rail being some height from the ground, the serious danger is presented of a horse sliding forwards on slippery ground—and turf in winter is more often greasy than otherwise—in which case a broken foreleg is a certainty. The obvious cure for this is the banking up of earth under the guard-rail so that it is impossible for a foot to get underneath. So much for a small detail but the committee would lose none of its dignity but rather give evidence of consulting the interests of steeple-

chasing by instituting an inquiry into this undoubtedly vexed question of the open ditch amongst owners, trainers, and jockeys who, during winter, have an everyday experience whereupon to form an opinion. Whatever the result the inquiry will be worth the trouble. Although the punitive result of the last searching inquiry of the stewards of the Jockey Club affected an alien jockey only, there was a universal feeling that the air had been cleared, and people breathed more freely in consequence. The objections to the open ditch are so many and so universal as to render an inquiry highly advisable. If, after the sifting of evidence and opinions, the fence is acquitted of the iniquities attributed to it, the position of the National Hunt Committee will be much the same as though, at the close of the inquiry, it decided to condemn the obstacle and to abolish or modify it. It would have shown its willingness to consider popular opinion. This is always much better than seeming to ignore it.

Sir John Thursby, Bart.—No one need doubt the sincerity of the widespread regret that has been expressed at the demise of Sir John Thursby which took place at Cannes on March 16th, and the feeling will be experienced in several branches of sport in which Englishmen love to indulge. During the last decade the figure of the deceased baronet came to be a very familiar one on the racecourse side, and it would probably have surprised the newcomer to be told that it was as recently as 1890 that the "Cambridge blue and white, halved," was registered. No doubt the just pride taken in the riding of his second son, Mr. George Thursby, who also trained the horses, was largely accountable for Sir John's

interest in the turf, for shooting, hunting, and driving had great fascinations for him. Those who attend the meets of the Four-in-hand and Coaching Clubs need not to be told of Sir John Thursby's bays. He was vice-president of the Coaching Club; and he hunted the New Forest country for a few years. The north-country, however, naturally, had the greatest claim upon him, and this claim was duly recognised by the presentation of a park of thirty acres to Burnley, Lancashire, and by the gift of a site for the Victoria Hospital, in the same town. It was no doubt with much satisfaction that he gained his first notable success on the turf by winning the Manchester November Handicap in 1892, with Paddy, which fine stayer also included the Northamptonshire Stakes and Great Metropolitan in his winning list. With Dornroschen he won the Lancashire Handicap. Later on The Tartar did valiant service for him, and in the class of race for which he was entered he had matters very much his own way. He won twenty-seven races. The last notable purchase was Calverley, for whom 7,000 guineas were paid at the sale of the late Duke of Westminster's stud. He did not win another race, however, and is now at the stud.

The Royal Buckhounds.—At the moment of writing there is nothing *official* concerning the fate of this, the oldest established pack of hounds in the country. What has leaked out has come through one of the papers, and the information may or may not be true. It will be a matter for regret if the Staghounds are to be given up. A meeting has been held at the "White Hart" Hotel, Windsor, to consider the proposal to abolish the Royal Buckhounds.

There was a large attendance of landowners, farmers, and hunting men. Colonel Maude presided, and among those present were Lord George Pratt, Sir J. Devereux, Captain Higgins, and Mr. H. G. Simpson, Hon. Secretary to the Buckhounds Fund. After a resolution appealing to the King to carry on the Royal Buckhounds as heretofore had been moved, the Chairman submitted the draft of a petition which had been prepared for presentation to his Majesty. The petition stated, *inter alia*, that the sport provided by the Royal pack had been the means of innocent employment to many thousands of loyal subjects, and that the Royal Buckhounds were now more popular than ever; that the vague charges of cruelty advanced against the Royal hounds were devoid of all foundation; that the inclosed description of the Berkshire country made it impossible to obtain anything but "ringing" foxhunting runs, and that the large fields would cause a great amount of damage; and, finally, that the farmers who were chiefly concerned greatly preferred the existing state of affairs. The petition was agreed to, and it was arranged that copies should be distributed among the landowners, farmers, and followers of the pack in the various districts of the Royal Hunt. The agitation against the Buckhounds emanates, as is well known, from an irresponsible body of faddists calling itself the "Humanitarian League."

Staghounds. — Barnstaple. — Mr. Peter Ormrod has again brought his pack for the spring stag-hunting to Barnstaple, where they are hunting under the experienced guidance of Mr. Basset, of Watermouth Castle. The pack killed their first stag on March 9th, in the river, at Bishops Tawton.

Sir John Amory's. — These

hounds also had a fine run with a stag. The quarry was roused at 12.30, and after a splendid gallop over the moors (the going was very rough at times) the hounds pulled down a gallant stag in the afternoon.

Mr. P. G. Barthropp's.—This pack, which has been hunting stags in the country usually hunted over by the Royal Buckhounds, has been showing some capital sport. More particularly has this been the case in the Buckinghamshire beech woods, of the joys of hunting wherein Lord Ribblesdale speaks so feelingly in his well-known book.

The Essex.—Mr. Pemberton Barnes is talking of resigning this pack, of which he was master. The followers of these hounds—which have given some splendid runs, both as to pace and point—are most anxious that no change should be made.

The Woodland Pytchley.—The covert owners and landowners of this country have elected Mr. Walter Cazenove, formerly of the Wilton Hounds, to the mastership. Mr. Cazenove will have the use of Mr. Wroughton's pack, and will employ a professional huntsman.

Lord Southampton, hunting these hounds, had one of the fastest runs in point of pace, of the present season, from Weekley Hall Wood, on March 9th. This covert, which is one of the magnificent range of woodlands, the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, held, as the Duke's coverts generally do, a good fox. Only the master, Lord Annaly, and one or two very hard riders, saw much of the run, until they reached Kettering, where the fox, fairly burst by the pace, had taken refuge in an outhouse.

Mr Fernie's.—This pack had the run of the season in High Leicestershire, from Norton Gorse.

It was one of those days when, according to traditional axioms, no sport need be expected—wild, boisterous, showery, and gusty. Yet a well-known master of hounds assures me that all the best days he has ever known have been windy ones. There was a small field at Little Stretton, a long draw at Norton Gorse, a fairly quick start, but no promise of the splendid gallop to follow. Just at first the followers had enough to do to keep their places, and extricate themselves from the rather trappy places round Houghton-on-the-hill—a good many galloped down the village street. Beyond Houghton is the Leicester turnpike; beyond that again the railway. This passed there is a charming line towards Quenby Hall, which the fox followed. The hounds hesitated, but quick as thought Charles put on the body of the pack to a couple feathering on the line, and once more we had to cross the railway, and just touching the outskirts of the Coplow, or rather Botany Bay, we ran along the side of the slope to Lowesby. Hounds checked, and then went on to John o' Gaunt. Here hounds changed, leaving the hunted fox to be killed by the Quorn later.

The Quorn.—For this pack were in Botany Bay when Mr. Fernie's brought another fox back, and that pack being stopped the Quorn ran back to John o' Gaunt, and there it is believed killed the fox which had given Mr. Fernie's so good a gallop in the morning. It was not impossible that both packs did some of their day's sport with the same two foxes. This is about the best Friday the Quorn have had. All their sport has come on the Mondays. The second Monday in March they had a capital ring from and to

Walton Holt. There is now little doubt that Captain Barns Hartopp will be in the saddle next season again.

The Cottesmore.—This pack will presently be able to claim the best sport in Leicestershire. The mantle of Tom Firr has in a great measure fallen on Arthur Thatcher. In his methods the young huntsman reminds us of the older. The art of giving a gallop with a field of three or four hundred behind you, of whom a goodly proportion mean going if they can, is a science in itself. Casting back is out of the question. Your hounds must allow themselves to be lifted, and sometimes it is absolutely necessary to put them on to the track of a fresh fox. To do this a man must be a good horseman, have the liking of his hounds, and some quiet woodland country where he can let hounds work. If there be no steadying process they will be all over the place. What the Charnwood forest country was to Firr, the Cottesmore woodlands—and some of them are big enough and rough enough—are to Thatcher. The way the Cottesmore huntsman made up a run with a fox from Ranksborough, and a twisting one at that, on March 9th, will not soon be forgotten by those who saw it.

The Dartmoor.—It is hoped that Mr. Coryton may be induced to remain master. No doubt the question of subscriptions will be faced by the committee and members: Probably a good many people give too little, but £15 a horse does seem a good deal for a provincial pack. This has been proposed, but £5 a horse, if you get it from every one, would probably produce more money and less discontent.

The Fitzwilliam.—A letter from the secretary of the hunt informs me that Mr. Fitzwilliam has al-

ways been master of his own hounds, Mr. C. B. E. Wright being deputy-master and huntsman. The new arrangement is that Mr. Fitzwilliam will remain sole master, with a friend, who wishes to remain unknown, as guarantor, while the country is to raise £2,500 per annum. Mr. Fitzwilliam intends to keep a professional huntsman. There were some capital verses on this hunt by the late Earl of Desart published in BAILY'S MAGAZINE in or about 1870.

The Ledbury.—There is a rumour in this country that when Mr. Herbert Wilson goes to Cheshire Mr. Foster, of Great-Glen (in Mr. Fernie's hunt), will succeed him. There have been negotiations, and Mr. Foster and the Duchess of Hamilton have been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cumming, but nothing is settled.

The Meynell.—Burtenshaw leaves this pack at the close of the current season and will be succeeded by Fred Gosden, who has made a great name for himself with Lord Enniskillin's division of the Cheshire.

Cheshire.—The Duke and Duchess of Westminster have been hunting regularly from Eaton with the Cheshire and Sir Watkin Wynn. Like her sister, Princess Henry of Pless, who, by the way, has been in Leicestershire, the duchess is a good horsewoman and fond of hunting.

The Whaddon Chase.—After having been confined to kennel for a long time, the Whaddon Chase Hounds gladly accepted the sudden change which enabled them to fulfill their engagement at Soulbury. Mr. Percy Lovett entertained everyone in his usual hospitable style ere a move was made to his coverts; but the inmates of the gorse above Lis-

comb had not been disturbed for such a length of time that one, at least, was chopped before he awoke to the fact that hounds were disturbing his haunts. However, Old Linslade Wood provided a successor, and the chase went merrily as the proverbial marriage bell as far as Ascott, where he, too, fell a victim to the energy of hounds and horsemen. It goes without saying that a kill at Ascott is tantamount to a libation to Diana, and Mr. L. de Rothschild at once invited everyone there, and after our shortcomings had been expiated in a stirrup-cup the ball was set rolling in the park, whence at least a brace of foxes undertook the duty of piloting the hunt back to Old Linslade Wood, this time to find an open earth ready to defraud hounds of blood. From Wing Wood the day was finished with a merry burst to Ascott again, and Mr. Lovett held a second reception on the homeward journey.

February 26th Cublington was the fixture, and Aston Abbots the first draw. There was a large field present by the time hounds had forced a fox away from those blackthorns, but they became very scattered as, threading Aston Abbots village, the pack literally raced away to Cublington and Littlecot, and, bearing to the right to Stewkley, lost a good fox at North End. Later in the day hounds ran well from some gorse below Mains Hill. March came in like a lion, and Saturday 2nd proved quite an exceptional day from Salden Windmill, for finding at Villier's Gorse, Sturman forced a fox away at once, his pack literally racing by Dorcas Farm to Hollingdon, the gorse being on the left as they swung round to the back of Stewkley and completed the circle by Drayton Cross

Roads to Villier's Gorse. Going straight through this fox held on to Stoke Hammond, where he found an open earth ready to receive him. Salden Wood was then drawn, and after one turn round a fox went away by the Windmill to Mr. Maydon's farm and beat them at Steart Hill, while from Thrift a select field followed hounds through an excellent gallop by College Wood and Whaddon, with Oakhill Wood on the right, to Calverton Upper Weald, where scent vanished.

On March 5th Mr. W. Selby Lowndes carried the horn with them at Hoggston Guide Post, Sturman suffering from blood poisoning. Christmas Gorse supplied the first fox, and a most enjoyable gallop followed by Hoggston to Hurdlesgrove and North Marston; a large earth near Grandboro afforded their fox shelter at the moment his bolt was shot. Finding again at Tuckey Farm, the chase passed Winslow to Winslow Spinneys, from which another enjoyable gallop was worked out over the Little Horwood country, until the day was crowned by the death of their fox at Swanborne. Of their doings at Mentmore Cross Roads on the 13th little need be said, even though many enjoyed a brief ring from Aston Abbots, by Burstons and Weadon Lodge to Norduck and Aston Hill ere the covert was reached again, the afternoon's sport being gleaned from the district between that point and Ascott. March 16th Great Horwood, where a large field of horsemen and women foregathered on the Green. Finding in some gorse on the Pilch Farm, hounds worked out a circuitous line nearly to Thornboro, thence by Padbury Grange and Adstock to Weston's, finally marking their fox to ground on Mr. J. George's

farm. Going on to Furzen Fields they found again, and ran nicely by Thornton to Thornboro, where he got to ground. From Beachampton Grove a rough country was crossed by Calverton to the Wolverton district.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds.

—Monday, February 25th, was the first day on which Lord Rothschild's pack was able to take the field, and they marked the occasion by the best gallop they have had this season. Mr. L. de Rothschild was in command and uncartered his deer at Wingrave, the chase going away at score across the valley, with Rowsham on the left, to Aston Abbots fox covert, then swinging round again in the valley between Upper and Lower Burstons, hounds raced straight away to the Rowsham brook. Mr. Gerald Pratt accepted the office, and set an example by landing over it which none of his companions could emulate, though two probed its muddy depths. With Duns- ham on the left, the pack drove forward relentlessly to Quarendon and Berry Field where, holding a strong lead, Mr. Davis followed them over each double as they came, fences which have not been jumped for years. By that time the field extended for a very long distance, the nearest to the leader the Misses Freeman and Lady Edith Villiers, with John Boore in attendance; and so they raced by White's fields and Lionel Gorse, until swinging round under Witchchurch an excellent five and fifty minutes ended at Hardwick.

The cream of the day from Berryfield Gate, on March 7th, was the second gallop when running by Uppins and Weaden to Burstons, hounds passed Rowsham and Boarscroft to Betloe, and re-took their deer on Mr. Chapman's farm, while from

Boarscroft on the 12th, a very fast gallop by Puttenham, ended at the canal on the Broughton Bridleway, the second deer, uncartered at Wingrave, piloting the hunt by Wingbury and Ascott to Ledbury ere he was set at bay in the canal at Cheddington Locks.

The Bloester.—Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's pack have decidedly regained some of their old form since the frost, February 25th from White Cross Green being a really good day, as they killed their first fox at Grendon Hall, a seven mile point, in one hour and twenty minutes, and another from Poodle gorse to Gawcott wood, thirty-five minutes.

February 28th, Edgecott. Found in Finemore Hill, and ran well through the whole of these dense woodlands. Poodle Gorse again came to the rescue after a hard day had been worked out in the woods, and crossing Pounden Hill to Marsh Gibbon station hounds ran at a good pace to Twyford. Still driving forward by Hillesdon and Lenboro, they crossed into the Whaddon Chase country to Padbury, hounds, being stopped at night close to Singleboro', one hour and twenty minutes, and a nine and a half mile point.

March 14th, Waddesden Cross Roads the fixture, and an excellent day's sport the result, for although foxes were scarce in the morning it was amply atoned for when once Mason's Gorse was reached. Going away with a brace the pack divided and caused some confusion for a short time; but no sooner were they got together than they raced away by Fleet Marston and Berryfield to Hardwick Folly and Lionel Gorse, crossing the Black Grove Double ere the circle was completed to Mason's Gorse. Without lingering the chase swept along the Quainton Bottoms to Doddershall, close to which they

rolled their fox over. Finding again at the Grove a second excellent gallop was enjoyed ere they also killed their fox near Boarstall.

The late Mr. Richard Rawle.—The striking personality of the late Mr. Richard Rawle must have been indelibly impressed on all who knew him, whether it was as his companion in the chase of the wild red deer with his well known and justly popular pack of staghounds, or whether it was in casual conversation with him at Tattersall's, where he attended regularly each week for years, and had become as indispensable to the associations of the place as the model fox which marks its centre. Born at Challacombe, in Devonshire, in the year 1825, Mr. Rawle was one of Devon's most characteristic sons, and inherited in his nature all those qualities which the wilds of Exmoor implant so ungrudgingly in the breasts of those who are born and nurtured in their midst. He was large-hearted and generous to a fault, hospitable as only a Devonshire or Somersetshire man can be, bold, fearless as a lion, being, as he himself once told the writer, "like my tarrier, as lief to fight as eat my dinner," while his knowledge of venery, and particularly the habits and nature of the red deer, placed him second to none in the art of unravelling the puzzles a cunning stag will set his pursuers ere he is hunted to his death.

Having the advantage of being brought up and entering to hounds with such scions of the art as the Rev. John Russell and Mr. Froude Bellew, it was scarcely to be wondered that "Dick" Rawle, as he was familiarly called, should devote his whole life and energies to the pursuit of a calling for which he was so sin-

gularly fitted, and we find that after serving his novitiate in his native country he migrated, and "going out of England," as they have it in the west, took the horn with a pack of hounds in Cornwall, where, as everyone who has visited it knows, hunting is not all *couleur de rose*, and difficulties innumerable beset the path of the young huntsman. But it was undoubtedly the experiences of these early years which placed him on the pedestal he was to occupy when, still a young man, he turned his back upon the Wild West country and took the horn with a pack of harriers owned by the Earl Brownlow, at Ashridge, hunting a large district comprised of portions of Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, and Buckinghamshire. He left behind him, even in those early days, memories of exceptional sport which will not be easily effaced from the minds of those who participated in it.

For two years Mr. Fernie, the father of the present master of foxhounds, took over the pack, and then they returned to Ashridge until 1869 when the harriers were sold, and with the country handed over to Mr. Rawle, it was decided to convert the pack into buckhounds, fallow deer to be turned out in front of them. Settling into a farm at Berkhamstead Common, kennels were built there in 1870, and Mr. Rawle purchased Sir Clifford Constable's pack of staghounds from Yorkshire, and so formed the nucleus of the smart pack which has acquired such a reputation during the past thirty years. Mr. Rawle soon discovered that fallow bucks were no use to uncart in that way, although of course both Mr. Thurlow in Sussex and Mr. T. Nevill in Hampshire had succeeded in showing good sport with them, the former always turning

them out in the woods some time before, and thus making it as nearly resemble the hunting of the wild deer in the New Forest as possible. However, with the example of such a pack as the "Baron's" for their neighbours it was decided to uncart red deer, and at the end of three months the fallow buck were replaced by red hinds.

If time and space permitted, much might be written regarding the career of this remarkable sportsman, who, at the age of 76, died as he had lived, beloved and respected by all with whom he had come in contact. The enormous concourse of sorrowing friends who journeyed from all parts of the country to Potten End Church on February 27th last, when his mortal remains were laid to rest, bore witness to his worth; all felt that they had lost a true and generous friend, one of Nature's gentlemen.

Polo.—Hurlingham.—On Monday, April 29th, the Senior Club opens for play. The grounds have wintered well. The show ground has been enlarged, and what is the best sign of all every stall and box was engaged before the end of February. The management have put out an admirable preliminary programme, and so far as Hurlingham is concerned, we have no reason to doubt that a good season will be enjoyed.

Ranelagh has also issued a programme, and we can look forward to all the usual events of interest for the coming season. In preparation for players this enterprising club is not behind its neighbour at Fulham. First, there are three polo grounds, and two of them have been largely re-turfed; secondly, thirty-three new boxes have been built; thirdly, more saddle rooms and extra accommodation for grooms

have been provided. Captain E. D. Miller will be welcomed back by all the members of the club, who will, however, not forget how gallantly Mr. George Miller provided good polo in spite of all the difficulties and discouragements of last season.

Wimbledon Park.—The future of this club is still in doubt, but all polo players must hope that this admirable ground may not be lost to them.

The London Polo Club.—Mr. Eustace Blake will be polo manager, and Major Cecil Peters assistant polo manager at Sydenham. The club will hold their annual show and sale on April 27th, with Sir Charles Wolseley, the Messrs. Peat, Captain Renton, and Messrs. G. A. Miller and T. F. Dale, as judges.

Catterick Bridge.—This club, which has one of the best polo grounds in England, has elected the Duke of Leeds (Master of the Bedale) president; Mr. Charles Hunter, hon. secretary; and Mr. Courage, of Kirby Fleetham Hall, treasurer. The old committee was re-elected and the finances are reported to be flourishing.

Manchester Polo Club.—This is the latest and most important addition to the polo clubs of the United Kingdom. The ground, which has been re-turfed, is in De Trafford Park, and a part of the Hall will be available for a club house. There are already fifty playing members. The subscription is five guineas, and the entrance fee a like sum.

Stratford Polo Club.—Of this club, Mr. Marshall Field has been elected president; Mr. A. D. Floure (Mayor of Stratford), captain; and Colonel Studdy, hon. treasurer. The season will, if the weather is favourable, open at the end of April, when a handicap tournament will be arranged for.

Official Measurer.—The new official measurer at Hurlingham is Mr. Charles Sheather, F.R.C.V.S.

A Preparatory School for Polo.—Messrs. Withers have started a polo school with an instructor. But the chief feature is the adaptation of the wooden horse, which was in use in India quite fifteen years ago. In the East labour is cheap, and it is quite easy to secure a lad to send back the balls. At Willesden the simple contrivance of margins sloping upward and a netting, the ball is brought back to the pupil seated on the wooden horse. This will be found capital practice for beginners, but our own experience would suggest that no stationary practice can supersede the necessity of some regular work every day, from the back of an old, or at least a steady pony.

Cirencester.—On the last Tuesday in this month the Wiltshire Club will begin their season. On April 1st, the official measurer will attend at Mr. F. J. Townsend's stables at 11.45 a.m., to measure ponies.

Irish Polo.—The A.I.P.C., which is one of the oldest polo clubs in the United Kingdom, dating as it does from 1874, has, as most people know, a ground in the Phoenix Park. Given good weather it is an admirable ground for fast play.

The County Antrim Club, of which Mr. C. H. Richardson is chairman, intends to join the Irish County Polo Union, and to enter for the *Irish County Cup*, which is provisionally fixed for August 5th.

Ireland. — Racing.—Young Hopeful, who was bracketed with Berril in BAILY as being the "best in Ireland" last summer, died at exercise in the Phoenix Park on March 7th; he was a 5-year-old son of Enthusiast and Faith, and

his loss will be a great one to Mr. Manly who had refused long prices for him. Drumree, who won for the Duke of Westminster his first victory, was favourably mentioned in the Van last spring after winning at Punchestown; he was then the property of his breeder, Mr. Percy Maynard, the popular master of the Ward Union hounds. The first really important meeting of the year in Ireland was run at Downpatrick on March 13th and 14th, but Baldoyle, which will be over before these notes appear, far exceeds the Co. Down meeting in point of interest. We were promised at Baldoyle a sight of more than one tyro of whom great things are expected, and in spite of anything that may be said to the contrary, the readers of BAILY may rest assured that there is at present no dearth of promising young chasers in Ireland.

Hunting.—The hunting season in Ireland will not close a bit too soon for many of the horses, for in March the sport in many parts of that country has been excellent and the work severe.

In **Carlow**, ever since the middle of December, Mr. Robert Watson has had a most capital season, and sport improved as it wore on. He had a great run of an hour and thirty-five minutes from Rathellin on February 18th, hounds only checked once in the actual run and were only handled five minutes before they killed their fox. They ran nearly to Fenagh, straight as a die, then went close to the Fighting Cocks and on left-handed to Newtown Hill, through the wood, down close past the village, and killed on Kildreena Hill. Next day the dog pack hunted a fox for three hours from Maplestown and were stopped when entering Hughestown—a Kildare covert;

but only the first ten minutes of this were fast. On the 21st they had another hour and thirty-five minutes, this time from Tom-breen in their Wexford country. On the 23rd they had fifty minutes from Ballydarton and ran their fox to ground, the first half of this gallop being a regular "hot one." Then they ran a fox from Kilnock to Ballon and killed him on top of the hill, and in the evening had an extraordinary water hunt from Sandbrook, when the fox crossed the river Slaney five times among the salmon pools of Ballintemple and Kilbride, fox and hounds being in the river together the last time they crossed, when Reynard crawled out first and got under a rock at six o'clock.

Next day they had a clinking gallop of thirty-three minutes in the evening from Ullard *via* "John's Gorse" to Ballydarton over a very stiff line, when the veteran master, who was charging the big doubles "like a school-boy at play," was first man up at his own covert where he opened the earth for his fox. Next day Mr. Watson held his 80th birthday, and he has carried the horn for fifty-six years. These hounds, two days later (on March 2nd), had a very fine run of one hour from Castlemore to Kilnock and back, when hounds ran more than ten miles—it is a point-to-point distance of four miles between the coverts—and this followed a fast run from Kellistown in the morning.

On March 5th the Carlow and Island had a good fifty-five minutes from a brake of gorse near Burton Hall to Maplestown, passing through Graney on the way—a good and fast gallop, and on the 9th, after a little run from Killinane, they ran like fury from Newtown Hill for thirty-five minutes over

a heavy country, the fox being so beat that he threw himself down by the roadside when hounds shot past; he crawled into Newtown Wood and got into a rabbit hole only just in time.

In **Galway** Mr. Poyser has had an extraordinary run of sport with the Blazers, as a very short and unadorned summary of some February sport will show. The master was unwell early in the month, and was not able to carry the horn for a few days (a distinct disadvantage); but still sport remained good.

February 12th, Coolarne. Frosty day, Mr. Poyser able to be out again, but Dennis carrying the horn. Began late to give the sun a chance, and finding a fox in Coolarne ran towards Castle Lambert, round by Knockroe, back towards Coolarne, but pulled him down before he could quite reach the covert, after twenty-eight minutes of the very best sort. Found next in Castle Lambert, ran to Goodbody's covert, on to Ballydavid, through it, on to Howth wood, through the wood and on towards Castle Lambert, but closed with him and killed him before he got there, in fifty-five minutes, done at a much slower pace than the morning gallop.

February 14th, Gurteen. No scent in the morning; then a snow-storm fell, and when it was over they found a fox in Mount Hazel, and then had a burning scent, and a nice little gallop to ground, close to Hampstead.

February 16th, Eastwell. Still very wintry and hard frost, so went to the Stonewall country and drew Carra gorse, and had a clinking forty minutes to ground near Masonbrook.

February 18th, Castle Taylor. Had a most brilliant twenty-five minutes from the Well Park, over

a big stone wall country, hounds rolling their fox over near Aggard in great style. Then had a very quick twenty minutes from Lime Park.

February 21st, Carnmore Cross Roads. Found in Knockdoe, and ran him for an hour and five minutes, till they killed him close to Caherhue house, hounds working in very perfect style, Mr. Poyser hunting the hounds.

February 23rd, Eastwell again. Killed a fox in the big wood and went on to Ballydonellan; found here, and going away with a good fox ran him for forty-five minutes without the semblance of a check, and rolled him over at Brook Lodge, the best gallop of the season perhaps.

February 26th, the Kennels. Had a little ring from Catrons to ground, drew again and had a good run, though not straight, ending in the woods at Dunsandle, where there was no scent, and the fox escaped. Found again in Dunsandle, but the fox got to ground; bolted and killed him.

February 26th, Ballinderry. Drew the gorse and found, soon went away with a fox that hounds positively raced for thirty minutes, when they ran clean into him at Oatfields. Then had a fast fifteen minutes with a fox from Killagh, but he could not stand before the bitches, and they ran into him also at Brackloon; when hounds were eating him another fox went away, and they ran him to Killagh, where he got to ground in Folly wood.

February 28th, Ballyglunin Station. Slow hunting, and bad scent in the morning, but had a very good half hour from Belville to Kilclogher in the evening, the fox in the end getting the best of the game owing to failing scent.

The annual meeting of the Co. Galway Hunt passed off most

successfully. Mr. Poyser, who was warmly thanked for the fine sport he has shown, agreed to continue as master.

Kildare.—The spirit of prophecy must have been strong upon us when in the November number of BAILY we predicted that probably Thursday would prove to be the best day of the week in Kildare. Really the sport on that day has this season been very remarkable, and we take the following as a sample of the goods provided by Colonel Harry de Robeck, Champion, and the Kildare Hounds, on the fifth day of the week.

Thursday, February 14th, Tinoran Cross Roads. Drew the hill, found, and ran a ring round it, then away over a fine country, straight to Knockrigg, a four-mile point. Next found in Grangecon, and ran a very good ring indeed by Golden Fort, towards Ballyhook, and back to Grange to ground—twenty-seven minutes. Many who had seen these two nice gallops now went home, but hounds went on to Mat Conran's, and ran very hard by Ballynure across the railway, past Grange, and on as if for Tynte Park, over a capital line. Keeping well to the right of Tynte Park, they ran on to Whitestown, where the main earth was open, having made a seven-mile point in forty-five minutes.

Thursday, February 21st, Ballitore. In spite of fog went on to draw Devie's, Mr. Percy la Touche being in command, and Payne carrying the horn for Champion, who was absent on hound-breeding duty in England. Found at once and ran by Pill bog to Moone, crossing the stream just under the covert, which the fox did not enter but pegged away then for Sherrif hill. He turned to the left a bit and ran by Kil-

lenane and through Cummistown, crossed the bottom and went over Hughestown hill and across the valley to Corbally. Turning at the foot of Corbally he ran back to Davidstown and defeated hounds in the laurels, where he must have got to ground; time one hour and twenty minutes. Grief was very prevalent and Mr. Warren Bonham, again unlucky, lost a very good hunter; owing to the fog, few could see much of part of the run, but it is said that two of the Duke of Connaught's personal staff and the acting master saw more of it than any others.

Thursday, 28th, Colbinstown, found in Hatfield and ran very hard for forty-five minutes, by Halverstown to Martinstown, a six-mile point. Forcing their fox through Martinstown they ran over Garrick hill to Bull hill and on till pretty close to Narraghmore, then turned back close to Bull hill to Martinstown and through the coverts at a slower pace towards Halvestown near which place he beat them after two hours and ten minutes.

Kilkenny. — Although Mr. Langrishe declares that he never had so little sport in Kilkenny, his followers have not had much reason to complain of dull times of late.

On February 22nd the Kilkenny hounds had a capital gallop over a good line with one of Colonel Hanford's foxes from Flood Hall to Chapel Izod where the fox got to ground; but Colonel Izod had a substitute ready and they ran him very fast indeed over a stiffly fenced line to Kell's Priory where he earthed. When these hounds met at Kilmanagh on February 25th, they had a grand gallop from Upper Killeen to Kilcooley over the very cream of that country of big

grass fields: they had only one check on the way, and that was after they had raced their fox for thirty-one minutes. In spite of fresh foxes in Kilcooley they worked their hunted friend down through the upper wood and put him to ground in a drain outside the demesne.

Their luck continued on March 2nd, when they had a fine hunt from Grenan over a wild country, and after nearly two hours' work marked their fox to ground, but extracted and ate him.

They were at Bonnettstown Gate on March 4th and had a very fiery burst of eighteen minutes to Golden Hill gorse, and from thence to Ballyfrunk ran at a much slower pace for twenty minutes more. Then followed an extraordinary gallop from Sutcliffe's to Kilcreene and back, when they drove their fox out again and killed him in the open near Bonnettstown—an hour and seven minutes in all and forty done at express pace.

On March 8th Mr. Langrishe had the best gallop he has had this season in his North Freshford country, forty minutes from Ballyspellan. This was a ring, and hounds, when close to their fox, were prevented from re-entering Ballyspellan as they had to entrain at Ballyraggett Station.

On the 11th, the Kilkenny fixture was at the barracks, and again sport was good, for a fox, who has shown them a clean pair of heels before, took them in forty minutes from Grange Wood to Kilfera Gate, and then they had a lot of work with him about the place, but though he was viewed close to the house dead beat he effected his escape. This was a straight and fast run over a capital country and a six-mile point.

Limerick. — Mr. J. Higgins, who carried the horn this year

during Captain Frank Wise's absence in South Africa, got a very bad fall over wire on February 22nd and was much injured about the head; he was conveyed to Limerick where he is now doing very well. It is seldom that one hears of an accident of a serious nature owing to wire in Ireland, for there, what wire exists is visible as a rule, being placed on tops of the banks where the posts can be seen from afar off, but on this regrettable occasion the wire was, it is said, concealed in a hedge in quite the treacherous Saxon style. They had a very fine run from Kilpeacon on this unlucky day for Mr. Higgins, and hounds were whipped off at nightfall just beyond Ballyregan.

Meath.—One of the best days in the Dublin country this season was on February 21st when, after a clinking forty-three minutes from Chevestown to ground near Greenogue they had a circle of thirty minutes from Kilcrue, and forcing their fox away again hunted him hard by Haverlockstown over part of the Peter Simple course to Palmerstown, where he turned, and they checked on the Ashboun road after an hour and fifteen minutes. When the line was recovered scent was feeble and they could only hunt slowly, and finally gave him up after two hours from the start. A good fine hunt over a fine country; only about a baker's dozen stayed till the end.

On the following day when they met at Loughcrew, after an unlucky morning they had a very good fifty-two minutes from the Moat of Diamor ending in the Long Wood of Cloneybraney; part of this was very fast indeed.

The **U. H. C.** have not done so well in February as in the earlier part of the season when their

sport was very good. These hounds did not hunt on March 6th out of respect to the memory of a grand old sportsman, Mr. J. G. Nason, who died at a very advanced age. He was a famous man to hounds in his day, and hunted till long after he was 80 years of age with the **U. H. C.** He was very fond of hounds and rode to see them hunt, and at one time he kept a very nice pack of harriers and showed good sport with them. A true sportsman and most kindly gentleman, he will long be remembered in his native county. It is most pleasing to relate that Mr. John Hamilton, of Martinstown, Co. Kildare, news of whose death reached us as the March number of **BAILY** was going to press, has recovered from the illness which gave rise to the alarming report that was freely circulated in the neighbourhood of Naas, and it is to be hoped that this patriarchal sportsman's days may be prolonged in the land where all are proud of him.

The London Horse Shows.—

With the end of February came the three weeks devoted to the Spring Horse Shows, which one and all passed off successfully, and at each a good deal of business was done in buying and selling, and that, after all, is one of the chief objects of the shows. From their first institution they began to grow into horse marts, and a number of horses are entered not so much in the expectation of their winning prizes as of their being sold. The first of the series was, as usual,

The Shire Horse Show, which in point of numbers exceeded that of any previous exhibition held under the auspices of the Society. Speaking generally, the show was remarkable for the uniform excellence of the horses, as in most of

the classes there was no tail, so to speak, while in the classes for young stock of both sexes the standard was remarkably good, while the judges are entitled to be complimented upon the celerity with which they accomplished their work, for the show did not drag wearily along as did the two others.

About the strongest class in the show was that for three-year-old stallions, of which there were eighty-eight. All the best-known breeders and exhibitors were represented, and the judges, Messrs. Freshney and Heaton, had no easy task in providing for the survival of the fittest, which ultimately resulted in the Messrs. Thompson's Desford Combination being placed first. In the other classes for stallions, first prizes went to the yearling Buscot Gladiator, and the two-year-old Bearwardcote Blaze; other first prize winners being Moors Regent, Capstone Harold, Stroxtan Tom, and Menestrel. The male championship was long drawn out, but eventually the two-year-old (Messrs. Walwyn's Bearwardcote Blaze) was successful, as from the outset the judges leaned to him. Mr. Yerburch's Lily of the Valley very properly received the rosette for the young mares; Alston Rose was voted the best of the older mares, and she was ultimately selected for the Championship. The sales were quite successful, both the auctioneers and the Society being well recompensed; indeed the commission on the sales is a source of wealth to the Shire Horse Society, and it is said that next year Produce Groups will find their way into the programme.

The Hackney Society's Show did not draw a very large attendance; but there were several interesting competitions. On the

whole the best as well as the largest class of the show was that for stallions of five years and upwards, and over 15 hands 2 inches in height; these numbered fifty-two, and Mr. Livesey's McKinley took the prize. The Produce Groups caused an interesting competition, but in the case of both stallions and mares the victory was somewhat easily gained. In the first class three stallions or geldings (not necessarily belonging to the same person) were shown against other families of three, and the same rule applied to the mares. Garton Duke of Connaught and Royal Danegelt competed in the male class, when the former's trio won. They were Mr. Hall's St. Thomas (a horse which should have been higher up in his class), and Langton Masher, and Mr. Livesey's famous McKinley, Sir Walter Gilbey's horse being represented by Sir Walter's Merry Denmark and Bonny Danegelt and Mr. Wrench's Fitz Rose. These were younger and less furnished than the party opposed to them. When the groups of mares came to be judged, however, Garton Duke of Connaught had to take second place, as his Lady Patience, Panic, and Lady Connaught, nice mares as they are, could not nearly hold their own against such a wonderfully good combination as Rosadora and Rosarene, belonging to Mr. Galbraith, and Mr. Buttle's Rosalia, by Rosador, and three finer mares it would be difficult to find. There was a keen contest for the stallion championship, both McKinley and Royal Danegelt having many admirers. The former won, the reserve going to Royal Danegelt, who was champion in 1898. McKinley has now won two years in succession, and so has Rosadora, who was the Champion mare. The

cobs and ponies were about up to the usual standard, and the harness classes were pretty good, there being different sections for hackneys, cobs and ponies; the geldings, however, were not as good as might have been expected. The famous Sonata, it may be mentioned, won in one of the cob classes, beating Wild Agnes, who was second in two classes. She would not settle down, and made a poor show. In the harness class she was beaten by Zaverda; but the verdict might easily have been the other way had Wild Agnes only trotted in her best style.

The King's Premiums.—The weak point of this show was the judging, which was not in all cases satisfactory. No mistake was made with some of the horses; but why Anklebiter, shown by Mr. Eustace Barlow, was passed over in the first class (A) one cannot understand. He is a horse of beautiful quality, and worth perhaps thrice as much as many of those which gained premiums. There is no disguising the fact that some of the judging gave great dissatisfaction. All the classes of horses seen at shows need judges who have had wide experience of the kind of horses exhibited. It is no use asking a man who never rides anything but a rough pony, and who may never have owned a hunter in his life, to judge made horses, nor will the man who has never owned anything but a seasoned hunter be able to satisfactorily judge young stock or stallions, and no one who has not kept stallions can be expected to give full weight to particular points.

Out of the hundred and ten horses competing for the King's Premiums, nearly seventy have been seen at these shows before. Mr. Haslewood, of the Fairfield

Stud, Buxton, appears to have the knack of picking up the horses likely to suit the fancy of judges, and at this show (March 12th) he carried off no fewer than five premiums. Imprévu and Four Poster, two standing dishes, won again; Radius brought the number of Mr. Haslewood's victories to three, while Woodstock and Argos, two four-year-olds, brought the number to five. In some of the classes there was a desperate dearth of material, and this was especially the case in classes B and C, so that reserved horses in other sections had to be requisitioned to make up the number of premiums.

The Hunter's Improvement Show.—There were classes for three-year-old sires, thoroughbred and half-bred; but there was no contest in either. Neither of the thoroughbreds entered were sent to the Agricultural Hall, and there was no entry in the registered class, proving, as it would appear, that if any one wants a half-bred sire he will experience some difficulty in finding him. All the young stock were up to a good standard, and the champion of those of either sex up to three years old, Mr. Hoddinott's Actor, by Pantomime, is a gelding moulded on beautiful lines. As a successful sire Pantomime's name was writ large in the catalogue, he sired the winning three-year-old filly, Actress, which was not, however, out of Actor's dam. He won in the Produce Group class with Actor, Chorus Girl, and Dancing Girl, Mr. Hoddinott owning the former, and Mr. Holt, Needham, a successful exhibitor, the two last named. The mare classes—one class for four-year-olds, and one for those five and six years old—were decidedly good, showing that good stock can be had from suitable material, and

many of those exhibited should make good brood mares. Mr. Stokes's Romany Lass and Royal Flush both achieved special prize honours; but there were others, which for breeding purposes, are likely to prove superior to them. The chargers reached quite a respectable standard, though there is little difference between an undocked hunter and a charger, and by the rules of the show everything up to three years of age had to be exhibited undocked.

The Polo Ponies.—The show is really too big to admit of the ponies being tacked on at the end of the programme, for there were four full days' judging. Although the exhibits were undoubtedly good, the riding classes especially, the polo world lent no support to the show, as comparatively few players were present. This, however, has always been the case, for when the first shows were held by themselves at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, the judges acted before empty benches. Sir Walter Gilbey's Rosewater added one more to his many successes, as also did Mr. Montefiore's Mootrub in the class for eastern sires. There were some very nice brood mares, First Flight, from the Keynsham Stud Company, being worthy of notice, and so is Mr. John Barker's Serf Belle, second in her class to First Flight. Mr. Barker held a strong hand all through, showing the winner, Jeanie, in the class for smaller mares; he took all three prizes in the yearling and two-year-old classes—six prizes in all. Sir Humphrey de Trafford was first and second in the three-year-old class, while, as already mentioned, the riding classes were quite up to the mark.

Grouse Contrasts.—There were plenty of moors in North Britain which yielded over 100 brace over

dogs in the first week in the season, but in the majority of instances this was a record of two or more parties out. Thus Mr. William Younger and party of six guns got 226 brace in the day on Dalnaspidal in Perthshire. The Marquis of Tweeddale and party, 212 brace in the day; this in the East Lothians. The Duke of Portland and Lord Henry Bentinck were reported to have got over 150 brace to their two guns only, in the day, in Caithness; and if there was no mistake about this, it was probably the best of the season. Mr. Vernon Watney, four guns, secured 189 brace at Tressady in Sutherlandshire.

Besides these large bags a regular string of bags of over 100 brace were made. They included Mr. B. O. Clarke's Dalwhinnie bag of 103 brace; Mr. J. A. Jamieson's 111½ at Dalnamein; Mr. J. C. Bunton's 113½ at Dunalastair; Mr. Atholl Hay's 143 brace at Kinloch; Mr. J. Sergeant Cam's 103 brace at Dunbeath, in Caithness, close to the Duke of Portland's, and this also was the work of two guns only. Then there was Mr. C. E. Lambert's 100½ brace at Glenisla; Sir James Bell's 124 brace at Ardock; Mr. Branch's 141½ brace at Fetteresso; Mr. H. H. Bolton's 120 brace at Rovie; Mr. Clarence Mackay's 150 brace at Dunachton; Mr. J. B. Warwick's 106 brace at Invereshie, and two guns (Messrs. Robert and Frank Hargreaves) 137½ brace on the grouse ground of Gaick deer-forest. But these results, good as they were, by no means throw the Scotch moors of 1872 into the shade. In that record year 220 brace were killed to the single gun of the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, a bag that had only once before been equalled in Scotland by shooting over dogs, and never

has been done since. This was close to Aberfeldy in Perthshire, whereas the former great bag was got by Col. Campbell of Monzie. Then in 1872 Delnadampf gave in four weeks' shooting over dogs 6558 grouse, and nothing near that was secured over dogs in any moor in Scotland this year. But then probably bigger bags were made all told, for the driving comes on after the dog work, whereas in 1872 there was none of it, and in comparing seasons it is doubtful whether the driving bag could fairly count. In 1872 there were swarms of birds left at the end of the season; they simply had to be left because they could not be shot; but probably had Scotch shooters then known the trick of it the driving bags made after dog work would have been bigger that year than ever since. The ground was full of birds all over Scotland, and the fact that there were so many left is generally held to be the reason for the great disease in the following year.

Grouse Driving.—Of grouse drivers there are two distinct schools in Scotland, although there is no room for more than one of them in the broad acres of Yorkshire. There are first the drivers who believe that any other method of shooting is hurtful to the moor; and then there are the second class who dog the grouse first and drive them afterwards.

Now, although the record four days' bag for Scotland has been made at Moy Hall by the Mackintosh in 1900, yet the dog men seem to have had distinctly the best of it over the season. The record driving is recorded thus:—

August 28th, 10 guns, 807 brace grouse.

August 29th, 8 guns, 606½ brace grouse.

August 30th, 7 guns, half a day, 148½ brace grouse.

August 31st, 8 guns, 108 brace grouse.

And the following note accompanies this great record for the first two days: "On August 31st it was impossible to shoot, otherwise over 2,000 brace of game would have easily been killed in the four days." Against this may be set Sir John Gladstone's method of doing things, as he generally gets about 4,000 brace in the season, half over dogs and half by driving; and this year there was late in the season a record of his having killed 1,300 brace in five days at Fasque in Kincardineshire over the Glendye moors. This does not fall much under the record bag on the Moy Moors which had been kept exclusively for driving; so that it can at least be said that, providing there is some driving at the end of the season, dog work does no injury to the best possible preservation of a grouse moor. The best Scotch driving bag is therefore 807 brace for the day; the best English one is 1,324 brace made at Broomhead in 1893, the previous best day having been 1,312 brace made on the same moor in 1872. But although there was a broken record in Scotland there was none in England in 1900. The Duke of Devonshire's party was out in Yorkshire seventeen days and record in round numbers 6,000 grouse. Very different this is to the North of England records for 1872, when a similar number of days' shooting resulted in over 15,000 grouse at High Force. Sir Edward Green's party had not far off the best three days in Yorkshire when they killed 960½ brace in the North Riding. This year the best Welsh moors were not very far behind either Scotland or Yorkshire, as Mr. W. Corrie killed 1,205 brace in five days with eight guns on the Ruabon moors, the best day resulting in 426½ brace. But although the North of England

was a long way from its best there are some moors there that are hard to beat, even in their second-class state, and of these Lord Westbury's Wemmergill moors are as good as any. 2,060 brace were killed there in five days, and in a second five days about 1,500 brace to seven guns were obtained.

The best partridge shooting has lately been mentioned in BAILY, Lord Leicester having had the bag of the season. Lord Ardilaun having acquired Muckcross in Ireland has now got the only other estate which could fairly compete with Ashford for woodcocks. At the latter place his great woodcock shoot came off as late as February this year, when he obtained 117 'cock in the day; the greatest record for one day for Ireland being on this estate and 205 birds, although the figure has been doubted in the press many times. His bag for four days was 254 woodcock, which, in spite of being few for the place, is very pretty shooting indeed

Coursing—The Waterloo Cup.

—Notwithstanding the many untoward circumstances that appeared to combine to frustrate the success of the Waterloo Cup, it is our pleasure to record the celebration this year as one of the most successful of the series. Its "international" character, however, has been quite destroyed this year for the first time, so far at least as the Irish coursers are concerned, by the unwonted action of the Board of Agriculture in putting an exclusive embargo upon the Irish contingent because, forsooth, of a dreaded outbreak of rabies. But there can be no doubt that the prize would have gone to an English dog under any circumstances, for the Irishmen have lost the knack of breeding dogs of the strain of Master McGrath.

A removal of headquarters from the Adelphi to the Exchange Station Hotel in no manner tended to reduce the number of those who assembled at the draw dinner, which was presided over by the Hon. Osbert Molyneux, Mr. Hartley Bibby drawing the names of the competitors amid quite a crowd of old familiar coursers. The toast of "The King"—the only one proposed—was especially well received, and the draw, upon the removal of the cloth, proceeded without let or hindrance. A rather extraordinary feature of the betting was that Messrs. Fawcett actually supplied the three leading favourites, viz., Farndon Ferry, Fearless Footsteps and Father o'Fire. Indeed, the betting in by far the greater number of the individual courses was exceedingly close, and it would be hard to find a Waterloo Cup in which such remarkably short odds were taken.

On the journey to Hill House, although everything was *couleur de rose* in the matter of weather, before more than half the distance had been completed the aspect was completely changed, as snow was lying fairly thick on both sides of the line, and there was every appearance of a day's adjournment. On nearing the ground, however, it was apparent that the snow had been very partial, and there was a large crowd at the meeting point, notwithstanding the bad outlook, when a commencement was made on the big flat below Hill House Wood just after 10.30, and here the first sixteen trials were decided. A move was then made to the Withins, and then the remainder of the day's coursing took place. The light was very bad for some time, but afterwards it became very much better, and the remainder of the

courses were seen well. The going was very good, both on the Rye Hey and the Withins, the hares running extremely well throughout the day, and there was hardly such a thing as a fluke during the day.

Father o'Fire barely won from Loving Cup by a clever finish, but next time he was altogether outclassed by Lady Husheen, who, running in the nomination of Mr. Haywood, looked as if about at last to emulate the performances of Rebe many years ago. It will be remembered that Rebe was the runner-up on two occasions, the Cup on those occasions being won by Chloe and King Death. Farndon Ferry's commencement against Woolpit was one of the finest seen for several years, but he tripped badly and got his mouth filled with soil, and this, naturally enough, did not let him finish the spin in the same style. Next time he was rather stiff in his trial against Pincher, but gradually warming up he never left the verdict in doubt, but won decisively. Both trials, however, were long. Cleughbrae came right away from Never II., and led by four lengths, scoring the whole of the points in a long trial nearly up to Hill House Wood, killing between them. It was a tremendous race between Hullabaloo and Blackheath, the latter gaining the turn through the hare coming to him at the finish; he had only scored twice when Hullabaloo took possession and put in a strong sequence right away to the bank before disappearing out of sight. Fearless Footsteps came away from slips nearly four lengths in front of Walter and held her place for the next six or seven points; then after some exchanges Walter held his own for a couple before Fearless Footsteps came again, scored

twice and made a good kill. Spytfontein and Brokerage had a tremendous run up, the latter just gaining the turn, but for a short time afterwards Spytfontein had the best of the course; the hare, however, breaking towards the top of the ground, Brokerage got placed again, and then did enough to claim the award. In the second round Border Song showed ahead of Red Fury by two lengths, when the hare was reached; the hare then doubled back to Red Fury for one, but when she broke again towards the top of the hill, Border Song held possession for a couple of nice points, then Red Fury scored twice, but Border Song once again drew to the front and the hare was killed between them. Rare Luck and Rab had a very pretty and evenly-contested trial, Rab just losing. Fearless Footsteps led Brokerage two lengths to the hare when she went round with her game; she also scored the next half-dozen points before Brokerage had a chance, when she equalised the score until Fearless Footsteps came again, and making a splendid finish and a good kill won handsomely. In the evening, Mr. R. W. B. Jardine called over the card in the big hall in the Exchange Station Hotel.

The meet on Thursday was at Lydiate, but it was evident that there had been severe frost during the night, and the running in the third round was consequently delayed until 11.30. Some of the hares proved tremendous goers, and had to be driven from such long distances that they broke back again before nearing the slipper, and had to be forced forward by the beaters. So good were the hares that many good greyhounds had their chances of eventually winning the Cup

quite extinguished in this round. Cloughbrae, after easily defeating the lame Hazleton Lass, was very nearly put out by the smart Garbitas, but in the run off Cloughbrae always showed too much pace. After running level for some way Midville Sweep led Lady Husheen by two lengths; the hare breaking round, however, Lady Husheen shot to the front, and twice going round Midville Sweep for possession, and scoring two or three times, wound up a very fine performance by a meritorious kill. Fearless Footsteps began to show in front of Guid Wife, and was once leading by over a length, but dwelling at the dyke Guid Wife shot past her for the turn, but went over her game, and Fearless Footsteps coming round proved the smarter worker, and wound up a clever winner, though Guid Wife more than once rushed past and finished the course by killing. In the fourth round Cloughbrae had an undecided with Garbitas, and in the run off led by two lengths and again scored before exchanges took place, Garbitas then drawing out for two wrenches and a kill, but too late to claim the verdict. Fearless Footsteps on the outside came round Rare Luck for a length's lead, and going round in smart possession after the hare, kept scoring very quickly, notwithstanding Rare Luck's attempts to gain possession, and never leaving her game for an instant was a decided winner when she finished by a fine kill.

On Friday the weather was beautifully fine when after a meeting at Hill House the famous Withins were reached. Cleughbrae and Lady Husheen were the first pair slipped at 11.30, and the latter looked all over a winner after getting the first point, but Cloughbrae, staying the better,

fairly pulled the irons out of the fire and won the long course, but the dogs continued for a long way after the time when Mr. Brice decided. Farndon Ferry and Fearless Footsteps were slipped to a hare not more than fifty yards away. Farndon Ferry, slightly on the outside, drew past for the lead, but the hare doubled away from him, and he went right out; this placed Fearless Footsteps a long way in front, and wrenching three times she killed. For the deciding course "Fearless Footsteps immediately began to show in front of the hard-run Cleughbrae, and eventually reached her hare nearly three lengths in front. Holding her place well, she put together a very strong sequence of points, and until they crossed the dyke at the top of the Withins had scored everything; then an exchange or two took place, and Cleughbrae took the last point before puss made her escape." It now remains for Fearless Footsteps to rival the fame of Fullerton and Master McGrath by winning the Waterloo Cup three times, she having now won it for the second year in succession. It was hard lines for Mr. Fawcett, who relied upon Farndon Ferry as the fastest dog in his kennel, thus allowing Mr. Hartley Bibby, with Fearless Footsteps, to win for the second time. Mr. R. A. Brice gave general satisfaction by his decisions and E. Wilkinson slipped with care and judgment.

Sport at the Universities.—

From a titular point of view, Lent term—now concluded—has been pretty eventful. As we write, the vast majority of Light and Dark Blues are located in London, intent upon witnessing the stirring sequence of representative tussles included in the "Blues Week." For obvious rea-

sons all comment on the Boat Race, sports, &c., must appear in *BAILY* next month. Outside these, however, it is pleasing to mention that other inter-'Varsity contests have (so far) fallen out with "variation," those "chequered fortunes" which the wise old Greek assures us is always the best. Contrary alike to public form and general expectation, Oxford won the Association football match (3 goals 2) and Cambridge the Hockey ditto (4 goals 1), both big surprises. The exposition was not particularly "classy" in either case, and once again a lot of nervousness—peculiar to inter-'Varsity fray, seemingly—prevented earlier promise of high excellence from being fulfilled. Oxford again asserted their supremacy at billiards, carrying off both singles and doubles competitions as since 1897. E. Lee (Oxford) beat A. A. Trinder (Cambridge) by 38 points in the singles match, while Messrs. Lee and Lord (Oxford) easily disposed of Messrs. Trinder and McMaster (Cambridge) by 153 points. The boxing and fencing representative contests saw Oxford again victorious by 4 events 3, their fifth successive triumph! The boxing honours were divided (2 events all), but the Dark Blues were overwhelmingly superior at fencing. Up to date, therefore, the inter-'Varsity record for 1900-1 reads:—Oxford, 5 events; Cambridge, 2 events. It is noteworthy that in every single representative fray this year "surprises" were to the fore. Turning from Olympian to Isthmian tussles, the annual "Lents" and "Torpids" races on Cam and Isis this year were finely contested. At Cambridge, First Trinity retained premier position for the third successive year, while Jesus I., Pembroke IV. and Selwyn II.

all made four bumps, thereby "winning their oars." At Oxford, New College easily maintained their proud position, and for the rest of the crews Lincoln (7 bumps), Magdalen II. (6 bumps), University (5 bumps), with Hertford and New College III. (3 bumps), were the most successful. Experts were unanimously of opinion that the Oxford rowing, on the whole, was far classier than at Cambridge, for once in a way! The Cambridge Clinker Fours were won by Trinity Hall subsequently, but the same race fell through at Oxford for lack of entries. It is a moot point whether the O. U. B. C. would not do well to follow the example of the C. U. B. C., by the way, and allow second-year men to compete in the "Torpids." Athletes have been very busy this term, meeting after meeting following each other in almost bewildering fashion just lately. To (a) obviate this foolish congestion of events and (b) to increase general interest *throughout the season*, the O. U. A. C. have come to the wise conclusion to make much more of October term and hold the majority of college meetings prior to Christmas. This will allow ample space and a decent interval between the ever-increasing number of inter-College meetings now so much in vogue. The respective Trials meetings (to select representatives for Queen's club) produced some very fine performances indeed. Under this category we may place H. W. Workman's (Cambridge) "Half" in 1.57½; F. G. Cockshott's (Cambridge) Mile in 4.28½; L. J. Cornish's (Oxford) "Quarter" and Long Jump of 50½ and 22.5 respectively; E. E. B. May's (Oxford) Hammer throw of 119.11; and J. B. Bulkeley's (Oxford) High Jump of 5.10.

Most of the other events were very sound, and it was clearly made patent that both Oxford and Cambridge are still nourishing a fine race of all-round athletes. We deeply regret to announce that G. R. Garnier (Oxford), the Hurdle "Blue" and probable winner this year, has injured his knee severely at the eleventh hour. This will necessitate his standing down and thus rob the hurdle race of much interest, if not give a positive advantage to Cambridge in the ultimate issue of events. Both football representative teams (under both codes) finished up their season with capital records, the Oxford Rugby XV. in particular. So fine a record do they boast this season, indeed, that all sorts of sportsmen have expressed surprise at the marked fashion Oxonians have been passed over by the International Selection Committee. Of the probable arrangements, election of officers, &c., for next season we shall speak in due course, and now heartily congratulate all concerned upon the very successful season just past. Even greater advance in the direction of the "Varsities" entry for the English Cup, &c., is quite on the cards. But we must not anticipate.

Other general current news of interest may be briefly vouchsafed. Another Oxonian athlete of repute in Mr. M. B. Church (Keble) has been killed at the front, while Cantabs mourn the loss of Mr. H. Trevor-Jones (Trinity Hall), the "Old Blue" and famous coach. Mr. R. C. Lehmann (Cambridge), another famous aquatic coach, is now High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, while Dr. Winnington-Ingram (the Bishop-designate of London) was an ardent all-round sportsman in his old Oxford days. Two

famous cricketers in the Revs H. M. Burge (Oxford) and Lione Ford (Cambridge) have been appointed Headmasters of Winchester and Repton respectively, and congratulations are due to the Rev. L. J. Percival, the old Oxford and International Rugby Football exponent, upon his approaching marriage. It is satisfactory to be able to state that the Oxford Lawn Tennis Club has now been refounded upon a much sounder basis (financially and otherwise), as also that both the University Rifle Volunteer Corps are right up to full strength. The Oxford and Cambridge *v.* Combined American Universities cable chess match will have been decided ere the next issue of BAILY. After recent events, we fancy the Sister Blues will retain the Rice trophy as the result.

Oxford University Point-to-Point Races were held at Stratton Audley, on March 6th, in rather squally weather. The going was very heavy. Results:—*'Varsity Grind*:—Catch weights, 12 stone and over; about 4 miles. (1) Mr. C. Whitaker's ch. m. Hawthorne, aged. Owner. 12st. (carried 13st.) (2) Mr. Waldorf Astor's ch. m. The Mayor, aged. Owner. 12st. (3) Mr. E. B. Faber's b. g. Lord Lieutenant, aged. Mr. J. Collyer Bristow. 12st. 7lb. 18 ran. *Bullington Cup*:—(12st. 7lbs.) For past members of Oxford University. (1) Lord Villier's b. g. Carnation, aged, 12st. 7lbs. Owner. (2) Mr. T. J. Longworth's Hunt Button, 13st. Mr. T. Stacey. (3) Mr. E. A. V. Stanley's b. m. Dorothy, aged, 12st. 7lbs. Owner. 5 ran. *Farmers' Race*:—(12st.) (1) Mr. J. Hall's br. g. Clousilla. (2) Mr. H. King's Postmaster. (3) Mr. D. Cave's ch. m. Spitfire, aged. 7 ran.

International Football.—The international football matches un-

der Association rules have not aroused a great amount of interest, although the game between England and Scotland on March 30th at the Crystal Palace will no doubt prove a great attraction. The series of contests opened with the Scotland *v.* Ireland match in Scotland, in which the Scotchmen gained a decisive victory by eleven goals to *nil*. The match between Scotland and Wales at Wrexham provided a much more exciting game. Scotland sent practically their strongest side, but Wales effected a drawn game, each side scoring a goal. England played their first match against Ireland at Southampton on March 9th. The English team included three amateurs and eight professionals, and five of the players were new to international honours. The play of the Englishmen was disappointing, and the home team were only leading by a goal until six minutes before the finish. Two goals were then added very quickly, so that England won by three goals to *nil*. The English forwards were handicapped by an injury to Turner (outside right), who had to retire before the interval. The Irishmen played a very plucky game, their defence being particularly good. On the English side the three amateurs—C. B. Fry and W. J. Oakley at back, and R. E. Foster, forward—all played well. This was the twentieth match between the two countries, and England can claim nineteen victories, the other game being drawn.

The Rugby Internationals.—The England *v.* Scotland match at Blackheath attracted a very large crowd, although the result of the other international games of the present season did not point to England having any prospects of securing a victory. Scotland defeated Wales and Ireland in

decisive fashion prior to meeting England, and played practically the same fifteen in all the three games. On the other hand, England had lost to both Wales and Ireland, and after these reverses made a number of changes in the side to oppose Scotland. The contest at Blackheath was practically decided in the first fifteen minutes, during which time Scotland scored three goals, and obtained a lead of fifteen points to *nil*. Each team afterwards scored a try, so that the final score was three goals and a try to a try in favour of Scotland. This victory leaves Scotland in undisputed possession of the International Rugby Championship this season, with England as holders of the "wooden spoon." England were clearly overmatched at Blackheath. The forwards were a big lot of men, but they were no match for the dashing young Scotchmen, who repeatedly carried the scrimmages. The English halves were a failure, and from start to finish were outplayed by the Scotch pair, whilst behind losing forwards the English three-quarters made a very poor show. The Scotch three-quarters, on the other hand, played with splendid judgment, their combination being most effective. H. T. Gamlin, the English full back, deserves a word of praise. His accurate kicking, clever fielding of the ball, and sound tackling, saved his side from the disgrace of a more severe defeat. It is evident that Rugby football in England is under a cloud this season.

Golf.—A quickening of interest in what may be termed public golf marks the return of spring, to say nothing of the opening of the new reign. There appears to be a very general feeling in the golfing community that this part of the game has been neglected,

that it has suffered from the neglect, and that the time has come to revive it. In club-houses one hears less conversation of a strictly autobiographical kind and more about the merits of the champions and the prospects of having them tested. New captains of clubs and new committees are busy preparing baits in the shape of big prizes and open competitions. There is one prize already on offer of £100, the most valuable consideration ever put forward by a golf club. It is offered by the Islay Club in the west of Scotland, and no doubt it will attract the best of the players, for the date chosen for the play is the week after the Open Championship Meeting at Muirfield. In England, the Mid Surrey Club at Richmond is getting up a tournament among sixteen selected professionals. And there is no less activity in regard to matches. Jack White has challenged the Open Champion, J. H. Taylor, to play for £50 a side; the latter has accepted the challenge, and dates have been arranged for Richmond and the new links at Huntercombe near Henley. In Scotland several professional matches are in course of arrangement, matches most of them between young professionals anxious to win their way to the front. In this connection, too, it is interesting to note that Harry Vardon has decided to remain in this country, which means that he has resisted the blandishments of America, at any rate for the present. It is obvious that he and Taylor cannot live long together in the same country without either they themselves or their friends making a match, and this, of course, is what the golfing world desires above all things. In connection with the Open Championship, it is said that some of

the young professionals from this country who have distinguished themselves in America will endeavour to make the trip home and try their fortune at that great gathering of the giants. If they do their presence will add greatly to the interest of the occasion, for several of these youngsters are notoriously good players and there is a distinct desire to welcome some newcomer to the honour and dignity of the Open Champion.

"Twelfth Night" at Her Majesty's Theatre.—Mr. Beer-bohm Tree continues to delight us with his artistic revivals of Shakespeare, and his version of "Twelfth Night" is a thing of beauty, admirably arranged, most sumptuously put on and consistently well-played. On this occasion we are more grateful to the manager side of the actor-manager, for we have seen Mr. Tree to much greater advantage than in the part of Malvolio, although his work is full of talent and originality, and the comic extravagances of Olivia's steward are undoubtedly popular with the audience. That sterling actor, Mr. Lionel Brough, does good work as Sir Toby Belch, and is well supported by Mr. Norman Forbes, as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, his companion of carouse. It might perhaps have surprised Mr. Courtice Pounds if, in the days of "The Gondoliers," he had been told that he would one day make a success in Shakespeare, but undoubtedly his Feste the Clown is a great success, and he scores heavily with the songs, "Mistress Mine," and "When that I Was."

The ladies are admirable. Miss Maud Jeffries makes an ideal Olivia, and Miss Zeffie Tilbury makes a great deal out of the part of Maria the mischievous waiting-maid. To Miss Lily Brayton be-

long in our mind the chief honours of the performance; she played the difficult part of Viola with the greatest skill and judgment. To gifts of youth and beauty Miss Brayton adds a most attractive method, and her elocution appears to be modelled on the best style. Mr. Beerbohm Tree is to be congratulated upon gaining such a valuable recruit. It goes without saying that "Twelfth Night" is beautifully put on the stage, and the scene in Olivia's garden reflects especial credit upon Mr. Hawes Craven. The Musical Director, Mr. Andrew Levey, is responsible for the composition, selection and arrangement of the incidental music, and his setting of the songs sung by Mr. Courtice Pounds is admirable.

"The Belle of Bohemia" at The Apollo Theatre. — Mr. Lowenfelt has built a lordly pleasure house next to the Lyric Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, and for the Apollo Theatre we have nothing but praise. All the arrangements are up to the very latest standard of excellence, from the specially constructed orchestra with its novel acoustic fitting, to the extra exits which permit of the house being emptied in two or three minutes. The decorations, too, are very effective, whilst the view of the stage from every seat is stated to be complete and unobstructed.

For the first production under such favourable auspices we think that an unfortunate selection was made in the "Belle of Bohemia," a musical farce imported bodily from America, players, chorus, music and all. It was the cynical Lady Holyrood who said that the increased good-feeling between this country and the United States is due to the success of "The Belle of New York," and probably we owe to the same

source "The Belle of Bavaria," whilst to the success of Mr. J. E. Sullivan, of "polite lunatic" fame, the creation of the parts of Dinkelhauser and Klotz, the dreary Dromios of the new production, may probably be due. Mr. Sullivan is a clever actor, and his admirably assumed German accent did much for the popularity of his polite lunatic, and we regret that he should not have been allowed the monopoly of his successful idea; it made us tired to have to listen throughout the performance of the new Belle to the Anglo-German utterances of Dinkelhauser and Klotz, one of whom was generally in possession of the stage.

The essential point of the story is, that these two men, a brewer and a wandering photographer, bear such a close resemblance to one another in voice, manner and appearance, that their own wives are mistaken as to their identity; thus if one is unfortunate enough to be bored by either character the trouble is a double and serious one.

Mr. Richard Carle, who made such a hit in "The Casino Girl" with his song "Nothing New," is good as Algy Cuffs, a matinée idol, in a part which does not afford him great opportunities, and he has a telling song about his Museum. To our mind the best performance is that of Miss Marie Dainton, curiously enough the one member of the caste that England can claim as her own. Miss Dainton has long been famous for her mimicry and imitations, and now she has demonstrated her creative abilities and lends great charm to the part of Paquita, the Spanish dancer.

Miss Marie George, who has deservedly made a reputation for herself since she came to this country, is a great success in the

title rôle, and we hope that rumours of her leaving the play will prove false. The chorus is attractive and well-trained, and the

play is very well dressed and put on, whilst some of the music is pretty, the *finale* of the first act gaining much applause.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During February—March, 1901.]

A REMARKABLE incident occurred in connection with the meet of the South Shropshire and Wheatland Hounds at Longnor, near Shrewsbury, on February 11th. A fox was found in the Moat Covers and was hunted up the valley for Cothercote Hill, making a sharp turn to the right for Pulverbatch. At the foot of the hill is a treacherous bog which he crossed with the hounds in close pursuit, the field being compelled to make a wide détour. Whilst they were doing so reynard made another turn, and headed back past Underhill Hall for Smethcote. The master, servants and field were entirely left, and were unable to again get in touch with the pack. About eight o'clock the same evening Mr. Bishop, of Underhill Hall, was proceeding to his stables when he met a fox in his yard and the pack in full cry close at his brush. Mr. Bishop and a farm servant, with the aid of a lantern, followed for some distance, but, finding pursuit useless, proceeded to the nearest telegraph office and advised the master. It was not until three days after that the pack were got together again.

The Ullswater Foxhounds, which hunt over a mountainous country in Westmoreland and Cumberland, and have to be followed on shanks's mare, met on February 16th at the foot of Wild Boar Fell, near Kirkby Stephen. Quickly starting a straight-necked fox, they hunted across the valley, climbed the Eastern Pennines, crossed over the highest part of the range, ran him as far as Beck Meetings, in Swaledale, and bowled him over. At the kill it was found that five of the pack were missing, and on the return of the hunt to Kirkby Stephen a telegram was awaiting the huntsman, informing him that these hounds were at Hardrow, near Hawes, sixteen miles distant, having chased a fox from Mallerstang and finally killed him near Pry House. It says much for the determination of these hounds that they had hunted this fox entirely alone for over eleven miles, traversing some of the wildest and most precipitous fells on the Westmoreland border.—*Horse and Hound.*

Mr. M. R. Church, who was a prominent cricketer and footballer at Oxford some ten years since, was killed in action at Hartberstfontein, on February 16th. Mr. Church had done much exciting scouting work, and on one occasion escorted the mail from Mafeking with only nine companions.

The death of Mr. Francis Phillips, of Ashleigh House, Coventry, occurred on February 16th. Mr. Phillips, who was seventy-five years of age, established the Willenhall Harriers in 1891 and had only announced his intention of giving up the pack some two months since owing to failing health. The followers of the pack had decided to make presentations to the Master and Mrs. Phillips, but ere the gift could be made Mr. Phillips had passed away. The articles intended (and which it is understood will be handed to the family of the deceased) for presentation consisted of a beautifully-embossed solid silver salver, weighing 214oz. and bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Frank Phillips, Esq., M.H., upon his retirement from the Mastership of the Willenhall Harriers by a few friends who have enjoyed the sport he has provided during the last ten years—February 16, 1901"; together with an album containing the names of the subscribers. Mrs. Phillips' present was a diamond brooch.

A well-known Yorkshire sportsman, Mr. Robert Boulton, of Malton, passed away on February 17th in his seventy-first year. Mr. Boulton was a good cricketer, but was, perhaps, best known as a leading coursing judge from 1855 to 1875; he was also lessee of the training ground on Langton Wold, hon. secretary to the Malton Steeplechases in the 'sixties, and again when the present *régime* was established in 1882. Mr. Boulton was also one of those who introduced Curling into North Yorkshire some forty years ago.

While hunting with the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds on February 20th, Mrs. Herbert Harris, of Bowden Hill, Lacock,

met with a bad accident. In jumping a brook her horse blundered, and rider and animal rolled backwards into the water. Mrs. Harris, on being extricated, was found to be suffering from severe injuries.

While hunting with the Belvoir Hounds in the neighbourhood of Culverthorpe on February 22nd, the Hon. Mrs. Gifford, of Boothby Hall, had a bad fall, and for a time was unconscious, being much bruised and shaken. Another accident occurred earlier in the day to Mr. Ben Smith, of Horbling Hall, during a run from Haydour Southings. It appears that he was taking a fence near to Newton when a stirrup-leather broke, and the rider came down heavily into his saddle, and injured the muscles of his thigh badly.

Lord Galway's hounds were hunting from Dane's Hill on February 24th, when the fox took to the line near Torworth. The Scotch express was due, and though some platelayers working close by the scene attempted to signal the rapidly-approaching train to stop, and the driver did his best to pull up, it was too late, and one hound, Komulus, was killed. Before the pack could be taken from the railway another train approached in the opposite direction, but fortunately was pulled up in time.

Captain Gerald Fitzgerald, the popular Secretary and Manager of the Richmond Horse Show, died at his residence, Chiswick, on February 25th. Captain Fitzgerald was well known in the polo world and founded the All Ireland Polo Club so far back as 1878.

Owing to the over-heating of a stove a fire occurred at the Kennels of the Puckeridge Hounds at Brent Pelham, on February 26th. With considerable difficulty, under the direction of the Master, Mr. Edward E. Barclay, the 16½ couple of hounds and whelps in the building were released, but the premises were destroyed.

Mr. Charles E. Ashworth, of Mytton Hall, Whalley, Lancashire, who was for many years field master to the Pendle Forest Harriers, died recently. Lancashire sportsmen were largely represented at the funeral on February 28th.

In the race for the military steeplechase at Sandown Park, on March 1, Hidden Mystery met a bad accident and had to be destroyed. The horse, which was ridden by his owner Mr. Harold Brassey, and carried 14st., got his foreleg under the guardrail of the ditch and was hopelessly injured. Hidden Mystery by Ascetic—Secret was purchased last year by Mr. Brassey for 3,500 gs.

A regular follower of the Quorn and the Belvoir Hounds for many years has passed away in the person of Mr. John Marriott,

of Cropwall Butler, who died on March 1, at the age of eighty-three years.

A serious accident happened on March 2nd to Joe Walker, second whip to the Marquis of Zeilands Hounds. The hounds met at Black Banks, and when running in the vicinity of Morley, Walker's horse fell, throwing him heavily to the ground. On being conveyed home it was found that his injuries were severe, and likely to keep him out of the saddle for a long time.

Mr. Joseph Lowe, who has been a trainer of racehorses at East Ilsley, Berkshire, for some past forty years, died at his residence in that village on March 7th. In his young days he was a jockey, and he won the first race he ever rode in.

Whilst hunting with the Fitzwilliam hounds on March 7th, Mrs. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam, wife of the Master, met a nasty accident through her horse stumbling over wire, falling and rolling over her; Mrs. Fitzwilliam sustained a bad fracture of the elbow.

The sale of Mr. Ralph Sneyd's blood-stock was held at the Haras de St. James, Paris, on March 9th. The stallions, Blue Green and Dog Rose, did not reach the reserve prices, but brood mares sold fairly well. There was a good attendance of leading French breeders, principal prices follow:—Thuria (1890), by Thurie—Molda, Count Branicki, 200 gs.; Saint Patricia II. (1895), by Hagioscope—Fair Vestal, Count Branicki, 144 gs.; Silver Key (1894), by Kendal—Silver Face, Count de Meleyssie, 248 gs.; Quaker's Wife (1896), by Kendal—Castagnette, Count Branicki, 252 gs.; Satiety mare (1892), by Satiety—Lilybud, Count Branicki, 224 gs.; Sedge Warbler (1893), by Minting—Stone Clink, Baron Angelier, 312 gs.; Yesterling (1839), by Sterling—Yessel, M. J. Archdeacon, 420 gs.; Catherine II. (1888), by Tristan—La Noce, Prince Murat, 124 gs.; Pink (1890), by Peter—Maid of Perth, Count Marois, 284 gs.; Lady Villikins (1885), by Hagioscope—Dinah, M. Vigors, 352 gs.; Royal Hampton mare (1890), by Royal Hampton—Bil Gal, M. Mannendorf, 176 gs.

Whilst hunting on the outskirts of the Vale of Blackmore at Mapperton, Mr. J. Ashton Radcliffe, master of the South Dorset hounds, met with an ugly fall, and, among other injuries, sustained a severe fracture of the elbow.

The followers of the Thanet Harriers, combined with the members of the Thanet Private Coursing Club and the resident farmers, have presented to Lord Decies, the Master, a massive silver circular tray, over twenty-six inches in diameter and of very beautiful design, coupled with an

address, on the occasion of his lordship's marriage.

During a run with the Cottesmore Hounds on Saturday Mr. Frank Mildmay, M.P., had a bad fall, and dislocated a shoulder.

The first progeny of Flying Fox has been foaled at the Haras de Jardy, M. Edmond Blanc's stud in France. It is a big, strong colt out of Gouvernante, the dam of Governor.

A fine hag of woodcock was secured by Lord Ardilaun and friends shooting at

Ashford. In three days two hundred and fifty-four were killed, the first day totalling one hundred and seventeen.

It is stated that nearly two million head of game of various kinds were shot in the sixty-three departments of Hungary during the past year. Hares total 600,912, partridges number 389,114. Coming to bigger game, 149 bears and 273 wolves have been destroyed; chamois, found in the higher ranges of the Carpathians, number 39. No fewer than 3,774 wild boar were captured.

TURF.

BIRMINGHAM.—STEEPLECHASE

MEETING.

February 24th.—The Great Warwickshire Handicap Steeplechase of 183 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. h. Barsac, by Barcaldine—Stillwaters, aged, 11st. 3lb.	Mr. H. M. Rigby	1
Mr. H. Hunt's br. g. Prince Tus- can, aged, 11st. 7lb.	Mr. Hunt	2
Mr. L. S. Walker's br. g. Boa, 6 yrs., 10st. 10lb.	D. Clare	3
5 to 1 agst. Barsac.		

WARWICK CLUB.—FEBRUARY MEETING.

February 27th.—The Leamington Grand Annual Handicap Steeplechase of 177 sovs.; two miles and a half.

Captain Abercrombie's b. h. Kie- ton, by Radius—Catterina, aged, 10st. 8lb.	G. Williamson	1
Mr. H. Bletsoe's br. h. Grudon, aged, 11st. 7lb. Mr. M. B. Bletsoe		2
Mr. White-Heather's b. or br. g. Detail, 5 yrs., 10st. 11lb.		
Mr. R. Payne	3	
8 to 1 agst. Kieton.		

SANDOWN PARK.—MARCH MEETING.

March 1st.—The Sandown Open Handicap Steeplechase of 174 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. J. Habin's br. m. Bell Sound, by Curlew—Selby Oak, aged, 11st. 3lb.	Dollery	1
Mr. H. M. Cairne's b. g. Castle- blake, 6 yrs., 11st. 13lb.		
J. Behan	2	
Mr. R. C. Dawson's ch. m. Mill Girl, aged, 11st. 7lb. ...	O'Brien	3
11 to 8 agst. Bell Sound.		

March 2nd.—The March Handicap Hurdle Race of 174 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. Liddiard's br. g. Lord Bruce, by Piræus—Lady Bruce, 6 yrs., 10st. 9lb.	Stainton	1
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Mr. H. S. Goodson's ch. g. Duke's Seal, 6 yrs., 10st. 11lb. Piggott	2
Mr. W. H. Millard's b. c. Sheather, 4 yrs., 10st. 2lb.	Anthony
7 to 1 agst. Lord Bruce.	

DERBY.—HUNT MEETING.

March 4th.—The Derbyshire Handicap Steeplechase of 173 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. J. J. Darcy's ch. c. Well Fort, by Bonnie Charlie—Merry Queen, 5 yrs., 11st. 8lb.	
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Mr. W. P. Cullen	1
Mr. Murray Griffith's b. or br. h. Orestes, aged, 10st. ...	W. Frye
Mr. W. Whitehead's b. g. Lap- lander, aged, 10st. 8lb.	

Mr. R. Payne	3
11 to 4 on Well Fort.	

March 5th.—Devonshire Handicap Hurdle Race Plate of 150 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. F. Bolland's b. g. Goldfinder, by Jock of Oran—Arillamont, 5 yrs., 10st. 13lb.	G. Williamson	1
Mr. C. W. Bagge's ch. h. Nanki Poo, 5 yrs., 11st. 1lb. ...	Moran	2
Mr. R. Deplidge's ch. g. Gold Paint, 5 yrs., 11st. 3lb.		

Mr. J. Sharpe	3
5 to 2 agst. Goldfinder.	

KEMPTON PARK.—MARCH MEETING.

March 6th.—The March Handicap Steeplechase Plate of 417 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. F. R. Hunt's br. g. Grand Attack, by Merry Hampton— Reprisal, aged, 11st. 1lb.	
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Dollery	1
Mr. C. Macdonald's b. g. The Don, aged, 11st. 2lb.	

Mr. H. Nugent	2
Mr. H. Tunstall-Moore's b. m. Fanciful, 6 yrs., 12st.	

Mr. W. P. Cullen	3
4 to 1 agst. Grand Attack.	

March 7th.—The Kingston Hurdle Handicap of 462 sovs. ; two miles.
 Mr. C. Lane's b. h. Cracky, by Orvieto—Lang Syne, 5 yrs., 10st. 9lb. G. Wilson 1
 Lord C. Montagu's br. h. Kilkerran, aged, 11st. 8lb. F. Mason 2
 Mr. H. Goodson's ch. g. Duke's Seal, 5 yrs., 11st. Piggott 3
 10 to 1 agst. Cracky.

HURST PARK.—CLUB MEETING.

March 8th.—The March Maiden Hurdle Race of 385 sovs. ; two miles.
 Mr. Barclay Walker's ch. g. Mr. Quilp, by Troubador—Barbara, 4 yrs., 10st. 7lb. E. Morgan 1
 Mr. J. Shepherd's King's Idler, 4 yrs., 10st. 7lb. Acres 2
 Captain F. Bald's ch. c. Sprig of Shillelagh F. Mason 3
 100 to 7 agst. Mr. Quilp.
 March 9th.—The New Century Steeplechase of 777 sovs. ; two miles.
 Mr. D. G. Williams' ch. c. North Tyne, by Bonavista—Reedwater, 4 yrs., 10st. Mr. Nugent 1
 Mr. F. R. Hunt's br. g. Grand Attack, aged, 12st. 7lb. Dollery 2
 Mr. P. J. Dunne's b. m. Little May II., 5 yrs., 11st. 7lb. Mr. Persee 3
 10 to 1 agst. North Tyne.

GATWICK.—MARCH MEETING.

March 12th.—The Tantivy Steeplechase of 825 sovs. ; two miles.
 Mr. Thompson's b. g. Mintstalk, by Minting—Fabiola, 5 yrs., 11st. 10lb. J. Phillips 1
 Captain Leetham's b. g. Tiney White, 5 yrs., 12st. 3lb. F. Freemantle 2
 Mr. W. L. Humby's b. g. Little Hercules, 5 yrs., 12st. 11lb. Mr. H. Nugent 3
 6 to 1 agst. Mintstalk.
 March 13th.—The International Hurdle Race of 625 sovs. ; two miles.
 Mr. E. J. Percy's ch. g. Bonnie Dundee, by Baliol—Sympathy, aged, 11st. 8lb. Chadwick 1
 Mr. J. G. Bulteil's b. h. Snarley Yow, 6 yrs., 10st. 7lb. Piggott 2
 Lord C. Montagu's br. h. Kilkerran, aged, 11st. 11lb. F. Mason 3
 8 to 1 agst. Bonnie Dundee.

FOOTBALL.

February 23rd.—At Edinburgh, Scotland v. Ireland, former won by 9 points to 5.*
 February 23rd.—At Hartlepool, North v.

South, former won by 19 points to 6.*

February 23rd.—At Glasgow, Scotland v. Ireland, former won by 11 goals to 1.†

March 2nd.—At Wrexham, Wales v. Scotland, drawn, 1 goal each.*

March 2nd.—At Crystal Palace (Shield of London's Charity Shield), Corinthians v. Aston Villa, latter won by 3 goals to 0.†

March 9th.—At Blackheath, England v. Scotland, latter won by 18 points to 3.*

March 9th.—At Southampton, England v. Ireland, former won by 3 goals to 0.†

March 16th.—At Swansea, Wales v. Scotland, former won by 10 points to 9.*

March 16th.—At Glasgow, England v. Scotland, latter won by 6 goals to 2.†

March 16th.—At Tufnell Park, Clapton v. Ilford, (London Senior Challenge Cup Final Tie,) latter won by 2 goals to 1.†

* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

HOCKEY.

February 27th.—At Richmond, Oxford v. Cambridge, latter won by 4 goals to 1.

March 2nd.—At Kersal, North v. South, former won by 4 goals to 1.

March 9th.—At Swansea, England v. Wales, former won by 4 goals to 0.

COURSING.

February 22nd.—Waterloo Cup—Mr. J. H. Bibby ns. (Messrs. Fawcett's), bk. b. Fearless Footsteps, beat Mr. F. Watson (Mr. P. Clark's) bk. dp. Cleughbrae.

February 22nd.—Waterloo Purse—(E) Mr. W. Osborne ns. (Messrs. Aston and Spruce's) r. b. Agile Spurt, beat (E) Mr. A. T. Newhold's w. bk. b. p. New Tripper.

February 22nd.—Waterloo Plate—(E) Mr. R. Anderton ns. (Messrs. Fawcett's) bd. d. Father o' Fire, and (E) Mr. J. Coke's w. bk. b. Cousin Mary, divided.

BILLIARDS.

March 9th.—At Oxford, Oxford (N. A. Lee) v. Cambridge (A. A. Trinder), former won by 500 to 462.

March 11th.—At Oxford, Oxford (N. A. Lee and S. E. Lord) v. Cambridge (A. A. Trinder and O. McMaster), former won by 500 to 347.

SHOOTING.

February 15th.—At Monte Carlo, The Prix du Championnat Triennal, Hon. R. Beresford won, Messrs. Vernon Barker, Robinson and Mackintosh divided second, third and fourth.

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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS and PASTIMES

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WITH

Steel engraved portrait of MR. LIONEL CHARLES HAMILTON PALAIRET.
Portraits of COUNT DE BERTEUX, MR. WILLIAM BRAGG, MR. T. DEANE, and the late
MR. T. P. EAMES, &c.

Mr. Lionel Charles Hamilton Palairet.

IN BAILY'S MAGAZINE a few months ago we gave the portrait of the Hon. E. W. B. Portman, then master of the Taunton Vale Foxhounds, and this month we give the portrait of his near neighbour and friend, Mr. L. C. H. Palairet, the brilliant Somerset batsman. By birth Mr. Palairet is qualified for Lancashire, as it was at Grange-over-Sands, on May 27th, 1870, that he first saw the light. The South of England, however, has always claimed his services, his family home being in Dorset-

shire, and since, in 1894, he married Miss Mabel Laverton, daughter of a very keen supporter of cricket in the West of England, Mr. Palairet has resided near Taunton, the headquarters of Somerset cricket. It was at Repton School that the brothers Palairet first displayed that great ability which has since made them famous cricketers; and it is interesting to note how frequently at a school there will be at the same time more than one cricketer of unusual excel-

lence. It is true that "one fool makes many," and it would appear that one good cricketer at a school is likely to raise the standard of merit. At Repton, in 1886, Mr. F. G. J. Ford, the celebrated left-hander, was captain, and he it was who put Mr. Lionel Palairt into the Eleven, whilst the latter in turn performed a like office in 1888 for his brother Richard and to C. B. Fry, the distinguished international player of to-day. The Rev. Arthur Forman, who has for years looked after the cricket at Repton, may well be proud of his pupils; and in those days the annual school match against Malvern College usually resulted in a win for Repton.

At the conclusion of his school career, after four years' brilliant service to Repton, there was a place waiting for Mr. Palairt in the Oxford Eleven, and in 1890 he was given his Blue after the second match of the season, and represented his 'Varsity against Cambridge for the next four years, being captain of the Eleven in 1892-93. His first year of captaincy was rewarded with a victory by five wickets after a splendid match, but in 1893 Cambridge, under Mr. F. S. Jackson, proved too strong for the Dark Blues, who made but a sorry show.

It was in 1890 that Mr. Lionel Palairt made his first appearance for Somerset, the county for which he has since played so splendidly; and he lost no time in getting to work, for in his very first county match against Leicestershire he scored an innings of 158. This was the season when Somerset, out of a card of thirteen matches, won twelve of them, and in the remaining one played a tie with Middlesex, a record which led to the admission of the western county to first-class rank in the following year.

For four years Mr. Palairt used regularly to begin the batting with Mr. H. T. Hewett, the Somerset captain, and many a merry time of it did they have together before the fall of the first wicket, notably, against Yorkshire in 1892, when they scored 346 runs together, thus breaking a record which had stood for many years. Ever since those days Mr. Lionel Palairt has provided a large share of the runs for Somerset, and since 1891, in first-class matches, he has compiled a string of no less than sixteen centuries for his county, his highest score being made at Southampton in 1896, when he helped himself to 292 runs off the Hampshire bowling. Upon the other occasion that he met Hampshire in that same season, Mr. Palairt carried his bat through the Somerset innings for a score of 147, showing a marked appreciation of the Hampshire bowling.

In 1892 the then Oxford captain made his first appearance for the Gentlemen against the Players both at Lords and the Oval, and at any time since then it would have been difficult to select, without him, a representative team of amateurs. Mr. Palairt has, we think, been unfortunate never yet to have played for England against Australia. During the season of 1899 ill-health prevented him from playing any cricket, or he might well have gained a place in one or more of the five Test matches. He has, however, often done very well against Australian teams, notably at Scarborough in 1896, when, on a bowler's wicket, he and Mr. F. S. Jackson put on 119 runs for the first wicket.

Mr. Palairt is one of the most stylish batsmen of the day; he puts great power into his strokes with no apparent effort, and whilst he is always getting runs quickly, he seldom appears in difficulties;

moreover, he is a good fieldsman and a very fair wicket-keeper, as he has frequently demonstrated when called upon to take the gloves for Somerset. At Repton and Oxford his medium-paced bowling was successful, and of late years he has cultivated lob-bowling with occasional fortune and general expense.

To the early training of their father, the well-known archery champion, the brothers Palairet may well attribute much of their success, and year after year those academic bowlers, W. Attewell and F. Martin, used during the Easter holidays to get the boys into form at Cattistock Lodge. At other branches of athletics Mr. Palairet has shone conspicuously. In his last year at Repton he lowered the school record for the Two Miles, the Mile and Half-mile, whilst he also won the school Steeplechase, and afterwards re-

presented Oxford against Cambridge in the Three-mile race. Association football has been an unfortunate sport for the Palairets, for Mr. Richard Palairet, after attaining high honours for Oxford and the Corinthians, broke his knee-cap in the middle of a game, and so ended his brilliant career as a football player with most disastrous consequences to himself; and Lionel Palairet, after playing regularly for Oxford in all the matches up to Christmas, had the misfortune to damage himself before the match against Cambridge and so missed his Blue, although he was elected a member of the select Corinthians.

Fond of all sport, Mr. Palairet admits that foxhunting holds the first place in his heart, and if he gets as much fun in the hunting season as he does in the cricket season, he ought to get through the year very comfortably.

Thoroughbreds and their Grass-land.

IN the January number of this magazine we explained what staling is, and showed how frequently it is to be found round studs. We ended by asking the question, "Are stud farms the best way of breeding racehorses?" And at the same time we pointed out the reply to this question is the answer to the still larger one, "How best can staling be avoided, or overcome where it has appeared?" To this question we now address ourselves.

After considering the difficulties and dangers of thoroughbred breeding in every light our experience suggests, we have come to the conclusion that stud farms

are the best means yet discovered of raising racehorses. The value of the stock is so great, and the experience and care they require so constant, that to scatter the brood mares over a wide area of land under untrained, if willing, eyes, seems to be out of the question. Such a system of scattering would have many advantages, but in the end might be attended by so many unforeseen accidents that the disadvantages of such a plan would far outweigh its benefits. An in-foal mare would be all right perhaps away from the stud-groom's care, but at foaling and later, when the foal began to require a

little forcing food to help out the grass, the individual experience of the man with the seeing eyes who knows every detail is most important. A stud farm seems unavoidable under such circumstances, and if it were really what its name declares it to be, no difficulty would arise in bringing horses together in reasonable numbers. The defect of the present system is that the so-called farms are studs for growing racehorses, and have ceased to be farms at all in any true sense of the word. If their grass and its stocking were under the care of a competent grazier, if in a word they were farmed properly, there would be no staling. Sir Walter Gilbey contends for this in his little book on "Young Racehorses," and it is the whole gist and secret of successful breeding, where other important matters are seen to.

A former large breeder of draught horses wrote to us not long ago in the following words:—"You are quite right about horses ruining grass-land, and doing nothing from the stud point of view on it. I know this well enough from my own personal experience. It speaks badly for us as a horsey nation that we have not recognised sooner how horses poison land for themselves if too thickly or too continuously grazed on it. I have given up breeding myself because I have not a sufficient breadth of grass here to provide change and range of pasture. If I acted otherwise both land and horses would go to the bad."

These are the weighty words of a man who knows by experience—of one who has had every advantage at his studs except an unlimited supply of good grass. There was enough for the sires, if they were kept on it alone with

cattle and sheep; but when the limited area had to be shared with mares and foals the defects produced by want of acreage soon became conspicuous. A stud may be kept anywhere, and on almost any soil—though one soil is better than another for the purpose—if there is a proper proportion between the number of horses and the grass-land they range over. But the number of horses that a given acreage can carry is strictly limited, and varies with sex and age. It varies, too, a little on different soils, but so trifling is the advantage or disadvantage of the best or poorer soils that the matter may be safely ignored in practice. The number of horses per hundred acres of grass-land is not a matter upon which an owner or breeder has a right to have a personal opinion, if he wants to get the best results. It is not one that the abundance or shortness of a season's herbage should in the least influence, if the success, that is health, of the stud is the one thing to be worked for. The rule we are about to give is simple enough, and has been worked out on many varying soils over and over again, and found to be the best in practice. In-foal mares require ten acres per head. All stock requires six acres per head till they have completed their sixth year. After this period, horses and mares, not in-foal, will do with five acres per head. If staling is to be avoided for good, only a rigid limitation of heads per acres will prove satisfactory.

Some breeders may laugh at "such cast-iron nonsense." They may do as they like about that, for they are either following some such practice unknowingly, or will sooner or later find out to their cost that they have not done so. For though this rule is

simple, it is not so simple as it looks; a forty-acre pasture carrying two in-foal mares, and four head of older stock or three young ones, as the case may be, wants *keeping in order*. The cattle and sheep, especially the latter, which should keep the pasture down to a level, fruitful, growing, green surface, require all the skill and experience of the grazier. This farming of the land is the whole secret of success on ground devoted to studs. That the sheep and cattle rob the horses is the cry of the studsmen go where you will, but they do nothing of the kind under normal conditions; it is only when we subject them to extraordinary circumstances that the bare struggle for existence makes one animal rob another. Such is the nature of our soils and the plants they carry that without sheep and cattle you cannot have the grass you require for the horses.

Try as you will to keep down the grass and make it fertile by horses alone, it runs away from them; and you ruin your pastures in a few seasons, as well as permanently injure your mares and foals. The pastures stale for want of varied stocking, and horse-flesh goes from bad to worse on them as the seasons run on. They exhibit a contrast of surface, which must be seen and studied to be understood. One part is rough and almost fit for meadow; another eaten as short as the poor animals can gnaw it. The neglected portion is so staled by the presence of dung that nothing will persuade horses to eat it as pasture or as hay, do what you will with it. The shorter, or eaten portion, is much less staled, thanks to a certain carefulness on the part of the animals, but it is most unsuitable food for valuable stock. Grass can be too closely eaten by

hungry, half-poisoned horses to be at its best, even when that best is but poor. It is true enough that both sheep and cattle rob the horses, where they have not a sufficient range. Nothing likes the long sour grass of staled horse-paddocks. They all know the difference between good and bad grass; and every kind of stock suffers by cleaning up the pastures, let the ground be as pure as it may. But where the horses have a sufficient range of sweet grass per head to begin with, they will take good care with both teeth and hoofs that neither sheep nor stock take from them the best the ground can give.

Studsmen are not graziers. Why should we expect it of them? They have been trained in a remarkably narrow groove—to watch and study their animal, and nothing else. There are plenty of books of the life, history, breeding, and training of the racer, but not one of them has ever considered its natural food-supply in a scientific, or even in an intelligent, manner. To the horse grower grass has ever been, and is, grass, a matter unworthy of careful study. The purity and quality of turf are matters that the average studsmen has never heard of, or seen discussed in print. Personal convenience only has been considered at stud-farms, and, as a result, the pastures have been absolutely ignored. To the untrained eye one piece of turf is much the same as another, a pure unsoiled pasture not very unlike a badly-staled one; and convenient handiness being the only rule which has governed the formation of stud enclosures, the wider pasture fields have been cut up by fences into paddocks, of a greater or lesser size, according to their distance from home. If they are very near the boxes, from two to

five acres has been considered large enough. It is a very easy matter to turn out and collect brood mares or foals which are in such little enclosures near at hand; and it is a great bother at times in our uncertain climate to take them further afield and fetch them home at short notice. As a result we find brood mares of the greatest value in the finest weather on absolutely inadequate pasturage. We have seen as many as five in-foal mares on four acres of ground; and the paddock was not pure soil—very far from it—but grass which for a great number of years had been treated in the same way. This is not the case at one stud only, but at many; if it were not for certain honourable exceptions we know of, we might safely say all. The thoroughbred breeders of England would recoup themselves over and over again for the outlay, if they paid a silent-tongued master grazier and specialist in grass-lore to drop down several times a year without warning on their studs, and report directly to their owners what is going on, what is wrong, and how it should be remedied.

As well as the direct losses from useless foals produced by staled ground, the indirect losses are no trifling matter. The land becomes so polluted at last with constantly carrying horseflesh that the hay is not fit for stud purposes. The meadows have to be grown and the grass sold to go off the place, and imported hay used in the boxes. It may seem strange to have to pen it, but not more than one groom in a hundred has the natural gift of observation to find out what grass his horses like best. They know one hay is better than another, but they do not enquire further. "Yon hay we are finishing was grand," said a groom, pointing to the little that

remained. But his mind had not carried him a step further; we could not learn from him where it was grown. "We have had bad hay for two years, but in '98 we had the best I ever had." In this case, too, it was not a question of season or gathering, but of locality. One soil grows better hay for horses than another; but what is the best for them is not the best for cattle. A shrewd grazier knows this, and the knowledge is part of his stock-in-trade; he lives by observing such things, and thrives as he notes and practically applies them. The groom does not observe such things; he has no training and little opportunity for such essential matters. The best hay for horses is made of the short crisp grass of the hill-sides, and not in the valleys where the richest soil collects.

The defects shown by paddocks and meadows round studs are the result of over-grazing by horses and under-grazing by other stock. Sheep are especially the grass-makers for horses on most soils. When staling has appeared round a stud, as many paddocks as possible should be entirely cleared from horse flesh, and stocked as heavily as possible. Wether hogs and young cattle will do for the purpose, but older animals which have finished their growth are preferable. In any case they should have a liberal allowance of decorticated cotton cake, and if possible, roots, too, before they have finished up the grass. If the turf shows any signs of running away in the roughest spot, it should be "hobbed" regularly on the old Lincolnshire plan. "Hobbing" is mowing the rougher portions over and over again during the season, so as to make them be ever growing young grass. It should be started as soon as the grass shows signs of "getting

away" from the stock in the field. Too much should not be done in any paddock in a day. The cut grass should be dusted with a mixture of salt and fenu-greek at once, and cattle or sheep turned in as soon as possible. This system, which has been followed for 150 years on the east coast, has made the rich silt pastures of the fen-land what they now are, the best bullock-feeding land in the country, and the most productive per acre.

If manure is used at all in getting the paddocks into condition again, they should be dressed with well rotted cow-shed manure. No horse manure in any shape should ever be allowed on land which is specially set apart for carrying thoroughbreds. Potash is a most important matter in paddocks which are carrying in-foal mares or growing foals. Considering the value of the stock, nitrate of potash or saltpetre should be used rather than kainite. Half a hundred-weight per acre is enough for a dressing, and every other year frequent enough for its application. A two-hundred-weight dressing of powdered lime during the winter time in the alternate years would be helpful, or if it were preferred, two hundred-weight of bone dust: some soils want the one, some the other. No other artificials should be used.

When the paddocks have recovered their tone, and the horses once more frequent them, one matter should be especially seen to. All the droppings they leave should be carefully collected at once with a spade and barrow and removed from the land. They should be carried to a distance, and only used as manure for

ploughed land. More than half the rough grass in paddocks, as Mr. Carruthers has pointed out, is simply the result of the dung being left where it fell. Horses will not feed near their own droppings, nor on grass which has been grown from them. To avoid meeting with them as they graze in small enclosures like our fields and paddocks they have a way of using certain portions of their runs for evacuation, and the rest for food. The grass is unnaturally forced by the presence of such strong manure, and soon becomes unfit for animal food. Bullocks can alone be starved into eating it, and it never pays to make them. The herbage of this rough grass becomes a serious danger where in-foal mares are grazing in autumn. Being neglected it soon runs into flower and seed, and is ready for the growth of ergot (*Claviceps purpurea*, Tul), which is most common on rye-grass. Our experience is that mares escape where cattle are badly aborted by this pest; but a depraved taste sometimes leads them wrong and they suffer too, and slip their foals. Few graziers and no studsmen can recognise this dangerous fungus in their paddocks, or at all appreciate the injury it may cause their gravid stock. The removal of droppings, with a few years' careful stocking and "hobbing," will bring about a uniform eating down of the pasture, which will make it grow with a renewed freshness and bloom, to become again the delight of the fastidious thoroughbreds.

E. ADRIAN WOODRUFFE-PEACOCK,
F.L.S., F.G.S.

Monmouthshire.

I HAVE been moved to take note of the changes, which time and circumstances have wrought of late in some countries by having chanced to be present at one of the recent sales of parts of the vast ducal estate of Beaufort at Monmouth. Anything more funereal it was never my lot to endure than listening, as a sportsman, to the dull platitudes of a London auctioneer on the merits of Troy House, where, until a few weeks ago, rested the cradle of our fifth King Henry, and which has given a name to great races at Newmarket and Stockbridge, and has been a rendezvous for sporting spirits for a couple of centuries or more.

To hear Monmouth Castle, the birthplace of King Henry V., described as an adjunct to the Militia drill ground, and to see that noted domain of sport, the Buckholt, hanging fire, as a desirable wood of growing timber, which had all to be taken to at the vendor's valuation, was indeed a blotting out of old memories, and set me wondering as to what form the new order of things would take.

If ever there was a name to swear by in royal Monmouth it has been that of Beaufort, and probably nowhere else have the relics of feudal times so long survived as in the unique county of Monmouth. How could it be otherwise? Seeing what incomparable old castles and domains were the proud possessions of the dukedom and its ancestors. Chepstow, Monmouth, Usk, Raglan, Skenfrith, Grosmont, White Castle and Wentwood are such grand ruins as no other county or dukedom can lay claim to, to say nothing of Tintern

Abbey, the loveliest of its kind, nor to speak of the forests, which have made sport indigenous to Monmouthshire, the chief of which are Wentwood and Chepstow Park, embracing an area of several thousand acres.

In richness of design and architectural beauty, although not so ancient in its history, Raglan Castle stands in my humble judgment pre-eminent among the castles of England. It was here that Charles I. paid several visits, and a story has been handed down which to my thinking is splendidly characteristic of the family traditions of the Beauforts. And it is this. The king was apprehensive lest the stores of the Castle should be consumed by his suite, and empowered the then Marquis of Worcester to exact from the country such provisions as were necessary for his remuneration, upon which the Marquis answered, "I humbly thank your Majesty, but my castle would not long stand if it leaned upon the country: I had rather be brought to a morsel of bread than that any morsels of bread should be *exact*ed from others."

Is it to be wondered that the fair name of the Worcesters has come down to the present generation crowned with a lasting popularity, and that its threatened loss casts the deepest shadow on all, from the highest to the lowest, in this still well-nigh feudal shire?

The ancient history of Monmouth is bound up almost entirely with the Earls of Hereford and Pembroke (the latter still represented in the county by the Herberts), as well as the Marquises of Worcester, Dukes of Beaufort, and the Lords of Abergavenny, and to these must be added Owain

Glyndwr, the great Welsh chieftain, who for so long held his own amongst them.

It is, however, only in the common order of things that the old order should give way before the new, and thus we find a new Monmouth rising out of the ashes of its ancestry. For are we not to-day listening to the monotonous tones of the auctioneer in his ineffectual endeavours to knock down these ancient and historic properties in "the Rolls Hall," a fine assembly room, the gift of Lord Llangattock to the ancient borough, and does not his magnificent park encompass some 12,000 acres, including part of the famous White Hill, with its wilderness of woods and water, and its fine drives, and is not this new domain a grand adjunct to the county town, as if to replace the fading glories of the old *régime*? Here, too, is the new model stud farm, sacred to the choicest Shire horses that money can purchase, and were it mine, whispers "Borderer," would not the finest herd of ponies luxuriate in semi-wildness through that grand extent of park in company with the deer? and add to the picturesque beauties of the Hendre. In good truth, his native county has much to be grateful for to John Rolls, as I knew him in school-fellow days, and now enjoying a well-deserved peerage. In sport he has always been a pioneer. For some time master of the hounds, a patron of all local races, a great shooter, and a noble example in agriculture, he has ensured that at all events in his generation the new order of things in his county shall not deteriorate.

As to hunting, Monmouthshire is in a somewhat unique position. Its county pack is supported entirely by its Hunt Club, which is

excellently upheld, and is an example well worth following by other counties, boasting of greater fashion. With such men at its head as the late Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Abergavenny and Lord Llangattock, it can hardly fail to be popular and strong, while as to mastership there has not been within my recollection, and even during the past century, any occasion to go beyond its confines for a master whose position has been a leading one among the county families. Major Stretton, of Brynderwyn, was ever a name to swear by, and he had a life-long tenancy of the position. Then came John Rolls, of whom we have already spoken, and after him Mr. Hanbury Williams, a sportsman to the backbone, one of whose honest boasts was that he had killed his cub in the morning, shot his ten brace of partridges before the afternoon had far advanced, and killed his salmon in the evening. He could make himself happy on the Great Skyrryd or Holy Mountain, on the Sugar Loaf, the White Hill, or the Graig, complacently listening to his pack chorusing along, and rejoicing in the encouraging cheers of his old huntsman Roberts, which gave no rest to those wild foxes. His mantle has fallen on Mr. Reginald Herbert, of Clytha, and on one more worthy it could not have alighted. Born to sport, Reggy Herbert has for the last forty years, both in the pigskin and out of it, had few superiors. We could fill many a page delightfully with his prowess. We can see him now steering old Stockinger, by Stockwell out of Lady Evelyn, by Don John, to victory round Chippenham field at Monmouth, and the Dandy and many others in the Hunt Cup at Abergavenny, or tooling his team, a well-filled coach, on to Aber-

gavenny racecourse. We have watched him shoot pigeons against all comers, and take on the professionals with the gloves. We have played polo with him, when polo was in its infancy, and when through his means the first County Polo Club was the Monmouthshire. We have enjoyed his genial joviality for many a year, and now as master of the Monmouthshire he goes like the youngest of them, ever cheery, ever straight, and under his *régime* the county has prospered as it should.

You may ride all day, as it was my delight to do only a few weeks ago, and never see a strand of wire, seldom off grass, with flying fences, after a pack with just enough Welsh blood in it to ensure music, drive, and steady hunting qualities, which mean death to a well found fox. Nowadays, instead of having to seek through the fastnesses of the hills for his foxes, the Vale of the Trothy is full of them. No less than five good dog foxes have yielded their brushes this season from Llandewi Wood after good runs. The Trothy is a nasty little river, unjumpable, and for the most part unfordable, with very high banks, very few bridges, and devious ways, but for several miles on either side of it the country smiles upon hunting, and the Monmouthshire men and women are far too keen to turn away from the line of the flying pack, unless the obstacle be insurmountable.

The southern part of the county is given up to the Llangibby and Chepstow packs. At one time the Llangibby absorbed the whole, but of late years the Chepstow, under Captain Charles Lewis, of St. Pierre, and Mr. Edward Curre, of Itton, have divided with the veteran, Mr. John Lawrence, of the Llangibby, this district, having

Newport as its extreme south-western point, and Chepstow its south-eastern. The Llangibby has a history of its own, and that an ancient one, ever since the days when the Earl of Hereford in 1070 built Chepstow Castle, and the Earls of Pembroke were masters of Usk Castle, the vast woodlands of Chepstow Park and Wentwood have been the scenes of sport, and the hounds have been handed down as a distinct breed for generations. I have so often prosed upon the extraordinary merits of this unique pack that I forbear further praise, but it would be an eye-opener to some M.F.H. to see how they press their fox through wood or open—I hear that this season they have mopped up their foxes to such an extent that they have been obliged to close the season earlier than usual—with a nonogenarian master and a one-armed huntsman of seventy, in old Evan, one of the finest horsemen in his best day over a rough country it was ever my lot to follow. It needs no further demonstration that Southern Monmouthshire is noted for its hunting. While Mr. Curre, of Itton, who has been lent a slice of the Monmouthshire country south of the Trothy near Monmouth, and has a pretty bit of country touching the channel at St. Pierre, inherits his old father's devotion to hunting and shows good sport.

The sporting glories of Monmouthshire do not end here, for in salmon and trout fishing no English or Welsh river can excel the Usk, which traverses the whole length of the county from Crickhowell to Newport and is entirely devoted to rod fishing above the tideway, and its reaches below Abergavenny and from there past Clytha to Usk yield more salmon in the spring and autumn than any other river of its

length, and as a consequence these fishings command very high prices where they are let, while the rivers Monnow and Honddu cannot be beaten for trout.

Few will gainsay that next to a forty minutes' gallop over the grass or twenty minutes' battle with a fresh run salmon is the most exciting and glorious in a sportsman's existence, and here the sportsman needs no departure for Scotland or Norway. Not only is his sport in winter provided for him at home, but his summer season is shortened in London by the reports of the Usk being in order, and a short express railway journey from Paddington lands him very speedily on the river bank and ready for the fray.

One great peculiarity about this county is that it is entirely domi-

nated numerically by the mining population, inhabiting its western valleys and hills. Here from Pontypool to Blaina, Blaenavon and Tredegar, are congregated a Welsh speaking people that are distinct in race and habits from the farming population of East Monmouthshire, and participate but little in its sports and pastimes. Yet the underground wealth of these hills is untold and the coal kings make their influence felt throughout the county.

Take it altogether Monmouthshire is one of those tight little counties that can more than hold its own in any encounter, and despite the changes, which time and circumstance have brought to it, goes merrily on its way in prosperity and sport.

BORDERER.

Two Old Family Packs of Harriers.

Few of the old packs of harriers in the United Kingdom have retained to the present day their original character to remind us that many of the great family establishments of foxhounds once hunted the hare. It is curious that three of the four family packs which, with a long history behind them, continue as harriers to the present day should be found in the West Country. The Cotley, the Furlong and Mr. Netherton's are those three; and were Mr. Eames' headquarters at Chard but one mile further west, Devonshire could claim the honour of possessing the three oldest family harrier packs in England.

The Cotley Hunt was founded by the grandfather of the present master, Mr. T. Deane, of Cotley

(sometimes erroneously spelt Cotleigh), in the year 1797. Where Mr. Deane procured his hounds in the first instance is not known, as the old books and papers relating to the kennels have been lost; one thing is certain, namely, that they were old English harriers, and had a great reputation for a long term of years. In those early days they ran fox pretty frequently as well as hare. They were at their zenith in 1832 or 1833, when hydrophobia broke out and compelled Mr. Deane to destroy the whole pack. Only one hound escaped; this was a bitch named Countess, which, by good fortune, happened at the time to be in the custody of Mr. W. K. Eames, the father of the present master. Friends came to the rescue of Mr. Deane when this misfortune befell

him and the followers of his harriers. Mr. William Forward, of Chard, presented him with the pack that had belonged to his lately deceased brother, the Rev. E. C. Forward, of Axminster, and he also had some from Mr. Sampson, of Colyton. The Rev. Harry Farr Yeatman, who had founded the Blackmore Vale Hunt



W. C. Waldron, Chard, photo.]

THE LATE MR. T. P. EAMES.

in 1831, when he changed from old harrier to dwarf foxhound in 1843 or 1844, gave Mr. Deane three dog hounds, Gallant, Villager and Dashwood, of Froude's blood. Mr. Deane bred largely from Countess, the sole survivor of his lost pack, and so kept the strain, which still remains in the kennels.

Mr. Froude's harriers were famous in the West Country. The Rev. John Russel says of the Vicar of Knowstone's hounds: "they were something out of the common, bred from the old stag-hounds, light in their colour and sharp as needles, plenty of tongue and could drive like furies."

Mr. Forward's hounds were evidently a good lot too. There is record of a run which took place in April, 1837, soon after the pack had been established in their new quarters. They found a fox in a plantation near Bealy Down, and getting him away ran him for an hour and forty minutes without a check, and without once having to be turned from the hares which were very numerous. The pace was a cracker throughout; the distance is not recorded, but the line took hounds through eight parishes situated in the three counties of Somerset, Devon and Dorsetshire. Hounds were at his brush when he went to ground.

Mr. Eames possesses an interesting relic of the hunt in his grandfather's day in the shape of the card of the Cotley Hunt Races held on June 12th, 1839; there were five events, a hurdle race, a sweepstakes, a race for Galloways 14 hands and under, the Yeomanry Cup and race for ponies 13 hands and under. The meeting was exceedingly popular in the neighbourhood, and was an annual fixture for some years. Mr. C. P. R. Pullman, in his "Rustic Sketches," says, in introducing some lines on "Cotley Races," that the poet is endeavouring to immortalise the meeting of 1841. The last races were held in 1845. A glance over the card shows that, while the entries for the horse-races in no case exceed four, there were seven entries for the Galloway race and five for the pony event.

Mr. Deane is well entitled to place among the Nestors of hunting history; he maintained harriers from 1797 to 1855, a mastership of fifty-eight years. On his death in 1855 the pack was taken over by his son, Mr. "Tom" Deane, and Mr. Tom Palmer Eames, respectively uncle and elder brother of Mr. Edward Eames. For some years this joint mastership continued, and then Mr. T. P. Eames carried on the office alone. He hunted hare almost exclusively, but occasionally ran a fox at the close of the season. Mr. T. P. Eames devoted great attention to breeding. From memoranda in his old kennel-book, it appears that on Saturday, July 13th, 1861, he went over to Tiverton and exchanged hounds with Mr. Amory (now Sir John Heathcoat Amory). "Gave him Guilty for Roadster, a dog hound bought by him at the late Mr. Yelverton's sale." Then follows Roadster's pedigree, which shows that he traced back to Mr. Froude's Ploughboy by Guilty. A bitch from which Mr. T. P. Eames, and Mr. E. Eames after him, bred largely was Melody; she was given the former gentleman by Mr. I. Pinsent Matthew, of Rydon, Ottery St. Mary, when he gave up his pack. Melody could boast the best blood in the West of England, having, among others, that of the Tremlett Radical, Mr. Tom Westlake's Random, Mr. Robert Cross's Gayman and Mr. Froude's Galloper. Mr. Robert Cross's Gayman was by Mr. Bellew's Gayman, who traced back to Marquis, one of the best hounds ever bred. Another distinguished ancestor of hounds in the Cotley pack was Curltail Racer. Curltail Racer was bred by Mr. Robert Cross and traced back to "Parson" Froude's Finisher; he was given by Mr.

Cross to the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, from whom Mr. T. P. Eames received him. Thus it will be seen that the old Devonshire blood is strong in the Cotley kennel. The influence of Curltail Racer remains in evidence to the present day, for hounds are still got with the curl of the tail which procured their ancestor his name.



F. Higgins and Son, Chard, photo.]

MR. T. DEANE.

Mr. Eames has one such hound now, Frantic by name.

It is hardly surprising that Mr. T. P. Eames should have confined himself almost entirely to hares; they were extraordinarily numerous in the 'sixties and 'seventies, and the marvel is that we do not more often find the note "changed hares" in the hunting diary. The

following particulars taken from the diary are eloquent of the working qualities of the pack for the information of those who cherish theories concerning scent; the master's notes on the weather, &c., are added:—

September 17th, 1869, killed six hares; *wind* S.W., *weather* close, *scent* very good. September 28th, killed five hares; *wind* S.W., *weather* fair, *scent* good. October



Elliott and Fry, photo.

MR. WILLIAM BRAGG.

2nd, killed five hares; *wind* south, *weather* stormy, *scent* good. October 19th, killed five hares; *wind* north, *weather* cold, *scent* changeable. October 26th, killed five hares; *wind* north, *weather* cold, *scent* moderate. November 2nd, killed six hares; *wind* north, *weather* fair, *scent* very good. In this season the pack hunted fifty-four days and killed 141 hares. The following season was less

brilliant; *scent* was more often bad or moderate than good, and 105 hares were accounted for in fifty three days' sport. In the season 1873-74 the pack restored its average, killing 138 hares in fifty-one days. This record was improved in the next season, during which they killed 139 hares in fifty days' hunting. They had a remarkable week's sport in October of 1875, killing six hares on each of three consecutive hunting days, viz., October 12th, 15th and 19th. The most extraordinary day we have ever heard of was the 29th of that month; it was a foggy day with south wind, and *scent* was good, as it would need be. The pack met at Red Post and killed no fewer than *eight* hares!

In 1886 Mr. Tom Palmer Eames died after thirty-one years' joint and sole mastership, and the pack was taken over by the present master, Mr. Edward Eames, who, being unable to continue the family traditions and hunt the country at his own expense, preferred the wise alternative of taking a subscription to letting the hunt, which his family had so long carried on, disappear from the Hunt List. There are fewer hares than there used to be, thanks to the Ground Game Act, and Mr. Eames generally hunts fox after Christmas. The country is large, rough and is stiffly banked, but it includes a fair proportion of down land; there is not much wire yet, but, unfortunately, it is increasing.

Mr. Eames has shown excellent sport during his fifteen seasons of office. Perhaps the most remarkable run of a season noteworthy for good runs all over the kingdom was that enjoyed by the Cotley on Friday, December 15th, 1893. Hounds met at Stockland, found in Wood Copse, and went

away with a fox that stood up for four hours before he got to ground in a rabbit-hole near Crowley Bottom. The writer remembers the enthusiastic care with which that good sportsman, the late Mr. Moray Brown, worked out the line on the map; it was thirty-five miles as hounds ran, and they went through ten parishes in the three counties. "Truly a fine performance, and the perfection of hound work," was Mr. Moray Brown's verdict. Mr. W. J. Tucker, of the Grange, Chard, is Hon. Secretary of the pack, and

catholic spirit that distinguished our sporting ancestors, running deer, fox, hare or otter, as the gods might decree: thus much is known from that burnt diary. It is perhaps not generally known that in early times the follower of otter-hounds rode to the chase: though students of Isaac Walton will remember *Piscator's* remark about the horsemen in connection with otter-hunting.

When the pack were entered to hare and hare only is unknown; for very many years the Furlong



REDCAP. LAWLESS.

TWO COUPLE AND A HALF OF THE FURLONG HARRIERS.

Mr. A. D. Paul, of Stuckey's Banking Company, Chard, is the Hon. Treasurer.

That the diary relating to Mr. WILLIAM BRAGG's harriers should have been destroyed by fire, as happened a few years ago, is a real misfortune. That record contained information concerning the doings of "Bragg's Hounds" in the year of James I.'s accession to the English Throne—1603. The Bragg who then resided at Furlong kept a pack of hounds from, it is thought, the year 1600, and he hunted on Dartmoor in the

kennels were tenanted by the Old Southern "blue mottled" breed, and only a year or two ago Mr. Bragg had two pure examples of this breed, a dog and a bitch, named Redcap and Lawless respectively. A visitor who saw them on the flags remarks that the most noteworthy characteristic of these hounds was the great ear lappet, whose size recalled the ear of the bloodhound. The existence of the Furlong Hunt has not been perfectly continuous; the present master's great-great-grandfather, great-grandfather

and grandfather carried on the family pack without a break, Mr. George Bragg, the last mentioned, having formed his pack at Moretonhampstead in 1793. He hunted his harriers for six-and-twenty years, and then gave them to the Rev. W. Clack, whose son, an uncle of the reigning master, hunted them for a number of years. Colonel Stevenson had them for a time after Mr. Clack, junr., but in the 'fifties the pack seems to have been given up, and was not re-established until 1865, when the present master's father, Mr. William N. Bragg, and uncle, Mr. G. A. Bragg, began a joint mastership which was maintained until 1869. In that year the former gentleman died, and Mr. G. A. Bragg continued alone in office till 1878, when he had the misfortune to lose his whole pack through rabies. At this juncture he resolved to turn his attention to the fox, and accordingly got together a pack of foxhounds which he hunted until 1889.

Then came another interregnum; it was a brief one this time, for the present master returned home from the East in 1892, and lost no time in re-establishing the

family pack, which he named after the place "Furlong," with which his name has been so long identified. Ten years in Assam and Ceylon appear only to have whetted Mr. Bragg's tastes or home sports; he had done his share of shooting, and while in Ceylon and Assam kept a pack of hounds. Settling down at Furlong, he designed his own kennels and superintended their erection on his own land; he got a pack of 19-inch pure harriers together and began to show his neighbours again the sport with which his ancestors had for so long provided them.

Mr. William Bragg is probably one of the hardest-working masters of harriers in England; he hunts the pack himself, and is his own kennel huntsman and feeder. After a day's sport he prepares their food himself, and examines each hound for injuries. His views on the subject of feeding will not be considered orthodox; he never gives flesh; in the off season his harriers thrive on greaves, to which they take very kindly, while during the season they get hound meal.

C.

The Leg-before-wicket Question.

THE Annual General Meeting of the members of the Marylebone Club marks the official opening of the cricket season, and May Day of 1901 may become an important date in the history of the national game, for upon that occasion the members of the premier club are to be asked whether the law relating to leg-before-wicket is to remain as it has stood for years or is to be radically altered. The law at

present is to the effect that the striker is out if with any part of his person he stops the ball which in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's wicket shall have been pitched in a straight line from it to the striker's wicket and would have hit it.

The amendment proposed to this law is to ignore any reference to the fact whether the ball shall have been pitched in a straight

line between wicket and wicket and to leave it to the discretion of the umpire to adjudicate any striker out who with his person has stopped any ball which in the opinion of the umpire would have hit the wicket no matter where it might have pitched. We believe that this was the original state of the law in the primæval days of cricket; and it seems fair enough to premise that the law was only narrowed down from that drastic form to its present form for some very good reason.

"The Jockey Club of Cricket," as the Marylebone Club is so frequently mis-styled, has within the memory of man ever been slow to encourage any change in the laws of the game, and it is only fair to presume that this change in the law of leg-before-wicket when it was made was made for a cogent reason.

At any rate the question to be asked the members of the Marylebone Club on the first of May is whether this law, which has an extremely important bearing upon the game of cricket, is to be allowed to stand as at present or is to be remodelled upon its antique and primæval form; and we trust if these lines meet the notice of any member of that august body who has accepted the responsibility of the legislation of cricket he will pardon us for urging him to remember one or two points before he votes upon the question.

The Committee of the Marylebone Club have from time to time of late years with no uncertain voice asserted their predominance over the mere member, and noticeably was this the case at the memorable meeting at the Queen's Hall when the members of the Club were invited to attend a general meeting to elect a Secretary and when assembled were then told by the Committee that

the Committee had saved the members any trouble in the matter by themselves selecting a Secretary for the Club. The Committee had made a very wise choice and the grateful members gladly amended the inadequate laws of the Club so as to empower the Committee in future to deal entirely with the question of the Secretary and so save the members, if possible, the experience of such another Queen's Hall entertainment. We refer to this incident to demonstrate how the Committee when they have felt sure of the wisdom of a course which they have wished to adopt have not hesitated in the interests of the Club to adopt a course possibly describable as *ultra vires*. Now with regard to the present matter of leg-before-wicket we feel convinced that the Committee of the M.C.C. must have given long and anxious consideration to the subject in all its phases and to its influence upon every kind of cricket of to-day. One has only to look at a list of the executive of the Marylebone Club to realise what profundity of wisdom must pervade their councils, and if at any time the Committee were to come unanimously to the members with a definite proposition to alter a law or all the laws of the game the members might be well advised to accept the judgment of their superiors. In regard to the question of leg-before-wicket, however, we understand that there is no definite recommendation of an unanimous Committee who are desirous of altering the law. It rather seems to be the case that the executive having attempted to solve the problem are now coming to the general body of members to say in effect, "We cannot make up our minds how best to settle this matter for you, so you had better try and settle it yourselves."

To our mind this demonstrates the difficulty of the question, for if the matter were a very simple one we feel sure that the Committee of the M.C.C. would be able to settle it.

Now this same question of the alteration of the law concerning leg-before-wicket is one of vital importance to cricket and cricketers and those who pose as cricketers; to cricketers it is of much more actual moment than most of the measures which are discussed at length in the Houses of Parliament and creep by slow degrees from the vulgarity of a Bill to the dignity of an Act of Parliament—that is if they are not rejected. At any rate with regard to procedure in the Houses of Parliament we can rest assured that any matter will be exposed to very full discussion and that, as a rule, time will be of little object whilst there is always the chance of one or two men of intelligence joining the debate and giving views more or less valuable upon the question. The procedure of the Marylebone Club with regard to legislation appears to us much more risky.

The members, who number many thousands, are invited to assemble in the Pavilion at Lord's Ground during the progress of the opening match of the season: the accounts for the whole year are submitted to the meeting, as is also a report of the Committee of the year's working.

The discussion upon these two items may well take up some considerable time and at the conclusion of the business of the Club the members assembled are converted from private members of a flourishing Cricket Club into legislators responsible for the laws of cricket "*e Gadibus usque ad Auroram*," or practically all over the civilised globe. This apotheosis of

the member of M.C.C. is not to be treated lightly, he walks into the Pavilion fresh from making his first duck's-egg of the season and is asked to vote upon a question with a voice which shall reach to the uttermost ends of the earth, to the best wickets and the worst wickets, to the best umpires and the worst umpires.

He must vote, moreover, without hearing many speeches to guide him in his decision, for since the general meeting is usually not held until four o'clock, and the Club business is likely to take up some little time, there is the Annual Dinner coming on at seven o'clock or so, and, at any rate, the cricket match stops at six or six-thirty, and members want to be off. Moreover, the members who hold the most intelligent views upon cricket are very often men who either cannot, or will not, address the meeting, and to crown all, the acoustic properties of the cricket Pavilion render no assistance to the speaker. The circumstances under which the laws of cricket are subjected to alteration are, to our mind, capable of much improvement, but there is, at any rate, one saving clause in the affair, the rule of the Marylebone Club that no alteration shall be made in the laws of the game except the alteration be approved by a majority of two-thirds of the members present and voting at the meeting. This beneficent law as a rule leaves cricket legislation *in statu quo ante*, and for the sake of those who tread the humbler paths of cricket and battle bravely against bad umpires upon worse grounds, we trust that the law of leg-before-wicket may not be in any way tampered with.

The gladiatorial aspect of sport is a growing evil, and it must surely be a misfortune for the

community when the numbers of spectators of a game increase enormously and the numbers of those who take an active part in the game decrease. Cricket suffers from this development, and especially from the fact that the majority of persons who are interested in cricket solely as spectators—apart of course from the vivid interest which they themselves take in their own past glories—are accustomed mainly to look on at first-class matches, for the good reason that in the ordinary course of events a first-class match should provide first-class cricket.

Now, from the fact that more time and attention and money is devoted to so-called first-class cricket than to any other class of cricket, it follows that the conditions under which first-class cricket is played are vastly more favourable to the scientific practice of the game than are the conditions under which humbler cricket is played by those who bring little to the game beyond a limited amount of skill and an unlimited amount of keenness and enthusiasm.

So it comes about that the spectators who are the most emphatic of critics are bored by long scores compiled in first-class matches by chicken hearted batsmen upon wickets the artificial nature of which deprives the bowler of every fair chance. Then is raised a chorus of dissatisfaction against the dreary sequence of games left drawn after three days have been devoted in vain to their proposed completion; and then when a means is sought to reduce the advantage at present enjoyed by a good batsman on a good wicket, the law of leg-before-wicket is trotted out for inspection and alteration.

For years and years past letters and articles have appeared in the daily Press and in reviews and magazines pointing out that the proposed innovation would not materially benefit the bowler upon a good wicket such as is seen on the first-class grounds to-day: whilst on a bad wicket, or one where the ball turned to any extent, the batsman's position would at all times be a very much more precarious one than is the case at present.

We do not desire here to insult the intelligence of our readers by a *réchauffé* of the valid arguments which have so often been brought against any proposed change, for by this time there can scarcely be a cricketer who has not digested the *pros* and *cons* of this question.

Two points which appear to us unanswerable are that the Committee of the Marylebone Club do not appear themselves as a body to recommend any change in the law, unless we misunderstand their action. They have simply referred the question to the General Meeting of the Club. We have been told that when the opinion of the Captains of the County Clubs was invited upon the question of any alteration to law 24, they were unanimously agreed that no change was desirable, and so it would appear that of these two bodies of distinguished authorities on the game, there must be a section of the Committee at Lord's who are not in favour of a change in the law, and of the Captains of some fifteen County Clubs there is not one in favour of a change.

From Australia, moreover, a country which can point to recent supremacy over us in the matter of test matches, unqualified dissent to a change of the law reaches us, and if by any mischance there

should be found at Lord's on May Day a majority of members of the Marylebone Club sufficient to carry an alteration of the law, we fear that third-class cricketers with third-class umpires on third-class grounds will soon give up the game as hopeless.

Admiral Victor Montagu has urged the claims of the third-class cricketer in an excellent letter to the *Sportsman*, and we cannot here refrain from quoting a few words written on the subject by that veteran cricketer Dr. E. M. Grace in *Wisden's Almanac* for 1899:

"No one can speak more feelingly about leg-before-wicket than

I, for in more than fifty innings the ball has hit me full on the right hand, and nowhere else. How's that, Umpire? Out, leg-before-wicket. Then again in our local matches, the ball has only to hit me on the leg. How's that? Nine times out of ten it is given out. As the rule is at present, you have the poor satisfaction of knowing you were not out—alter it—you lose even that, and are entirely at the caprice of the umpire. At our country matches the umpire is almost always the last player for his side, generally giving two or three out of opponents and two or three in for his own side."

The Leading Cross-Country Stallions.

AN old grievance with followers of racing under National Hunt rules that has engaged considerable attention lately is the low value of races at the majority of meetings. There are plenty of people, well competent to pass an opinion, who go so far as to attribute the undoubted decadence of steeplechasing to this very cause and, in spite of its sweeping character, there is certainly much to support this contention. Thanks to recent "agitation," there seems at length a fair prospect of the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee giving the question their serious consideration with a view to making all races under their jurisdiction worth at least £100. Despite an anxiety to stretch a point in favour of those who deplore the too intimate association of money with sport, it is impossible to ignore the hard, practical side, and I cannot but think that, subject to discre-

tional modification, such a rule would be one decidedly in the right direction.

Under the present conditions of thirty and forty pound races, those forming the rank and file of owners of 'chasers cannot possess much chance of clearing expenses, even when successful, and it is difficult to imagine how a certain few, apparently finding their livelihood in the profits of steeplechasing, can possibly do so without in some degree soiling their hands. The cross-country season of 1899-1900 was sadly disfigured by many of those scandalous incidents known in Turf circles as "ramps," and the current period of 'chasing has also not been completely free from such undesirable features. One cannot expect to entirely cleanse the Augean stables by the mere institution of the suggested rule, but it can at least be hoped that a wholesale increase of stakes would

bring with it a welcome influx of better-class horses, a greater interest in the sport on the part of the general public, and some reduction of the unsavoury tactics referred to. Moreover, as one well-known Turf writer recently pointed out, it would assuredly tend to heighten the "tone" of steeplechasing generally, just as similar measures have effected an improvement in flat-racing, which, with all its mammoth stakes, is in a far more healthy state than it was several decades back.

All this, doubtless, seems to have little bearing on the title of this article, but it is after calculating the winnings of stallions through their progeny under National Hunt rules that the general insignificance of "added money" is brought more than ever to the foreground, and such reflections as the above are impelled. At the moment of writing, which is during the progress of the plethoric Easter meetings, rather more than one thousand races have been contested under National Hunt rules since the beginning of last September. Up to April 5th only twenty-five events were worth sums varying between £100 and £150 to the winners, and those worth from £150 to £200 did not exceed thirty-four in number. Eight winners each gained from £200 to £300 and nine from £300 to £500, whilst not more than half-a-dozen events worth over £500 were contested, these amounts, it must be understood, representing stakes clear of all deductions in the shape of place money, &c.

Unassailably the Liverpool Grand National retains its time-honoured position as the most important event of the winter season and in point of actual value is still the richest stake the owner of 'chasers can hope to win, next in this respect ranking the Lancashire

Steeplechase at Manchester. The sire of the winner of either of these events is certain to figure well up on the list of winning steeplechase stallions, in which, it may be incidentally mentioned, the best winnings seldom amount to more than £3,000. Vastly different is the case in France, where steeplechasing is immeasurably more flourishing than in this country. The leading cross-country sires there generally achieve five figures ere the end of the season and the progeny of Clairon by Wellingtonia and Châlet by Beauminet, who topped the table in 1900, each secured more than £10,000 in stakes. At the moment of penning these lines, Coragh Hill has just won the big Manchester steeplechase, bringing his sire Gallinule just above Old Buck, sire of the Grand National winner, both, however, figuring behind Hackler and Ascetic, who are running a neck-and-neck race for premier honours.

Just before Easter, Hackler enjoyed pride of place by the barest of margins, his progeny having won twenty races, value £2,367, whereas the twenty-three events secured by fifteen of Ascetic's get were worth seven pounds less. An important subsequent victory, however, fell to Hackler, Spring Flower's capture of the valuable Jubilee Hurdle Handicap being more than sufficient to turn the scale in the young sire's favour and Ascetic now appears certain of losing his familiar position at the head of the final table, which cannot be reasonably closed before the end of April.

It is no mere form of words to say that Ascetic, who lived to the ripe old age of twenty-six years and died in the summer of 1897 in Ireland, was the most successful sire of steeplechasers there has ever been. His children were all

natural jumpers, and took as kindly to 'chasing as, so to speak, do St. Simon's stock to flat-racing. Cloister will go down to posterity as the best of Ascetic's get, and another grand stayer was Royal Meath, who is now worthily following in his sire's footsteps, and has made a pretty considerable reputation as the sire of jumpers. This season Royal Meath only had two winners up to Easter, viz., Lillian Noel and that smart young 'chaser Drumree, who won for the present Duke of Westminster his first race, having been purchased by his Grace for something like £2,500. On Easter Monday, however, Tipperary Boy won a good race for Royal Meath in Ireland, where he is now located at the Bandon Stud.

Harking back to Ascetic, his best winner so far this season is Friar John, who credited Mr. Barclay Walker with the *pièce de resistance* of the Melton Hunt meeting—the National Hunt Steeplechase of £990. This is quite the most handsome contribution towards Ascetic's total, the high-priced Uncle Jack, who did so well for him last season, having only annexed a couple of small stakes, a performance equalled by Drumcree, Grudon's nearest companion in the Grand National. One well-known horse missing, alas! from Ascetic's long list of winners this season is Hidden Mystery, who, after being purchased by Mr. Harold Brassey for £3,500, fell a victim to the open ditch, an abomination which, with its treacherous "guard" rail, will be quickly numbered with the things of the past if the National Hunt Committee is alive to the interests of the sport under its control.

Casting about for a stallion likely to take the place of Ascetic as the premier sire of steeplechasers, a highly promising can-

didate appears in Hackler, who has been represented during recent months by such clinking performers as The Sapper, Duke of Wellington, Ardgreagh, Spring Flower, Covert Hack and Fanciful, to say nothing of lesser weights like The Don and Witch of the Hills. Mention of Hackler takes one back on memory's wing to the days of poor Mr. "Abington" Baird, who bred the horse in 1887 from the Cambridgeshire winner Hackness, his sire being Petrarch, not sent to France until six years later. Hackler won several races in the well-remembered colours of his unfortunate owner, but his Turf career did not extend beyond his three-year-old days. Being perfectly sound, he was purchased for breeding purposes by Mr. James Daly, who still retains him (in company with Enthusiast and Bushey Park) at the Hartstown Stud, and has never had much cause to regret the 800 guineas he gave for him under the hammer. Without great chances, Hackler has done remarkably well with his Irish mares. On the flat he can boast of the winners of forty races, worth £7,623, and across country his stock have won sixty-one races, worth £8,981. The latter figures are especially creditable, since they only cover the last four seasons.

Gallinule invariably has some useful representatives under National Hunt rules, ten of his get winning races last year, but Isonomy's immensely successful son was well down on the list this season before Coragh Hill's Manchester's triumph, this, as I have said, sending him with a bound to the front. Besides Mr. Lonsdale's gelding, Gallinule has had eight small winners. The meagre extent of their winnings can be readily appreciated when I state that Coragh Hill's two successes repre-

sent £1,793 of his parent's total of £2,233.

Old Buck owes his prominent position wholly and solely to Grudon's success in the Grand National, which brought in £1,975 to Mr. Bernard Bletsoe, who bred this half-bred horse eleven years ago. Not much is known of Grudon's breeding, and a few facts concerning his sire and dam will without doubt be of interest. Old Buck, a son of Rococo (sire of Chippendale) and Rampage by Hermit, has stood for many seasons at Mr. Bletsoe's place, The Elms, Denton, Northampton, at a fee of 15 guineas, and has been responsible for some admirable hunting stock. His winners under National Hunt rules have been Old Times, Tribune, Rhymmer, Grudon, Old Maid and Becky, which, with a four-year-old sister to Grudon, probably comprise all of his produce that have been put into training.

Grudon's dam, Avis, was purchased by Mr. Bletsoe from a Shropshire veterinary surgeon, and he, in his turn, sold her in the early "eighties" to Count Charles Kinsky, who ran her in several steeplechases. Ridden by Mr. E. P. Wilson, she won three events, and afterwards went to be trained at Newmarket, being thought smart enough to win a good handicap on the flat. Unfortunately, this was not to be, for, running away with a light lad, Avis broke down and had to be turned out of training. Mr. Bletsoe then bought her back from Count Kinsky and bred from her, Grudon being her second foal. All that can be definitely given of the mare's pedigree is that she was by Sugarplum (son of Saccharometer from Limeflower by Knight of St. George) out of Wings (late Wiry Sal). Wings won a Maiden Military Steeplechase at, I believe, an

Aldershot meeting for Captain Grissell, who was wont to preserve the greatest secrecy about the mare. He could never be persuaded to say how she was bred, nor would he divulge in what manner she became his property. Somewhat curiously, Wings also passed into Mr. Bletsoe's possession when a very old mare, and bred for him Old Times, the winner of about a dozen races.

Next to Old Buck on the list comes that famous sire of jumpers, Baliol, now well on in years and one of the very few surviving sons of Blair Athol. Baliol's record reads—eight winners, thirteen races, £1,672.

Decidedly his best representative has been Bonnie Dundee, winner of £1,035 in two events (one a steeplechase and the other a hurdle race) and second in the Lancashire Steeplechase. Sweet Charlotte, Balaustine, and Chair of Kildare have also scored this season for this grandly-bred horse, who spent a dozen years of his life at the Irish stud before being brought to Cobham. During the last five years, Baliol's stock have secured eighty-eight cross-country races, value £9,481, as against one hundred and seven races, value £13,281, standing to Ascetic's account for the same length of time.

Bona Vista, who has given us Cyllene and other fine performers on the flat, and is now, unfortunately for English breeders, in Hungary, figures as one of the leading steeplechase stallions of the season. This is mainly on account of North Tyne's victory in the New Century Steeplechase of £777 at Hurst Park, his only other winner having been Little Curley. Strangely enough, these horses carried off consecutive races at the Thames-side meeting, both, emanating from the same stable,

being ridden by Mr. H. Nugent. The best of Minting's four winners is Mintstalk, who captured the Tantivy Steeplechase of £825 at Gatwick, together with three other events collectively worth barely a hundred, thus enabling the son of Lord Lyon to just beat the figures of the defunct Sweetheart, who, however, has had half-a-dozen winners, including Proset and Bashful Boy.

The eight stallions to which I have made allusion are the only ones as yet credited with more than a "thou." in stakes, though Gangbridge's big win at Cardiff on Easter Monday will give old Cylinder that distinction. It is somewhat curious to note that of the sixteen races won by Cylinder's produce this season as many as

twelve have fallen to Gangbridge's share, each event, with the one exception mentioned, being less than £40 in value.

Orvieto has done creditably with five winners of £925, Cracky's success in the Kingston Hurdle Handicap of £422 being the chief item in his account, whilst Troubadour, a son of Master Kildare, comes strongly to the front thanks to the fine "hurdling" of his son, Mr. Quilp. The progeny of Hawkeye, Kendal, Bread Knife, May Boy, Salisbury, and Marminton, have all won a good many races; White Frost's important win early in the season has enabled Sheen to retain a satisfactory position; and Cushenden and Intimidater have done well for the expatriated Timothy.

A. W. C.

Old Time Coach Driving.

THE time is now rapidly approaching when those who take some sort of interest in the remnants of the road, as left to us at present, will begin to think of the prospects of the coming coaching season. So far as can be seen at the time of writing the outlook is discouraging, and in place of the dozen or more coaches which ran last year it is not likely that more than eight or nine will be put on the road during the forthcoming summer. There is no disguising the fact that modern coaching has for some years been on the decay, for which the proprietors have only themselves to thank. An exception must of course be made as regards a number of the coaches, which have been conducted on

the proper lines; but when a certain amount of slanginess and unpunctuality creep into coaching, good-bye to the pleasant traditions of the road. Those who have a liking for coaching cannot but regret the evil days which have overtaken that fascinating pastime; but punctuality is the essence of the amusement, and to the passenger who has a dinner or theatre engagement ten minutes or a quarter of an hour make all the difference.

If coaching fall into abeyance, as is not unlikely, a blow will be struck at the art of driving four horses which it will not be easy to remedy. Men like the late Charles and Harry Ward, Tedder, Tim Carter, Pope, Cracknell, senr., and Edwin Fownes

may be said to have been the coachmen who handed down to modern Jehus, amateur and professional, the traditions of the past, and many of their pupils have, given the necessary practice, turned out coachmen quite as good as could have been found in the olden days. The best of each generation, ever since stage coaching became an institution, did what was required of them, and they could and can do no more. In the eighteenth century the coachman who took his lumbering machine through to Oxford or Brighton in a couple of days over the worst of roads was a coachman as the term was then understood, and when roads and horses were better, and coaches were lighter, the best of the artists came to the top and made names for themselves.

It has often been pointed out that the old coachmen, when mail and stage coaching were at their best, had to keep time with heavy loads and sometimes with inferior horses. Now, as a matter of fact, the old coaches did not invariably keep time. Had they done so the guards, when guards were carried, would not have so sedulously learned to play on the horn "Oh dear, what can the matter be?" a melody they invariably struck up when they met a belated coach; while the annals of coaching are full of instances of disputes between passengers and proprietors in consequence of the former having "missed the connection," as the modern railway phrase runs, and many were the actions brought in consequence. Then with regard to keeping time, or the attempts to do so, it must be remembered that coaching has, since the revival in 1866, been turned upside down. In the olden days the horses, as I shall presently try to show, were not considered. They were cheap to buy; there were few

sales at the end of the season, and no proprietor ever attempted to make money out of his horses. They had to go the pace, as some of the coachmen did, and if one knocked up, another was found to take its place. Did this principle prevail at the present day there is no reason why the modern coaches should not perform their several journeys in quicker time than they do. Mr. Charles Ward has left it on record that his coach, the Telegraph, used to run the fifty miles which separate Exeter and Plymouth sometimes in three hours and twenty-eight minutes, and that for months together he never exceeded four hours; but he does not say how many horses were knocked up in the time. To-day matters are changed, for proprietors look to the sale at the end of the season to put a little money into their pockets, consequently they keep more horses to work a given distance than the proprietor of the old would have thought necessary, and they husband them, so that although "Nimrod" in his *Quarterly Review* article gives a glowing description of the life of a coachhorse, that of the modern coacher is better still. When the late Mr. Sheather ran the Dorking coach he held to the opinion that no horse should work more than once a day, and although the stages were slightly longer than when the horses worked both sides of the road, their lot was easy.

If we listen to the tales which have been handed down to us, we find that the old coachmen have been credited with the ability to drive anything that could be induced to go alongside the pole or go in front of the bars, and no doubt some of them, by sheer strength and the exercise of a good deal of skill achieved very creditable performances; but a careful search into the annals of coaching

reveals the fact that any number of accidents occurred through the horses not being quiet. A very incomplete list of these accidents in no more than a dozen years would fill pages of this magazine. "One of the leaders shied and the coach was overturned through the wheels getting into the ditch" is a standing phrase. Sometimes the vehicle was taken on to a bank and toppled over; sometimes the horses bolted, and so on; but the one fact remains that the coachmen of old, even the best of them, could not, as a rule, achieve wonders. If they had pullers they drove them for a couple of stages, and in due time they came "to hand," for regular work in a fast coach was a sovereign remedy for an exuberance of spirits. In modern days we find the same objection to head-strong horses, and even the late James Selby could not bear a horse to "punish" him. If one of his team did pull, he would stop and try the effect of a "lozenge," roughing his curb, the bottom bar, or some other expedient; the instinct of self-preservation is tolerably strong in most of us.

In connection with a team, it is curious to note that when stage-coaching was at its best there is no trace of any set of rules or handbook on driving: driving literature is one of the products of modern times, if we except the essays of "Nimrod" which first saw the light in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*. We are left in entire ignorance as to how or by whom the rules of driving were formulated; in fact there is every reason to suppose that they were adopted comparatively recently. To catch a whip in proper form is now considered a *sine quâ non* in any one who would lay claim to be considered a coachman; yet in the early part of the last century the

knack was all but unknown. Matters were so far reversed that instead of the whip being caught and undone when it was necessary to hit the leaders, it was kept uncaught to be in readiness, and when the wheelers had to be touched the coachman, with the quill of his whip depressed, took a turn or two of the thong round the crop and then hit his wheelers, after which he uncurled his thong to have it ready for his leaders. Who invented the catching of the whip cannot be discovered; but it doubtless came into fashion when horses needed less hitting than was required in the olden time. Then again who first laid down the manner in which the four reins should be held? By the light of nature one would drive with a "full hand," i.e. with a rein between each finger: but the plan of holding two reins, the off leader and near wheeler, between the first and second fingers must have been devised for some purpose, yet no hint is to be found when or why the plan was adopted.

When we come to other and perhaps minor matters we are equally in the dark. I have at different times come across seven or eight very old coachmen, men who drove in the "twenties" and "thirties" and have cross-examined them on matters of procedure, the cross-examination being based on the directions given to me by comparatively modern professors. All our text books tell us to keep our left hand fairly high—practice does not always accord with precept. The old fellows, however, have told me that they let their left hand lie on their lap, driving with the straight arm as recommended by Colonel Edward Corbett in his book "An Old Coachman's Chatter." When these ancient professors were asked about shortening any one rein or

all four of them, they invariably replied that there was one way only that they knew of, and that was by pulling back the reins from behind the left hand. This plan, however, is nowadays voted bad form, the proper way to shorten the reins, according to modern notions, in the event of their wanting shortening which some people say should never be the case, being to push them back with the right hand in front of the left, the only exception being that it is permissible to pull them all back from behind; while it is also allowable to pull back the off-wheel rein, the bottom of the four, in the same way. Who first made the pushing back of the reins *de rigueur*, or who first invented the loop in pointing the leaders to turn a corner, cannot be discovered. The old coachmen neither shortened their reins nor turned a corner in the modern fashion, for we hear nothing of the loop until long after "Nimrod's" time, and he wrote in the "thirties."

The amateur driving question came up in the old days as it does now, for like Mr. Green, sen., the father of Verdant Green, some of the passengers of old did not believe in being driven by the Mr. "Four-in-hand-Foobroke" of the day. So long ago as 1798 there appear to have been some ambitious amateurs, as in that year the coachman and guard of the Wisbech mail-coach were convicted at the Cambridge Quarter Sessions for having permitted "a gentleman of the University of Cambridge" to "drive the carriage." This undergraduate, however, does not appear to have possessed the skill of Mr. Stephenson, the Cambridge graduate who afterwards drove on the Brighton road, for the Wisbech mail was overturned, and a woman was much hurt;

but on all expenses being paid, and reparation being made to the injured passenger, the coachman and guard were merely reprimanded and discharged. In 1836 the Liverpool and Hull coach had a narrow escape from coming to grief at the hands of an amateur, who was making his first essay at driving a team. One of the proprietors, Mr. Charles Wardell, was on the box seat to look out for squalls, and when going down Welton Hill, on which there is an exceedingly awkward turn, cautioned his companion how to make the turn, and to be careful; but the amateur managed to bring the leaders' heads up against the coach, so off jumped Mr. Wardell to run to the leaders' heads, and so save a capsize; but one of the horses knocked him down, and he broke his leg.

It was common enough for amateurs to drive at one time, as the Duke of Beaufort, Captain Malet, Mr. Birch Reynardson, "Nimrod," and others, tell us, while we know that such coachmen as a former Sir Watkin Wynn, Lord Tollemache, Lord Kenyon, and a host of other renowned amateurs, were accustomed to put on their driving gloves. For any one, however, except the proper coachman to drive, at least without the leave of the proprietor, was a breach of regulations. Consequently, men like Byers, the "arch-informer," were on the look-out for these matters, and laid informations, receiving half the penalty should conviction follow. The coachmen, however, were equal to the occasion, for, if they found the informer about, they induced some friend to lay similar information at another office, and they somehow managed that the summons should take precedence of that first issued. The coachman would

plead guilty to the facts alleged against him: his friend, as informer, would take half the penalty, which he would promptly divide with the coachman, who thereupon escaped with a mitigated penalty, and what is more to the purpose, kept the professional informer out of his share of the plunder.

Whatever merits the old coachman may have possessed, carefulness does not invariably appear to have been one of them, for there are literally hundreds, if not thousands, of accidents attributed to carelessness and racing. This was so as long ago as the end of the eighteenth century, when a passenger who could drive wrote a letter to the press pointing out that numbers of people were deterred from riding on or in the mail coaches, and not without reason, for he averred that eight out of ten accidents which happened were caused by the coachman's negligence, and he then proceeded to give an instance. At about one o'clock in the morning the Liverpool mail was running between Hockliffe and Dunstable. The Chester and Leeds coaches were in front, and were travelling at about seven miles an hour; but this rate did not satisfy the coachman of the Liverpool mail. So he put on steam, allowed his horses to gallop so as to pass the two others, and though it was moonlight, drove into a ditch and upset the coach. The writer of the letter was a passenger in the Chester coach, saw all that happened, and helped to set the Liverpool coach right side up, receiving for his pains some abusive language. If these accidents had happened when even the best of amateur coachmen were driving, what would people have said?

In connection with the many

accidents which occurred, another letter-writer, after remarking upon the carelessness of coachmen, stated, as was the undoubted fact, that the "unwholesome rivalry" which existed was answerable for the majority, and he proposed that some drastic measures should be taken against offenders, and that the public should not patronise coaches which raced; though if that advice had been taken nearly all of the fast coaches would have been on the black list.

With regard to the mechanical skill of the old coachmen, and the manner in which they manipulated their reins, a somewhat curious story was unfolded at the inquest held on the body of William Upfold, the coachman of the Brighton and Southampton coach, a man of about thirty years' experience. He met his death while driving back from Southampton to Brighton. He had a unicorn team, and in making a by no means sharp turn about two miles before arriving at Pyecombe, ran up against the bank. "Upfold, what are you doing?" remonstrated the box-seat passenger, who knew the coachman well. "I pulled the wrong rein," was the reply. "Well, then, pull the right one next time," was the answer; but scarcely were the words spoken than over went the coach; the coachman was caught by the rail across the body, and he died. At the present day an amateur who "pulled the wrong rein" would scarcely be tolerated on any coach at all, even on the quietest of middle grounds; certainly not on the London ground.

Running-down cases again were common enough even in the palmiest days of coaching. The Shrewsbury "Hirondelle" made mincemeat, near the corner of

the Wyle Cop, in Shrewsbury, of a doctor's gig which was standing opposite a house wherein he was visiting a patient. In Brighton, too, where rivalry was ripe and the forty coaches or so which ran each way daily during the summer arrived in quick succession, the number of private carriages which were run into by the coaches was something extraordinary, the coachmen appearing to have no control whatever over their horses. Some, at least, of the short-distance coachmen were perhaps the worst offenders, and the Edgware Road, the Bayswater Road and several of those south of the Thames were strewn with coachmen's reputations. The drivers on the Greenwich Road had never borne very good characters, and two of them, Isaac Rawlinson and Matthew Ingram, once found themselves in trouble for colliding with the carriage and horses of the Princess of Wales in 1787. The Princess was travelling from Charlton, in Kent, to London, and when at New Cross two of the Greenwich stages were seen approaching at a gallop. The "hobby groom," otherwise outrider, George Milward, who soon afterwards drove on the Gloucester road, deposed to seeing the stages racing on the wrong side of the road, and to giving signals for them to cross over. The coachmen, however, took no notice, not even to the extent of slackening their pace, and Rawlinson's leader struck the "hobby groom's" horse, which plunged, stumbled and finally threw the rider on to some sharp "pailings" whence he fell into a garden. The Princess fainted on seeing what had happened to her servant; the lad who was riding the leaders of the Princess's carriage had his leg badly bruised by the wheel of one of the stages. The curious thing about this collision is that

several of the witnesses agreed in thinking that the affair was premeditated and that the stages purposely ran into the royal conveyance, as it came out in evidence that the Princess frequently met with insults on this particular road. The Duke of Gloucester on hearing of what had happened at once took up the matter, but owing to an appeal for leniency on the men pleading guilty they were let off with a small fine on giving substantial bail for future good behaviour. In justice, however, to some of the long-distance coachmen it should be stated that those who drove these short stages were of a class very different from the men on first-class coaches both in driving ability, manner and character.

It is easy to see by the list of convictions how the status of the coachman improved as time went on. In the *Times* for March 3rd, 1794, is an official announcement signed by the Secretary to the Post Office to the effect that complaints having been made to the Postmaster-General of a certain Robert Briscoe, coachman of the Manchester mail, having behaved ill to a lady passenger he was dismissed the service, and mail-coach contractors were cautioned against giving the man employment. Nevertheless, long after this coachmen were found on even the best coaches on the best roads who were the reverse of civil, nor as a matter of fact were many of them good coachmen in any sense of the word. In the year 1831, by which time stage coaching was at its height, Mr. Wright, proprietor of the York "Highflyer" coach, brought an action against Mr. Dulver, proprietor of a London and Chester coach, to recover damages for injury to a horse. The "Highflyer" left London at eight o'clock on a

rather foggy morning and at Tottenham met the Chester coach which was being driven at a rapid pace on the wrong side of the road, and as the coaches passed one another the roller bolt of the Chester coach inflicted a bad wound on the near side wheeler of the "Highflyer," a horse said to be worth £25. The defendant tried to square the matter at first for £10, then for £15, and finally for £20. While he was laid up the horse, whose value was said to be reduced to £9 through the accident, cost £15 to keep, and the veterinary surgeon's bill was £7 10s., and the jury assessed the damages on quite a liberal scale.

In the various histories of coaches we read so much of the excellence of the coach horses that many will be surprised to learn that some of the mail-coach horses were very badly treated. The author of "Pictures of London," when speaking of the mail coaches, writes: "The wretched situation of the horses on account of the length of the stages which they are frequently driven is a disgrace to the humane character of the British nation and requires the interference of the Legislature. No stage should be allowed to exceed twelve miles in length," an opinion with which most people will agree.

No man who is reckless when he has other people's lives in his hands can be called a good coachman; yet from a list now before me two pages could be filled with a mere catalogue of capsize due

exclusively to racing and carelessness within a period of about three years, and of course there were many more accidents of which nothing was heard. The Rockingham and Union coaches running to London were always coming to grief, yet the proprietors seldom changed their coachmen, probably because they were of opinion that they might engage a still worse man.

Of course when a man was driving every day for a lifetime he could scarcely help becoming proficient; yet some men then as at present could never advance beyond a certain point. From all that one can find out there appear to have been a number of mediocre slovenly workmen driving coaches. It was no uncommon thing to find a man who had a rather stale team buckle his reins to the rail of his box to save him the trouble of holding them, and so long as there was no traffic the horses went along with an occasional reminder from the whip. The names of the really fine coachmen which have come down to us are but a fraction of the men who were at work, and the number of collisions and accidents which took place were something phenomenal. In the ranks of coachmen, as among artists, doctors, lawyers, equestrians, cricketers, and so forth, comparatively few rose to eminence; the rank and file appeared to have pottered along, just driving well enough to earn their living.

W. C. A. B.

The Lament of an Old Hound.

THEY'VE left me in kennel for many a morning,
Just lately, when drawing the pack for the day,
They surely can't think that I'm out of the running,
Who've gone twice a week from September to May.
Why, it seems only yesterday I can remember,
The Squire's eldest son led me out of the "Show,"
There were plenty of good 'uns to puzzle the judges,
But 'twas I who was chosen—the rest had to go!
After that came a time of enjoyment and sorrow,
With an endless amount of both patience and care,
Shall I ever forget the delight and the rapture,
Or the painful results of our chase of a hare?
But truly a short span of life is vouchsafed us,
There soon comes an end of the pleasures we've found,
Very quickly our youth and maturity leave us,
And the puppy grows into the eighth-season hound.
Yes, that's what I've come to, I doubt it no longer,
Yet it's hard to be parted from comrades I've led;
No more shall I rattle a fox through a covert,
I'm only now fit to be knocked on the head.
Yes, old age has come on me, no use to resist it,
I can't blind my eyes to the reason I'm "passed,"
"It's the pace that kills hounds" too, as well as their masters,
And I'm left far behind when they're racing on fast!
Don't think that I'm grumbling, or wish for aught better,
Though short's been my time where my lot has been cast,
I've never been branded a "babbler" or "skirter,"
And when my day comes I'll die game at the last.
So farewell to those glorious mornings of autumn,
When puppies were "entered" and foxes dispersed;
Good-bye to the business-like days of October,
When at length they allowed us a ten minutes' "burst"!
Good-bye to the opening meet in November,
Good-bye to the crowds that collect for the fun;
There are faces among them that crowd on my mem'ry,
Who are always in front at the end of a run.
No more shall I hear the glad horn of the huntsman
Proclaiming a fox gone away from the wood,
No more shall I strain to be first at the finish,
(Ah, lately they've beaten me, strive how I would!)
No more I'll be with them as homeward returning
They jog along merrily mile after mile,
I'm left with the cripples in idleness mournful,
With past recollections long hours to beguile.
So once more farewell, for my hunting is over,
Go straight to the last then what'er may betide;
Be sure that's the best of advice I can give you,
Though I'm only now fit to be cast on one side!

Cricket—"Bar One."

IN my last article, in February, I said that I would write no more about cricket in BAILY "bar one," in which I would try and suggest a remedy for the chaos which now exists. Now this is the "bar one," and positively the *very* last. It seems to me that it might be possible to have some place or places where the "tyro" of to-day might learn what the present generation are to a great extent ignorant of, and what his grandfathers learnt and practised—namely, (1) to defend their wicket *entirely* with the bat, (2) to study and practise *absolutely* fair bowling, and (3) to throw, catch and cover the ball on open ground without any boundary except perhaps the front of the pavilion, or a roped tent. I learnt all these things as a boy working hard for a place in an eleven, as all boys did before pads were heard of, and after pads were introduced it was thought very low to try and use them to save the wicket; but in my days the l.b.w. was always reckoned by the line from bowler's hand to wicket. The words *from it* to the wicket existed in the old Hambledon rules; certainly in 1842 the words were, a ball which was pitched "straight to the wicket and would have hit it," and I *think* some time in the late 'sixties or early 'seventies the words "from it" were restored—*vide* "Lillywhite on Bowling," 1842, dedicated to M.C.C., and the books of the M.C.C. as regards changes in the law.

Practically until 1878, when the Australians first came over, the bowler had the benefit of his leg break, much against the wishes of the Australians. I feel quite easy in my mind that the veterans of the old school will *die*

hard in defence of fair play and chivalrous cricket, when the storm bursts. In the meantime cannot a school be formed amongst cricketers in or near London, or any large town, where youngsters can come and learn the game, and practise regularly at all points at bowling, batting and fielding, just as they were taught at Harrow, and doubtless still are. I saw the practice there in the days of the immortal "I.D."

One scheme that could be floated would be to have a private club—just as Prince's Racket Club in Hans Place used to be—where none but members or members' sons or family would be admitted, and where regular double wicket practice would take place at least twice a week—*plus* separate practice at bowling, batting, &c.

Now for facts. In 1840 I was living in almost a cricketless part of Kent, on the Dover road, at Rainham, half way between London and Dover. There was an occasional match after the hay was cut, and so on, but no real steady cricket. The late Mr. Bradley Dyne, of Gore Court, near Sittingbourne, who has been dead very many years, had a very pretty small park of some hundred acres or so with a perfect natural cricket ground in the centre. He was very generous, and gave us a tent, and his gardener kept the wicket in good order, and a club was formed of gentlemen in the neighbourhood of some ten miles round. There was a regular practice every Wednesday and Saturday from 3 till 8 o'clock, and a match about once a fortnight, and sometimes oftener. It took admirably. I was a boy, home from Winchester for holidays, aged 17. Sometimes a horse or

pony was at my disposal; but not often, as I was the youngest. If there was no horse or pony, I got on one of the Dover coaches and went to Sittingbourne, played my cricket till seven, shouldered my bat and walked home, 7 miles. That club, now as a public club with a ground of its own, still exists.

And now for the first time the "F. G." Puppet will be "removed from the wires" at his own wish, *qua* cricket. I want to show how cricket grows; it is like the historical "grain of mustard seed." In 1860 I was worn almost to a thread paper after a very heavy parliamentary session. Sea-side with the London mob would have made me worse; determined to find a country village for myself and family for ten weeks in the middle of August, heard of Brockham Green under Box Hill, then a primitive village. Charming cottage, like a big doll's house, belonging to a good widow, who had been first cook in a rich banker's family for very many years, beautiful situation, lovely village, like one of those in Maria Edgeworth's tales for boys, church at top of green, where on Sundays the clerk, an old cove in a white smock frock, tolled the single bell; village low-beamed inn, with large brick floor, next the blacksmith's forge at the bottom, river and bridge on side of green.

The green, though rather small, was big enough for a match. I inquired about cricket. "Well, there had a-been two matches that year, but the club could not do much to the green." I was introduced to Billy Blank, a kind of Trotty Veck, who did odd jobs and ran errands. He was between sixty and seventy. "Billy," I said, "can you mow?" "Yees, I can," was the answer. "Now, look here, Billy, get your scythe out to-morrow morning at seven

o'clock and a big watering-pot and the roller, and you and I will work at the green for a day or two." Result:—William was there, and every morning at seven o'clock I was with him and, barring breakfast-time, worked till twelve o'clock.* In three days we had a good practice wicket; within a week the lads of the village came out, and a few who could play a bit from neighbouring villages came too. In a fortnight we had a fair eleven and played several matches. We had in the village one good bowler who had once played for Surrey. I found out a boy at Dorking nineteen years old, by the name of "Harry Jupp," who was heard of a little later on, and upon my word I think, when he was nineteen, that he was as good all round as he was when he was fighting under the banner of "W. G.," who mentions him in his book as a trusty colleague.

In 1862 I went back to my former quarters and found a fairly good club, and I was welcomed at Dorking, Epsom, Leatherhead, Reigate and all places round. I am not going through my cricket life, but the most celebrated epoch was when I went to Mitcham in 1865, remained there till 1883 and captained the eleven and trained the youngsters in my leisure hours, and sent up to the Oval *inter alios* Richard Humphrey and George Jones, who were then boys of fifteen when I took them in hand, and I think they were not the worst Surrey ever had, besides helping on many of the Surrey colts whom I sometimes captained. I state most positively that I never saw on any Surrey ground any "boundary" cricket or any difficulty about l.b.w.; the law was administered equitably

* Sir Wilfrid Lawson would weep if he saw Billy's score at the village pub.

"from bowler's hand to wicket," until I left off playing.

In 1883, on my sixtieth birthday, I laid down my arms, as I found that my cross sight was gone. I could see a ball well enough—and can *now*—coming towards me, but if it crossed me it got "broken off in the middle." "A little cracked F. G. is," perhaps you will say. I am conceited enough to say that, give me a bit of cricket

ground with a steady old player who can bowl to help and a small lot of young fellows who love the game, that, in spite of seventy-eight, bar two months, I would train them to play it like chivalrous, manly gentlemen, and to avoid the shady tricks and subtleties which are adopted by those who care much more about their own petty glorification than promoting the noblest of English sports. F. G.

Count de Berteux.

THE PRINCE OF WALES was never more happily inspired than when, in a brief speech at the Jubilee dinner of the International Club at Baden-Baden, he welcomed the presence of one or two French owners of horses upon what he denominated the "neutral ground of sport." It is to be hoped that there will never be need for neutral ground of any kind between France and England, as has for the last thirty years been the case between France and Germany, and that the close neighbourhood between the two great nations of Western Europe, which has in the past given rise to many a cruel war and many a threat of invasion, may bring the people of both countries into closer understanding and more complete sympathy. Whatever may be the divergent sentiments of French and English on many topics, there can be no doubt that they have a common bond of sympathy in all that relates to sport, and a very striking proof of this was recently afforded at Chantilly when the British Ambassador opened the Social Club which has been built

for the use of the many hundred English lads employed in the training stables at the French Newmarket, and when the Senior Steward of the French Jockey Club, the Mayor of Chantilly, and one or two other speakers, dwelt with satisfaction upon the friendly relations which existed between the English colony of trainers and jockeys and the native population.

Among the many good sportsmen whose earnest desire it is that French and English should live in amity and good fellowship, none can be more thorough and sincere than the subject of this sketch, for Count de Berteux is not only a member of the English as well as of the French Jockey Club, but he is one of the oldest members of the Turf Club, to which he was elected thirty years ago. He is a member, too, of the Marlborough Club, and has for many years been the tenant of a grouse moor in Scotland, so that he can claim almost as many friends upon this as upon the other side of the Channel.

Count de Berteux comes of an old Breton family, and his father, who was an officer in the Royal



L. M. Berkey

Body-guard of King Charles X., had imbibed such thorough-paced Legitimist principles that he retired from the service at the Revolution of 1830, rather than serve the usurper Louis Philippe. Four years later, the subject of our sketch was born, and young Berteux went through his educational career in Paris and studied for the law, passing all his examinations very creditably and taking his degree. He never practised, however, and having married soon after the grand-daughter of that distinguished soldier General Foy, he settled down in Paris, and at a small property near Chantilly, which has long been in possession of the family. Having from his boyhood been very fond of horses, he was, when only seven-and-twenty, elected a member of the French Jockey Club, and in the year following (1862) he began to race, so that he shares with Baron Schickler and M. Delamarre the distinction of being the oldest owner of horses in France. He might, had he so willed, have been his own trainer, for he had thoroughly mastered the principles of how to break and train a horse, and he was, in the opinion of Mr. Mackenzie Gieves, who was no mean judge in these matters, about as accomplished a horseman as any of those who in the days of Count de Berteux' youth were to be seen in the Bois de Boulogne.

The first horse which he owned was named Abricot, and a very curious history attached to him. Count de Berteux, after winning a race or two with him, rode him in the hunting field for several seasons and then gave him to his trainer, who was no other than Ashmall, the celebrated jockey, who died in his service and whose widow is still living at "Berteux Villa," where the Count stays

when he comes to Newmarket. Ashmall rode Abricot as a hack for a couple of years, and he was surprised to find him beating all his youngsters in their morning gallops. The conclusion which he drew from this was that the latter were all hopelessly bad, but Count de Berteux thought it possible that the old horse might have come back to "form" and put him again into training and, with the happiest result, as two handsome bronzes which stand in Count de Berteux' cosy study in the Rue du Cirque testify. Having commenced with the letter A, he determined to go through the alphabet, and when, after twenty-six years, he had reached the letter Z, he began again, and had got as far as I (for his three-year-olds of 1900), when he determined to dispose of all his horses in training and give up racing, at all events, for a time. It is to be hoped that his retirement is only temporary, for men of his stamp are wanted as much upon the French as upon the English turf, and it is a hopeful sign that he retains his fine breeding stud in Normandy, which has been largely recruited from English sources and which has furnished him so many winners.

It can scarcely be said that he has had the success which he deserves, but still, writing only from memory, one can quote the names of many good horses which have carried the green jacket and red cap during the last twenty or thirty years, such as Upas, who ran a dead heat for the French Derby of 1886 with Sycamore, and who subsequently became the sire of that good horse Omnium II. In the same year that Upas distinguished himself, Count de Berteux had another good three-year-old, named Utrecht, who, unfortunately, met

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with an accident while being ridden by Watts in the race that corresponds to our "Guineas." Another good horse owned by Count de Berteux was Narcisse, the sire of the French Derby winner, Chêne Royal, and Widgeon can claim the credit of having been the only animal that ever beat Stuart, though it must be admitted that her victory was something of a fluke, the jockey of Stuart having mistaken the winning post. Still, Widgeon was a good filly, and afterwards won the French One Thousand, and ran second for the Oaks, while Zingaro was so unlucky as to break his leg in the French Derby of 1891, just when victory seemed to be in his grasp. Three years ago, one of his colts, Géronte, found backers for the Epsom race, but met with an accident and could not be trained, while it was in one sense unlucky for Count de Berteux to have parted with Aquarium and Elf, both of whom twice won the long distance Prix Gladiateur, while Elf, as most readers of BAILY will remember, won the Ascot Cup. The latter is a son of Analogy, Count de Berteux having bought this sister to Apology at Newmarket with the view of racing her, but she did no good on the Turf and was relegated to the stud at Cheffreville. Here Count de Berteux has had Guy Dayrell (winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap) and King Lud, in the way of stallions imported from England, while among his brood mares, also of English origin, have been Berceaunette (sister to Ecossais and See Saw), Miss Hannah (dam of Yellow, who won the Jubilee Prize at Baden-Baden), Hysteria (by Hampton), Lady Marie (half sister to Dieudonné), and Heliotrope (by Rosicrucian), who bred him a good horse in Flacon.

It is very curious that Count de Berteux should have had at the same time two mares named Dalnamaine, both daughters of the famous Mayonnaise, one by Parmesan and the other by Thormanby, and it is to be feared that this will cause confusion in pedigrees. His most fortunate purchase, perhaps, was Rosemary, the future dam of Upas, as the veteran Tom Jennings, who trained the few horses which Count de Berteux has run in England, had bought her for £80 at Doncaster and passed her on to the Count, who had been disappointed in getting a more costly mare at the same sale.

Elected a member of the English Jockey Club in 1890, Count de Berteux values the compliment all the more because the nomination was not "*ex officio*," as in the case of several foreign members, but a recognition of his fine sporting spirit; and his thick-set figure is as familiar at most of the principal meetings on this side of the Channel as at Longchamps and Chantilly. Up to the year 1870 he had a pack of hounds in conjunction with Count d'Osmond, and after that he hunted with the hounds of Count de Trédern, now a steward of the Jockey Club, and with his relative, the Marquis de l'Aigle, at Compiègne. He has always been devoted to shooting, and for ten years he was the tenant of Balintore, Sir Leonard Lyell's moor in Forfarshire. He used to spend a couple of months there every season, among his most regular guests being Prince Soltykoff, but four years ago Sir Leonard took Balintore into his own hands, and Count de Berteux migrated still further north, hiring from Mr. Horne, who is at present doing duty with his militia at Cairo, the shooting of

Stirkoke, about four miles from Wick. This Count de Berteux describes as a flat, ugly country, but the heather is short and the walking is easy, which, he adds with a sigh, is a consideration when you are nearer 70 than 60. It may be added, though, that the Count does not look to be anywhere near the three score

and ten of the psalmist. Conservative in more ways than one, Count de Berteux has occupied, ever since his marriage, forty years ago, the same house in Paris, which, as it happens, is exactly opposite that for so many years tenanted by his contemporary, the late Count de Lagrange.

Country Parsons.

WE have come across many country parsons in our time, and, as a rule, what good fellows they all have shown themselves to be! We do not, of course, mean good in the sense of righteous; that was not for us to judge, though to all seeming, they in their lives touched a very high standard indeed; but in the ordinary affairs of life how genial, kindly and sympathetic were their ways, and what an all important part they took in village society! They may not all have been "fliers" in the pulpit, for they had little chance of rubbing up their powers by much professional intercourse, and the production of two sermons every Sunday during many years to the same not very intellectual audience, is enough to dull any man's originality, but how conscientiously they strove to do their duty and what a wholesome influence they exerted on all their neighbours, both of high and low degree!

This is not the place in which to discuss the spiritual side of the country parson's existence, his services in the venerable church, his superintendence of teaching the young, his exertions to relieve want and suffering, his consoling visits to the sick and sorrowful,

his resolute daily conflict with the evil around him, and his wide charity in word and deed; but we may be allowed to think of him as having an influence that cannot be overrated in many of the pursuits which, we are proud to think, are peculiarly English and contribute to the wholesome strength of our country. It is not often realised how much field sports and the natural history connected with them owe to the parsons of England, and how much these excellent men have done and are doing to keep the ethics of all our amusements at a high level and to teach us the abstract good that is to be found in matters that give us so much delight and relaxation. All English clergymen have had the education of English gentlemen and have their tastes and proclivities as much as any of us. They have been taught in their youth to find their pleasures in active exercises which demand the possession of strength and skill, and many of them even in their graver and mature years are hard to beat when occasion calls them to show what they can do. All honour to them that, in deference to their sacred calling, they take their share in English sports with

extreme moderation, and indeed abjure them altogether when they think that personal indulgence might detract from the estimation in which their profession ought to be held.

It is in the best literature of sport that we owe so much to our parsons. Of all the many authors who have written most genially and enthusiastically and whose works remain as of unquestioned merits in our sporting libraries, how many have worn the cassock ! In olden times no man compiled more valuable knowledge than Mr. Daniels, to whom all forms of rural sports were as an open book. White, the parson of Selborne, was one of the most careful observers of animal life and one of the most picturesque descriptive writers that the world has ever seen. F. O. Morris has given us a standard book on birds. Then where can we find anything to equal the sporting essays of Charles Kingsley, most noble and highminded of men ? What fisherman has not been entranced by, and perhaps learned something from, his "Chalkstream Studies ?" What hunting man has not sympathised with every word of "My Winter Garden ?" And in recently published manuals like the Badminton Library and the Fur, Feather and Fin series, we find that many of the most important contributors are gentlemen who have taken orders. Truly, if the manly amusements of Englishmen had lost the countenance and active support of churchmen, they would possibly not hold their present place in public estimation and would certainly be the poorer in many of the principles by which they are guided.

Forty or fifty years ago, what was called the sporting parson was a very well known character in country life. Parish work in

those days was not carried on at such high pressure as is now generally the case. Week-day services and many other duties which are now considered indispensable were then unheard of, and indeed we are not sure that their present introduction has always been an unmixed benefit. Even when a man had done all that he could do for the wants of a small parish (and we never heard that serious duties were neglected) the parson had much spare time on his hands, and if he gave some of that time to innocent sport we cannot see that he was in any way to blame ; rather, we believe that his presence as a comrade among hunting or shooting men had a marked influence for good and that his vocation was by no means lost sight of because he occasionally joined in secular amusements. And, as a rule, how well in those secular pursuits the parsons supported the excellence of their cloth. Not to mention too many names, who that is old enough to remember Mr. Bower showing the way over the stiffest part of Yorkshire ever saw a finer or more determined horseman ? It was a very good layman indeed who could live with him in a fast thing over the wolds ; and Jack Russell in Devonshire, of whom Whyte Melville wrote :—

And, like a phantom, lost to view,
From point to point the Parson flew ;
The parish, at a pinch, could do
Without him for a week !

What a prince he was in the hunting field, and what a vast amount of hunting lore he carried in his good grey head ! Kindly and simple, and beloved far and wide, he never neglected a duty and we have seldom listened to a better or more earnest sermon than one which we were privileged to hear from his lips. It may not be out of place here to repeat a

short anecdote, illustrating the modest and unassuming nature of the man. He had been invited to stay at a very august country home, where our national worthies are always welcomed. When the party broke up there was a special train to convey host and guests back to London. Mr. Russell was invited to take a place in the host's saloon carriage, but he asked to be excused, saying that, as a very poor man, he had taken a third-class return ticket and that he did not consider himself entitled to go in a first-class carriage. Of course his objection was overruled; but how many of us would have had the modesty to have travelled third-class under very exceptional circumstances, and the good sense to have acknowledged the position without any shamefacedness? Take old Jack Russell for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.

We have been talking particularly of country parsons belonging to the Protestant Church of England, but we cannot forget what good sportsmen we have met who belonged to the older communion and who, devoted and self-sacrificing in their lives, did not think that an occasional interlude with horn and hound was a criminal indulgence. There must still be some old soldiers who in times gone by loved to meet Father Pat, the priest in charge of a wide and wild district near a very cheery Irish military station. Father Pat never showed himself at a meet, but it was curious, when hounds had settled down to their fox, how often he appeared on the wiry, well-bred old mare on which he used to make his parochial rounds. Whatever line was taken, it was sure to lead him in some direction where he had duty to be done, and he settled down like the workman

that he was to get across country by the shortest way. To see him negotiating stone-faced banks and boreens was a liberal education in horsemanship, and nobody better than he knew exactly what hounds were doing. His broad-brimmed hat and rusty black coat were always there or thereabouts, and many a hard-riding cornet came to grief in following the lead of the stout, grey-headed old priest. He used to disappear down a side road as suddenly as he had joined the chase, and, when he was adjured to stay a while longer, used to say, "Me dear bhoy, I've got me work to attend to." Then there was another Reverend Father who was a very keen pursuer with a pack of dachshunds, kept at a great house in Yorkshire. The field, of course, ran on foot with the hounds, and never have we seen better fun than was given by the stout moorland hares, never have we heard such deep-toned music as the full cry of the dachshunds. The gallant priest used to tuck up his long skirts and make his way over the roughest of country with a vigour and agility which told his love of the pastime as well as his soundness in wind and limb. He afterwards became a bishop, and his episcopal eye twinkled with delight when the episodes of his hunting days were recalled to his memory.

Talking of bishops, though such nobles of the Church hardly come into the category of country parsons, brings to one's mind the famous Samuel Wilberforce, of Oxford, than whom we believe there never was a more real sportsman in England. Few people knew who had written a most brilliant article on salmon fishing in the *Quarterly* some time in the early 'seventies, but we have the most indisputable

authority for saying that it came from the pen of the good bishop, though how in his strenuously hard-working life he found time to produce it is a matter for wonder. It was a review of a book written by a friend, called we think "Autumns on the Spey," and no essay ever showed a more complete knowledge of its subject, none ever breathed a completer sympathy with the sport under discussion, a purer appreciation of the natural charms that surround it. And the bishop could handle a gun also in a most effective manner. On one occasion, when there was a rabbit-shooting party near his Sussex home, Lavington, he walked out late in the afternoon to look on. The fun was nearly over, but a few bunnies were still on foot, and, taking a gun from one of the sportsmen, he knocked over two or three, as they darted through the bracken, in more masterly form than had been shown by anyone during the day. It may be worth while here to repeat an old story of the Bishop's retort to a gamekeeper on a somewhat similar occasion. The Bishop had asked the man whether he ever went to church. The answer was a sheepish "no." The keeper then thought to turn the tables and said, "Please, my lord, did the Apostles ever go out shooting?" "Of course not," was the reply. "They were too busy fishing." Alas! that like so many other good horsemen, the Bishop should, in the prime of his powers and usefulness, have been cut off by a trivial riding accident.

A contemporary of the bishop, again, not a country parson but the incumbent of a London parish, was one of the finest fishermen of his day. The Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell, in the short annual holiday that he allowed himself,

always repaired to Tweedside or to some other Scottish fishing quarter and, in the delights of salmon fishing, restored his constitution exhausted by hard work and forgot for a time bitter controversies. He has left a name as one of the most practical and successful of anglers, and it is recorded that on one day, three years before he died at the age of 80, he killed with his own rod no less than twenty fish at Taymount on the Tay.

Fishing is an apostolical recreation, and its charms seem to appeal to our parsons with peculiar force. The most censorious parishioners appear too, though we cannot quite follow their train of reasoning, to consider that a parson may be allowed to fish, while hunting and shooting are held to be unbecoming. However this may be, whenever an earnest parish toiler does take a hard-earned holiday, he generally has a rod among his baggage, and he betakes himself to some place where he has a chance of wetting a line. He looks forward to one or two salmon or baskets of trout as an ample guerdon for all the labours and anxiety of the year. One vicar goes to Ballyshannon, and another explained to us the other day that, though he could only allow himself to be out of harness for a fortnight in the year, he looked forward to three delights in that time, to forget all about his work, to kill a basket of trout and to add to his notes on the habits of birds. Like White of Selborne and F. O. Morris, he is an enthusiastic naturalist and, some day, when his notes are completed, he may give us a book worthy to stand on the same shelf with these well-thumbed authors. Even a fortnight's fishing is unattainable by some men, and we have one clerical friend

who keeps up a sort of bowing acquaintance with the sport that he loves by stocking a small pond in his garden with rainbow trout and watching them increase in portliness. From the nature of their surroundings the fish cannot multiply in numbers, but they are a never ending source of interest in their manners and customs. How well they know their familiar friends and how eagerly they will come to them for a dole of food, plunging and jostling each other in the water and showing their radiant sides in the struggle to seize a tempting morsel! But, when a stranger proposes to feed them, their approach is shy and timid and there is much hesitation before they can be induced to satisfy their appetite. As our friend very truly says, there is much to be learned about trout, even from those that are confined in a very limited garden pond.

We must say that we cannot agree with Mr. Rider Haggard in the very sweeping condemnation of all parsons as dangerous and jealous shots, which he enunciates in his very charming and instructive book "A Farmer's Year." He classes parsons and naval lieutenants together as detriments at a shooting party. All we can think is that he has been most unfortunate in the individuals whom he has met. We have enjoyed many days' sport both at home and abroad with naval officers, and certainly they have always shown themselves to be as familiar with the etiquette and proprieties of shooting in company as any other English gentlemen. As to parsons, wherever we have pulled a trigger, north and south, east and west, we have met many reverend gentlemen, and must allow that, in knowledge of woodcraft, they had few equals, and in

handling a gun they were generally quite in the first rank. Most of them, if their efficiency was questioned at the end of a prolific beat, might point to surrounding heaps of slain and say "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." One of our first shooting experiences, now alas nearly forty years ago, was in Yorkshire. Breechloaders were then in their infancy, but of the seven guns assembled four were armed with the newfangled weapons. Driving birds over the guns had just come into the range of practical politics and towards the end of the day we had two or three drives of partridges. We said that there were four breechloaders present; there were also two muzzleloaders, and the local parson, whose incumbency was the poorest of the poor, was armed with a flint and steel Joe Manton, even in those days a very antiquated piece of ordnance. The charge of a driven partridge was a very strange and discomfiting experience to most of us, and the tale of slain which we took out of the birds that came over was small indeed. The only person who really made up the bag was the old clergyman, and his performance seemed marvellous. A long drawn out "Mark over" was heard in the distance. Up went Joe Manton, there was an audible click as the hammer fell, then came a fizz. By that time the birds were overhead, and as surely as the long-delayed explosion came, down dropped a victim. It was an extraordinary example of calculated knowledge of a bird's pace and of the powers of a gun. If many of our forefathers shot in that form, the crack shots of to-day who are assisted by guns that are the triumphs of modern mechanism need not swagger too much about their skill.

In later days our shooting has

for the most part been in the Eastern Counties, and of all the parties which we have been privileged to join the nearest neighbouring parson has generally been an important member. As an intimate and confidential friend he is not often placed in the forefront of the battle, where bouquets of pheasants appear in easy magnificence and the firing is fast and furious; but he is made use of on special detached duty where something more than middling talent is required and where his knowledge of the ground, his woodland cunning and deadly shooting may show their full value. He is heard skirmishing in some distant corner of the covert accounting for animals which go to that mysterious "back" that we so often hear of, and when he at last reappears he is found to have added much more than his proper share to the bag. When the question is asked "Who shot the woodcock?" you may safely lay five to four that the answer will be, "the parson."

Terribly exiguous means are too often the lot of the clergy nowadays, and they are far too conscientious to allow themselves to spend an unnecessary penny on their amusements. Like my old Yorkshire friend, many of them go on shooting with guns acquired in their undergraduate days, and, if these were to strike work, they would give up sport altogether rather than pay for new ones the money which they might bestow in charity or use for some beneficent purpose. Their own pleasure and convenience are generally the last matters that they think of. The image rises before us of a most excellent parish priest, who is also a keen observer of Nature and one of the most knowledgeable men in field or covert that we have ever had the good fortune to call a friend. His old gun is of the

most rococo and shaky description, and he used the cheapest of cartridges loaded with black powder. The old gun goes off with a boom like a field piece and diffuses round it a black smoke and most pestilential odour. We never hear its report without looking round to see whether it has at last scattered itself in pieces. But it and its good, kindly owner are more than welcome at every *chasse* in a wide district, and certainly they more than justify their presence when a good bag is looked for.

But hunting, shooting and fishing are not the only English sports in which country parsons sympathise and sometimes take part. They are the best patrons of all manly games and exercises and they do much to induce the village youth to become a votary of cricket or football instead of wasting his time at the pothouse or joining in even more dubious pursuits. The vicar who has been a college blue will take care of his eleven as keenly as of his choir and will find an equal delight in its merits. The curate who has been an active forward at school will play with and drill his village football team, leading it with enthusiasm against the lads of a rival parish. And what an untold benefit it is to England that her Churchmen can thus show an example of manliness and prove that "muscular Christianity" is no vague expression, but a very real and wholesome condition of mind and body!

Cycling is something more than a sport, and we know no class of men to whom proficiency on wheels is more useful than it is to parsons. How many a weary trudge to visit some outlying parishioner is saved by the ever-ready iron hack, and how the parson's opportunities of usefulness are thus increased! And

yet we have heard some idiots object to seeing a parson on a bicycle on a Sunday, even though the good man was going on an errand of mercy. We must admit that parsons are, as a rule, the most reckless of riders. It makes an old man's blood run cold to see them scorching along over the most dangerous of roads, and we can only say "Oh, you good man, you are probably quite justified in putting your trust in Providence!" We read the other day of a Bishop who acknowledged to "coasting" down the hills in his diocese. To be sure, he was Colonial Bishop and was probably dressed in flannels with a felt wide-awake. We could hardly conceive a spiritual lord in shovel hat and gaiters doing such a thing in England.

We have said that the means of

parsons are too often terribly exiguous:—

A man he was to all the country dear
And passing rich on forty pounds a year
is as true in many cases now as it was in Goldsmith's time, except that the word should be "passing poor." There are many benefices (benefices indeed!) whose total emoluments have been rapidly decreasing and do not now amount to more than forty pounds. It will be a disgrace to our country if something cannot be done to remedy this; and, if clergymen are to be so impoverished as to be unable to live, however modestly, the lives of English gentlemen, one, and not the least, of the attendant evils will be that English sports will lose one of their firmest buttresses and some of their best qualities may disappear.

C. STEIN.

The Sportsman's Library.

MR. RICHARDSON'S contribution* to Turf literature is more than acceptable. For many years past he has been known as a clever and discriminating racing correspondent whose opinions are well worth hearing; his book affords him opportunity of considering the state of the Turf in its wider respects, and he speaks his mind with a fearlessness that none will appreciate more than the outspoken Earl of Durham, to whom the book is dedicated. Mr. Richardson's views concerning short races and their consequence commend themselves as essentially sound. He points out that the plethora of sprint races has led to the production of animals

as unlike the typical racehorse as it is possible for them to be. "High on the leg, too short from shoulder to quarters, narrow, split up and light of bone. These are not the right sort of horses, and the more of this stamp we breed the more we make room for the Americans and Colonials." He drives the nail fairly home on a later page when writing of short races at Newmarket. It is, he says, the most serious indictment that can be brought against them "that the horses which pass their racing lives in competing for this class of event are scorned by the best breeders when their running days are over." He lays his finger on another defect in our system which few will venture to defend. It is the outcome of our rule

* "The English Turf." By Charles Richardson.
Edited by E. T. Sachs. (Methuen & Co.).

which dates the age of the thoroughbred from January 1st. The rule practically compels breeders to aim at the production of early foals, and the breeder for the public market forces his youngsters in order to bring them into the auction ring at Newmarket or Doncaster as big as possible. Foaled in winter, the youngsters are reared under artificial conditions which make for delicacy of constitution and unsoundness. "It is this unnatural forcing which causes so many of the best-bred and best-looking of public yearlings to turn out failures on the racecourse." This is the voice of experience based on sound common sense.

Mr. Richardson is by no means averse from the importation of horses; on the contrary, he very truly observes that the Americans and Colonials have greatly helped in showing us the weaknesses of our own system of breeding, even as the performances of the American jockeys have served to bring about desirable changes in English ideas of race-riding. The "ready-made racehorses" from Australia are the hardiest and soundest we have in the country, though Australia has not yet sent us her best. As regards breeding from Colonial sires, he deems it early to express an opinion as to whether it will be for the general good or not. The practice of sending English mares to Australian stallions has been very general during the last few years, and another season or two will show us what their stock can do. A few such horses have made their *début*, but the author is too cautious to commit himself without more material to consider. He is quite definite on one point: to wit, that the "average American horse does not stay anything like so well as the average Australian."

Since Foxhall won the *Cæsar*-witch not one of the hundreds of American horses sent over here has made his mark as a great, or even as a good, stayer. At the same time, he has great respect for American methods of training. He does not appear to think there is much in the outcry about "doping;" his remarks on the successes of American trainers display acumen and careful observation. Pointing out that the American trainers have much greater success in the warm months than in the cold, he weighs the circumstance by the light of the suggestive fact that the horses trained by Wishard, Duke and Huggins and their compatriots are allowed a great deal more fresh air than English trainers consider right; they have the sun on their backs for hours every day, and their general health is naturally improved by such healthy mode of life. Mr. Richardson allows the advantage of the American jockey's seat in gaining relief from wind pressure, but, if we correctly understand him, he attributes the success of Sloan more to "a common-sense practice of letting his mounts go, within reason, when they wanted to." He had fine hands and a fine knowledge of pace, and he preferred to win by two lengths rather than by a short head.

The bulk of the work is occupied by chapters on Newmarket, Ascot, Goodwood, Epsom, The Yorkshire Meetings, Other Country Meetings, and Modern Enclosed Grounds. The author has intimate personal knowledge of every racecourse in the kingdom, and he appraises the merits of the various meetings with discriminating judgment. Ascot is "the king of race meetings" from social and sporting points of view: the programme shows a

larger proportion of long races than any other, and we find the best horses there. The reader who has in mind the annual flood of hostile comment on the state of the Ascot course will find Mr. Richardson's temperate observations refreshing. He is of opinion that more might be done to improve the going, but recognises the difficulties, and adopts that moderate tone of criticism which always carries weight. He brings out an interesting point of difference between the north-country Turf crowd and that of the south.

Mix with any part of the crowd in the St. Leger week, and the conversation will be horse, and all horse. But if you move slowly through the throng at Epsom, shutting your ears to the shouts of book-makers, you will find that the racing is quite a minor feature of the holiday.

One of the best chapters in an excellent book is that on Breeding. Space denies us the pleasure of examining it at length, but we must give one brief quotation from the pages on the cost of young horses.

It is best in the long run to put aside all, or very nearly all, prejudice in buying yearlings. Year after year sires that have been little heard of, who were not remarkable in their running days, and who were not standing at a fashionable stud, by their merit assert themselves.

For how many years has Sir Walter Gilbey been preaching the same sound doctrine, "put aside prejudice"?

The work, which is liberally illustrated from photographs of courses, stands, paddocks and horses, deserves to take a high place among standard books on the Turf. It deserves the heartiest and most unqualified praise.

This new "Cricketers' Note Book"* was so well received last year that its reappearance was a matter of course. It is a most handy little book of size suitable for the waistcoat pocket, and contains a great deal of well chosen information: thus, we have the results of last season's County Championship, the laws of the game, fixtures for the current season, an excellent account of G. L. Jessop's cricket career, and, among other matters, a list of scores of matches which have been played in South Africa during the war. This useful and well edited note-book has, we feel convinced, "come to stay": it is one of those publications concerning which the cricketer is likely to ask why it was not thought of sooner.

* "John Wisden's Cricketers' Note Book, 1901."
Edited by F. S. Ashley-Cooper.

Our Prospective Racing-Yacht.

LORD LONSDALE's recent deliverance to the American press on the outclassing of racing yachts, before anything like a full return in sporting value had been obtained from them, has caused a considerable amount of comment in sailing circles on both sides of the Atlantic. His lordship is not only an able all-round British sportsman, but a skilful steers-

man, and has generally been recognised as a sailing-master to the Imperial owner of the yawl *Meteor*. His opinion that there was a limit even to a Kaiser's purse in the matter of sporting outlays naturally enough carried much importance, and there has been considerable reviewing of the situation. It is not necessary in dealing with the question to dis-

cuss the whole history of the measurement rules, with their curious freaks in the matter of evasion. Everybody knows of boats which could be built with the rudder-post everywhere but in front of the stem head, of the dog-leg stern-posts and the like, and the general carrying out of the idea if, that time was not money, it was something to put into the plate locker. It does not seem likely that the question of time allowance will ever be settled satisfactorily to everybody, though one would like the measurement rules made a little more permanent.

In discussing the question afresh one naturally goes back to the meeting of naval architects held in the Langham Hotel on October 6th, 1892, under the presidency of Mr. C. P. Clayton. There were present besides Mr. Clayton Mr. William Fife, junr., of Fairlie, Mr. Arthur E. Payne, Mr. W. H. H. Riddell, Mr. Joseph Soper, and Mr. G. L. Watson. Mr. Alexander Richardson, designer of *Samoena*, *Irex*, and *Iverna*, was not able to be present, but he subsequently endorsed the minutes in which was embodied the following resolution:—

“We take it that the general yacht-building public require in a yacht—That she shall be safe in all conditions of wind and weather, that she shall combine the maximum room on deck and below, with the minimum of prime cost; and that she shall be driven as fast as may be possible with the least expenditure of labour, *i.e.*, that she shall have a moderate and workable sail area. Therefore, as but few men can afford to build for racing only, and as the racer of to-day is the cruiser of a few years hence, any racing rule should encourage such a type of vessel.”

Eight years afterwards “the general yacht-building public” would not require much alteration in the phraseology of this, yet in the meantime the 90-foot cutter of that date, which was 30 per cent. in price above that of a first-class cutter of something like similar dimensions, has increased in cost from something like £9,000 to £15,000. No doubt there has been an increased cost in all forms of shipbuilding, yet nevertheless the fact remains, and must be considered in the estimate of all-round expenditure of a man of means and sporting inclinations. Without including the spirited class of gentlemen who possess the patriotic and laudable ambition of winning the Epsom Derby, the Waterloo Cup, which carries with it the Blue Riband of coursing, or mayhap bringing home the American Cup, apparently the most costly and difficult of all tasks, we have many who find it almost necessary to keep up a town house and extensive establishment in London, a hunting-box in Leicestershire, and a grouse moor and deer forest in the Highlands. No matter how rigid may be the economy, these items will work out into big sums, a very moderate-sized Highland shooting alone running in rent and expenditure to £4,000 annually, and this at best for nine weeks' autumn sport. Now, without wishing to hark back to the old oak-chest days of yacht-building, when a nobleman had his boat put together on easy terms by the local shipwright, the timber being supplied from his own estate, and when a yacht was a sort of family heirloom expected with some little occasional expenditure of tar or oakum to last through two or three generations, £15,000 is a pretty big stake to throw on the table, representing as it does a

comfortable little English home and estate of 400 acres at thirty years' purchase. No doubt it is not all thrown away, but there have been occasions within recent years when through faultiness of design a boat of this cost has failed, in the language of the American trotting track, to get into the 2.40 class, and in a yacht-racing sense became non-existent. Fifty per cent. must be written down for depreciation at the end of the first year, and after that for seven or eight years five per cent. per annum—provided of course that she is always kept in a decent state of repair.

In regard to the life of a first-class racing cutter, if she have any life at all, she may keep well to the front for three, four, and even five years, when she will be certain to go down before one or other of the newer vessels which are from time to time being produced. Her owner may elect to alter her to a yawl, and claim the time allowance for difference of rig, or elect at once to join the cruising fleet, for which there are now many races at our leading regattas. A little luck and a liberal handicap allowance, the handicapper taking, as he must, considerable liberties with the arrangements of the clerk of the weather, may let her get a Cup or two; and the old Fairlie cutter *Fiona*, built in 1866, and for many years out of commission, favoured in this way, won the Kaiser's Cup in the race from Dover to Heligoland last year (1900). But this is not yacht-racing in the highest sense, and need scarcely come within the scope of this article. If a man has had enough of the "round the marks" business, and wishes cabin-comforts and all the accessories of a safe and seaworthy boat, which can be handled at the minimum of cost,

he most likely will have his cruiser specially designed and built, and this he can have done at two-thirds the cost of the first-class modern racer. Such a boat can be worked for a full season at a third less money. In regard to this, while, as we have seen, the initial cost of a racing yacht of the first class has nearly doubled during the past ten years, the cost of racing her has greatly increased also, and it would not be wise for anyone to attempt to race a vessel like *Meteor* or *Sybarite* a full season unless he was prepared to incur an outlay of £6,000. A thousand or fifteen hundred may be got back in prizes, a few of these being in plate, and against such has to be reckoned the winning money allowances to captain and crew, which indeed sometimes totals up more than the value of the prize itself.

Eight years after the historic Langham Hotel meeting mentioned, we are having a new rule, and it is not unreasonable to ask the question, What is it going to give us; seeing that it was passed into law on November 8th last, at a meeting held at the Langham, Mr. G. Jameson in the chair, and declared to be lasting for seven years. This rule is as follows:—

That the Y.R.A. rating rule shall be contained by the following formula:—

$$\frac{L. + B. + 0.72G. + 4d + 0.5\sqrt{S.A.}}{2.1} = \text{Linear Rating}$$

L. = Length in L.W.L. measured as described in Rule 52.

B. = Beam, extreme as measured in Rule 53.

G. = Chain girth taken at the station described in Rule 54 for skin girth.

d = Difference between chain girth and skin girth the latter as described in Rule 54.

S.A. = Sail area, measured as described in Rule 57.

Note.—The girth measurement to be taken from upper disc to upper disc, and the height of each disc above the actual water-line to be deducted from chain and skin girth. Present dimensions as to hollow in profile to hold.

That if the actual draught be less than half the extreme beam, then the measurement of *chain* and skin girth shall be taken round an assumed point at a distance of half the beam below the L.W.L.

So far as we can see, if this rule does what it is intended to do, it will prevent the building of racing machines, except, of course, in those countries where length and sail area, or even length alone, are the governing factors. Of course it has always been the case, and always will, that builders will keep the hull as light as may be consistent with strength. This is the common-sense way of driving anything that floats through the water. Unless a table of scantlings be embodied in the new rule or accompanies it, a good many highly practical authorities declare that builders will cut down weight of hull in the desire for lightness, though under it there is less inducement to do so than previously, as the weight of hull will form a much smaller percentage of the weight than at present. There are, however, very great difficulties in the way of bringing in any scantlings regulations, one of the most obvious being that one builder with a given quantity of material will put together an amply strong vessel, while another with more material, but with less brains and experience, will fail. Possibly the best safeguard is to rely as before on the good name and ability of the builder and on the fact that a flimsy structure that cannot hold, cut water, or retain its form, can never be even a successful racer.

We may take it, however, that the new rule will kill the racing machine as it is now, and give us a more compact boat, with less of that "legs and wings"-like character we have so long been accustomed to. We shall have a boat of more displacement, pro-

bably less draft and less beam, with less overhang both forward and aft than before; in profile possibly something like *Queen Mab* or the moderate boats of her day. Altogether she will not present any very marked change of appearance from our present boats, though she will look smaller on deck, have much more accommodation below, far better headroom, and a great deal more room below cabin deck for stores, &c. Under the water we shall find her with small change on present profile, but it will not be anything like so strongly accentuated. When driven hard through the water she will make more pronounced waves, and for a given length on the load-water line she will not be capable of the same speed, but under the rule a designer will be able to take more waterline length for a given rating. Though we have said that she will have dropped a good deal of the "legs and wings" character, she will still have as a ninety-footer a fairly big outspread in this direction, and we may take a look at her all ready for a start in the year 1902; with a mast and topmast from deck to truck of 130 feet, the top of the topsail yard 20 feet above that again, 32 feet of bowsprit outside the sternhead, and a main-boom of less than a yard under the 100 feet. Altogether she will make, apart from yachtsmanship, a fair enough problem for an amateur golfer, if the approach distance between the end of main-boom and spinnaker-boom were fully considered, and some lofting had to be done over the topsail. She, however, it may fairly well be reckoned, is a boat which will help to preserve the sport in retaining the sympathies of many of the descendants of the older school, the founders, in fact, of

British yachting, men of genuine sea-salt sympathies who have had to cut their canvas according to their incomes.

In regard to where the yachting machine is leading us in these go-ahead days, it would be scarcely safe to venture into the realms of prophecy after the experience of Mr. G. L. Watson, who in 1881, lecturing at Glasgow on Progressive Yachting and Yacht Building, described the boat of the year 2000 as having a platinum keel, the under part of the body being of manganese bronze, and the upper portion of aluminium. This year in the lecturer's *Shamrock II.* we have nearly all this save the platinum keel and still we have a hundred years to run. If our remarks are studied from a retrospective point of view, it may plainly be noted that taxes, length and sail area, or length alone, lead to the production of a vessel which is far

too costly at the outset, depreciates too rapidly in value, is costly to maintain in commission, and has few of the comforts of an old-fashioned cruising type of vessel. Persevered in, she will not get less expensive; a bronze bottom with aluminium top for a composite ninety-footer would add from £2,000 to £2,500 to the cost, while at the same time growing outside the category altogether of a safe sea-going vessel. So far as America Cup challenges go, these have to be sailed in seas of expenditure from first to last, and do not fall to be considered from the ordinary standpoint. The winning of the trophy is now a matter of much international concern, and there will always be found a few wealthy enough and patriotic enough to put their money down without much regard to having a return, whether they win or lose, in gaining a few cruising matches on time codes.

T. D.

The Royal Buckhounds.

THE killing of the deer for so many years located at the Swinley paddocks marks the last scene in the history of the Royal Buckhounds. No official reason has yet been given for either the abolition of the pack or the slaying of the deer, and in the absence of trustworthy information we may await official news. The Stag-hounds will be sadly missed in the country over which they used to hunt. The alleged cruelty was sheer nonsense. Hunting the carted deer may not be the highest form of sport. The stag is no worse off than the hares in a paper chase who scatter torn paper *en*

route, and the writer who hunted with the "Queen's," as they were then called, never, during a six years' experience, saw a deer touched by the hounds. Since the decision has gone forth that the Buckhounds should be abolished there has been some argument as to the date at which the deer cart came into vogue. It has been stated that deer were first released in the time of George III.; but this would appear to be a mistake, for as long ago as the time of Queen Anne we hear of one of the Houghton deer—a hundred of which were brought from Houghton to Windsor by

Lowen, the Queen's head keeper—being "let go." This does not, of course, prove the existence of a deer cart, but it does certainly suggest that, even in Queen Anne's time, deer were not harboured and started from the covert in which they might be found.

Some of the hunted deer were no doubt kept in confinement and were liberated as occasion required. The first volume of the *Sporting Magazine* contains an illustration of the uncartering of the deer before the Royal Buckhounds, the cart being a two-wheeled affair with a tilt, a contrivance which was certainly in vogue as far back as 1790. A number of well-known men have been masters of the Buckhounds, and in our own time, to go no further back, some masters of foxhounds have worn the couples. Lord Coventry, than whom there has been no more popular ruler, was master of the Croome and North Cotswold Hounds; Lord Waterford, though he was never able to go out with the pack owing to ill-health, had been at the head of the Curraghmore in Ireland, a hunt which his son may one day revive; and the last appointed master, Lord Chesham, was for some time at the head of the Bicester when he earned golden opinions, though he, like the Marquis of Waterford, has never been out with Royal pack, at any rate in the capacity of master, owing to his absence abroad.

A curious statement was made many years ago in an old magazine to the effect that Mr. Meynell had, among other positions, filled that of Master of the Buckhounds, but he never had the appointment, and there is not a shred of foundation for the statement, as for

many years the master has been a peer of the realm. Of recent years the huntsmen to the Royal pack have in some capacity been connected with foxhunting. Frank Goodall, jun., the outgoing huntsman, for instance, hunted the Meath, Sir Watkin Wynn's and the Kildares in turn; Comins, who came before him, whipped-in to several packs of foxhounds before he joined the staff at Ascot; Harvey hunted the Isle of Wight Hounds, of which he and his father were masters for a long time; Frank Goodall, sen., came from Mr. Tailby, in whose country he showed first-rate sport; Harry King whipped-in to the Atherstone before he became whipper-in to the Staghounds, and George Sharpe, who was huntsman before Davis, whipped-in to and hunted several packs of foxhounds before the King took him on, and it is believed that Ives was once connected with foxhounds, though it is difficult to trace his history. Two or three members of the Bartlett family have been with the Staghounds as whippers-in and feeders, and for a very long time the Cotterells looked after the deer. Charles Davis was one of the most famous men ever connected with the Royal Buckhounds, but he was never with foxhounds, though as the guest of Sir Richard Sutton he was often out with the Burton and the Quorn. His father hunted the King's Harriers and Davis himself whipped-in to them, he afterwards being made whipper-in to the Staghounds, he being appointed first of the three, when Mandeville and Freeman were made second and third whippers-in on the Duke of Richmond giving his hounds to the Prince Regent.

The Gauntlet.

It was not necessary to have a Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the decrease of our salmon supply unless they were prepared to hear the evidence of all parties, and this they have done as far as the Scotch evidence, taken recently at Edinburgh, is concerned. Some may think that they have been too free with their invitations to give evidence and opinions; but that is for the Commissioners to judge. They can easily discriminate between what is irrelevant and impracticable, and so winnow the wheat from amongst the chaff. Had the invitations been confined to any one class—the commercial side of the salmon interest or the sporting side alone—then the “party over the way” would have had a grievance; but when the door was thrown open to all, then anglers and netters had themselves to blame if they did not seize the opportunity and make their voices heard. It was an opportunity which does not come every day, and that it was fully appreciated the mass of evidence amply shows.

Most interest centred in the opinions and practical experiences of such witnesses as the Marquis of Huntly, as representing the side of the sportsman and the sporting proprietor; Dr. H. H. Almond, of Edinburgh, as representative of both the netting and angling interests; and Mr. Johnstone, of Montrose, as voicing the tacksman and netter pure and simple. There were other able and highly appreciated witnesses, who not only put themselves to infinite trouble in preparing facts and figures, but who showed evidently that they had the subject at heart with which they were

dealing, and who did not go there with a mere negative on their lips, to gainsay the opinions of some others, who had been examined before them, but went with opinions of their own well worth the patient hearing accorded them. No doubt the whole of both the English and Scotch evidence will form the bulk of some future Blue Book, along with the usual recommendations, but meantime it may not be out of place to emphasise some of the points specially affecting our much diminished salmon supply.

It was not necessary to have a Royal Commission appointed to determine that there was a decrease—and a serious one to boot—yet there were some witnesses who had the temerity to say that such was not the case. They were probably thinking of their own respective localities, and not of the salmon fisheries around the coast as a whole; or otherwise they were sceptical of the returns vouchsafed of the amount of salmon actually caught, and hinted that tacksmen did this for a purpose, in case their rentals should rise. But nine out of every ten of the witnesses forward, both in the English and Scotch evidence, agreed that there had been a decided slump in our salmon supply, and that this slump was not of recent creation, and had been going from bad to worse for a goodly number of years back, whilst all admitted that our salmon supply was not what it could, or should be, and that our fisheries could easily carry a larger head of salmon than they did.

Dr. Almond's evidence was probably unique, and was, if anything, as reasonable a statement

as could possibly be made in view of his vast experience. It was unique because he had put his opinions to the test, by actual experiment, and spoke from no theoretical point of view, but from what he had proved to be the *cause* and the *cure*. Nor was Dr. Almond alone. Although probably he held the singular position of being an extensive tacksman, and an angling lessee or factor in the north of Scotland, and had to grapple single handed with his own special difficulties, yet he made no novel discovery when he attributed to over-netting the cause of the serious decline in our salmon fisheries. Nor did he invent any original method in curing the trouble when he at last hit upon *reducing the gauntlet* of nets through which his fish had to run; but knowing the cause he applied the cure with a strong hand, and so proved his faith in its efficacy.

It would be traversing Dr. Almond's evidence, for which there is no need, to do more than quote his advice to the Commissioners, "If you wish more fish, then fish less." In other words, reduce the gauntlet.

Dr. Almond's practically worked-out idea of reducing the gauntlet was not original. It has been in operation on the Aberdeenshire Dee during the past quarter of a century, and a full description of the history and operations of the Deeside Fishery Improvement Association was given by the Marquis of Huntly when before the Commissioners. They commenced by reducing the gauntlet by buying up net after net on the uppermost stations to begin with, till to-day they have over eighteen miles of netting waters on the Dee in their own hands. Were the Association to fail the proprietors could at once clap on their nets

again, and so recoup themselves for the loss of the compensation rents paid by the Association.

But the Association cannot fail. The members of it know a trick worth two of withdrawing their subscriptions now. They have tasted the fruits of enhanced angling rentals and of increased sport, and down to the humblest contributor on the roll, the annual subscriptions are now most readily forthcoming, and additional donations if wanted. Of course, the whole system is voluntary, and the Marquis and others who have done so much for the Dee would like to see their method adopted all over the country, and made compulsory. Dr. Almond has shown what one can do when one has the means at one's disposal, and the Deeside Fishery Improvement Association has shown what combination can do when all work harmoniously for one common aim, and each other's mutual advantage.

Those few witnesses who denied that there was any slump in our general salmon supply evidently forgot that the gauntlet in their own immediate district had already been reduced, had already been interfered with. It was this very reduction that had helped the Dee Salmon Fisheries, both on the coast and in the estuaries, to maintain their excellent supplies, when other districts less favoured were suffering from the slump.

Dr. Almond's method and that of the Deeside Fishery Improvement Association are not exactly the same. Yet they act on the Fishery in the same way, after all. The Deeside Fishery Improvement Association buy up the station and remove the nets for good. Dr. Almond reduces the gauntlet as the season advances, and finally abolishes it altogether

when it proves most fatal, *i.e.*, in the height of the summer drought. The gauntlet does not do the same harm in the spring as in the summer. During the summer drought the grilse move about in vast shoals, and get entrapped in the nets wholesale. Then is the time to reduce the gauntlet. On such a river as the Dee the fish got through with the big spring waters; but whenever the river began to shrink, and the shallows show up, and the shingle banks become exposed, then not a single fish of over a couple of pounds or so could get past. There was then no late spring fishing, no summer angling, and the far inland waters were not worth visiting—all owing to the eighteen miles of gauntlet which the fish had to run. Now there are only two stations or so of the gauntlet left on the Dee above the estuary, and these will go too as soon as the Association can command the price. The Association has not been able to *interfere* with the sea-nets, and in this respect Dr. Almond's experiments are probably more valuable than theirs. A time may come, however, when

a net here and there may be removed to advantage, whenever exact returns can be got of the numbers and quality of the fish caught.

By reducing the gauntlet in summer, the grilse crop would be practically saved. We have seen 300 grilse taken from the nets at a single station in a single tide. It was a sea-net, and the fish were legally caught, and were the lawful property of the captor. It was a prize, no doubt; but he looked for one or two exceptional shots, as he called them, during the season, and said that "things would not pay" if he did not get them. This is where the gauntlet makes its presence so severely felt; this is where it might with profit be reduced. The few workmen who would be displaced need not baulk largely in the case, especially when set off against the ultimate gain, not only to a few anglers some miles apart on a dried-up river, but to the thousands who would benefit by the increase of an excellent national food supply, which should be within the reach of all.

G. M.

"Our Van."

The National Hunt at Melton Mowbray.—I have every reason for being thankful to the National Hunt Committee for taking me to Melton Mowbray on the 22nd of March, although the journey thither and hither was a matter of six hours longer than is entailed when the N.H. races are given to one of the enclosed meetings near London. If the matter were being discussed conversationally, politeness would compel me to give

attention to whatever opinions others might be inclined to enunciate, but as a writer one can assume the dogmatic attitude, and I here venture to express the decided opinion that, to give a National Hunt race to a well-to-do "Park" meeting is to accomplish the least amount of good with the means at command. Where the suburban enclosures are concerned the custom has been to give the races to the highest bidder, *i.e.*, the

one that would hold the races for the least amount by way of subsidy from the N.H. The transaction has thus been degraded to a purely speculative one, for the natural consideration of the bidders has been whether the addition of the races to their programme would bring fresh grist to their mill. What would be best for steeplechasing is, I fear, left out of consideration for the moment; and, although apathy in this direction should not be recklessly attributed to the N.H. Committee, they can scarcely complain if they are judged by their acts. The object of the N.H. races is to foster the steeplechasing spirit and, incidentally, to bring forward young horses. An individual possessed of similar benevolent plans and seeking to put them into execution would naturally ask as a first question, Where am I most likely to do the largest amount of good? He would find himself confronted with a choice between two communities, that of the modern enclosure meeting and a hunt meeting. At the modern enclosure he will find as a backbone of spectators several hundreds of people in "Tattersall's," a number of whom are present for the sole purpose of gambling, and with as little notion of improving the breed of horses as the pigeon shooter has of improving the breed of pigeons. Many hundreds more of both sexes will be found in the members' enclosure; and when we have eliminated the owners and breeders from these we shall find the spirit animating the rest pretty much the same as that prevailing on the other side of the rails. To, say, a couple of thousand people it is a matter of complete indifference whether the race is a National Hunt steeplechase or one the winner of which is to be sold for £50, for they can bet as

freely upon one as the other. Prevent them from betting and how many of the two thousand would be seen on the racecourse at all?

At the Hunt meeting the large majority of those present—the influential portion, to a man and woman—are there because of their love for the horse. Without that affection they would not be present at all; and there is certainly little other inducement. The "roar of the ring" is conspicuous by its insignificance, the bookmaker being very properly pushed out of the way into an obscure corner by way of eloquent suggestion to him that he is merely tolerated and is not the power which he so manifestly is at the enclosures. Taking the Melton Hunt meeting, since that is our topic, what a contrast is here presented between the assemblage and that commonly met with at a "Park" meeting! What life and movement in that ever shifting squad of horsemen and women, boys and girls, to be counted by the hundred, at one minute gathered around the stand; at the next scampering over the grass to catch the competitors at some special jump and then off again to intercept them at another. And in paddock and reserved enclosure the talk is of horses and of the men and women belonging to them; and of those who are conversing how many are ever seen on the regulation racecourse, unless it be at Ascot or Goodwood? What a contrast it all is to the metropolitan enclosure, with its irritating mob of pinchbeck sportsmen and clouds of avaricious women, where the only recognised shibboleths are, "What have you done this time?" and "Oh, do give me a tip for this race," according to sex.

The objects of the National Hunt races are surely more likely

to be accomplished by bringing them into the midst of communities where they are most appreciated, and where, moreover, the money of the N.H. is more truly an addition and a help. Whether Sandown, Kempton and Hurst Park have a couple of National Hunt races in their programme or not signifies little or nothing to their coffers, which are full enough to enable them to give prizes of equal or greater value on their own, and the attraction to the average owner is the same. Some owners there are who look upon winning one of the N.H. races as second only to winning the Grand National, and men of this sporting type are precisely such as derive additional gratification from scoring their success at a Hunt meeting in the presence of an assembly of their own class. Is it too much to hope that the N.H. Committee will, in future, look upon the matter in this light? Its social composition warrants the aspiration.

Three times in thirty-seven years has the Melton Hunt meeting been favoured with a National Hunt race, which is not overdoing it. Three steeplechase courses have been used from time to time, the old one having been under Burrough Hill. For the National Hunt meeting, held in 1883, a new course was laid out on the opposite side of the road, to that where the present course is situated. A permanent stand has been built in a very favourable position for witnessing the racing, which takes place over two lines of country, one for the short and one for the long distance races. Anyone who knows the country—and what member of our fox-hunting community does not?—needs not to be told that the course was as truly a hunting one as is compatible with the conditions laid down by

the N.H. Moreover, it was very much more severe than would be met with at an enclosure, so much so that one having great experience delivered it as his opinion, after going round, that very few indeed would complete the course. The nature of most of the jumps was also very different from that of made-up courses, as also was the general going. Take, for instance, the second fence after the stand which was approached by a sharp fall over some very undulating grass that had once been wheat. The obstacle was downhill and the take-off distinctly deep. Such jumps are, of course, frequently met with in a day's hunting, but never on an artificial course.

The National Hunt Committee this time devoted the money to a single race, and the whole of the handsome amount of £1,300 was given, the Melton Hunt providing none of it. It has been hinted that the N.H. is in funds just now, which is very good news. With plenty of funds much may be accomplished, and there surely can be no reason why several National Hunt races should not be distributed about the country each season. This is distinctly a case in which one may say the more the merrier; and the N.H. should take a very active part in the practical promotion of sport.

Lincoln Spring Meeting.—The weather of the last week of March is invariably bad, and the Carholme is so placed that it gets the worst of what there is. The winds howl over it as on no other racecourse, and they have the disadvantage of still retaining a strong reminiscence of frozen Russian steppes. A man who can stand three days in the open at Lincoln is case hardened. The stands afford him no relief, save from rain, for they follow the example of the course in the way of exposure. I do not

think that the weather was more terrible than in the two preceding years, but the latest experience naturally always seems to be the worst, and I still shudder when I think of this year's spring meeting.

It is only the most regular of the "regulars" and a certain quantity of more or less local people who are seen on the Carlholme on all three days. The Lincolnshire Handicap day is not unwisely considered sufficient by numbers, and these, I fancy, were fewer than I have seen them. Yet the race was about as interesting as it is ever likely to be. The handicapper, Mr. Ord, had done his work wonderfully well and in the course of a few weeks we had several first favourites. The last, Little Eva, proved to be the genuine one, and although the assertion of her connections to the effect that she was not as good as in last year's Cambridgeshire, seemed to be borne out by the race, she managed to win. It was only a scrape home, however, and the soundness of the judgment in putting up a few pounds extra for O. Madden to ride was proven. In the Cambridgeshire Little Eva was kicked at the post. It seems to have been a lucky kick in the end, for, on her Lincoln running, she never would have stayed the mile and a distance Across the Flat with its severe finish, whilst had she run prominently the handicapper would not have let her off so lightly. And I am of opinion that a very few pounds more in the saddle would have turned the scale, so rapidly were Alvescot and Lackford overhauling her in the last hundred yards.

On the first day Le Blizon tried to win the Batthyany Plate for the third time in succession and, with Esmeralda II. out of the way, would have done it, for he

finished second. There was nothing unusual in seeing Watson, the trainer, win the Brocklesby, which he did with Fast Castle, one of the true Brocklesby type, which cannot be said of the second, Mr. Jack Watt's chestnut colt by Ayrshire out of Formosa, who might have been reserved for later in the season with advantage. He was short of some gallops, as it was, owing to the strike of stable hands at Newmarket. Mr. Musker ran one of his new Meltons in this race, a bay colt out of Irene, and another, a bay filly out of Clonavarn, in the Lincoln Plate.

The admonition of the Jockey Club, made none too soon, to keep the weighing room clear of intruders, had been taken to heart, and for the first time we saw the badge for jockey's valets in use. It is to be hoped that this step of the Jockey Club is the forerunner of others devised for the better management of our racecourses, which are still overrun with hangers-on, parasites who bring nothing to the mill to grind and besmirch all that they touch. The paddocks at all suburban meetings are full of these gentry and even the Birdcage at Newmarket is not quite free from them. The example set by the Jockey Club in the matter of weighing rooms has been a novel one, for into them none but really authorised persons enter. At few other weighing rooms than those at Newmarket is the privacy anything but a farce, and all manner of people on the quest for information are tolerated in them. On courses like Northampton it is of vital importance to the betting fraternity to get early information of the draw for places, and someone is always in a position to supply this, for a consideration. Anything of this nature is a crying abuse, but the clerk of the course

of the old school never bothered himself about matters of the kind. There is, of course, no reason whatever why all weighing rooms should not be kept as select as those at Newmarket, except the absence of will to have them so, although in many cases structural alterations would be necessary to make this desired change possible.

Liverpool Spring Meeting.—Slight as is the advantage of occupying the second half of the week, of which Lincoln monopolises the first moiety, it usually favours Liverpool in the matter of weather. The contrast promised to be something very striking, for on the first day the miserable foreboding conveyed by the snow-clad hills seen *en route* the evening before from railway-carriage windows was entirely dispelled by the lovely day that followed. Never has a clearer atmosphere prevailed at Aintree, and had the Grand National been run on the Thursday the spectacle would have been a wonderful one, for every jump was plainly visible through a good glass.

Although class is always much more in evidence than at Lincoln, there was nothing very attractive on this opening day, the principal race being the Union Jack Stakes, in which the three-year-olds first come together. Here we saw make their first appearance at this age two of Mr. Musker's lesser celebrities, Bay Melton and The General, both sold at Newmarket in December, Bay Melton fetching 5,100 guineas. Neither had anything to do with the race which was won by Lord Farquhar's Bistonian, the Hon. George Lambton thus doing as is expected of him at a Liverpool meeting, viz., win for the Knowsley party. He repeated the dose in the next race, the Molyneux Stakes, won by Lord

Derby's colt by Lactantius out of Jane Shore.

With Thursday ended the brief interval of fine weather, and that which followed was of a character to make those who were present shudder at the recollection of the Grand National of 1901. Like that of 1898, the race was run in a heavy snowfall, but this time it was not preventible, save by postponing the race, for it snowed literally all the afternoon, whereas in Drogheda's year a little management would have caused the race to be run in brilliant sunshine instead of a snow squall. Barely had people assembled in the stands and on the course than the snow began, and as it was a wet snow and a strong wind was blowing it obliquely, the conditions were uncomfortable as well could be. It never left off, and was probably at its worst when the Grand National came on. At that time the snow was lying deeply everywhere, but of course the greatest disadvantage was in the driving snow, which obscured the vision of both horse and man. A considerable proportion of the jockeys and trainers took a strong view of the case and petitioned the stewards to have the race postponed, but the request was not acceded to. None of the twenty-four weighed out for the race shirked the ordeal, and this time the parade was dispensed with.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the near future will show us better fields for the Grand National than this one, though at the moment of writing it is not easy to say where the necessary horses are to come from. The race was not unbeset by misfortune, Hidden Mystery having been killed at Sandown, whilst Manifesto could not be prepared, and was, perforce, scratched. A third notable

absentee, who may be available another year, was, of course, Ambush II. The elimination of these three horses got rid of all the class there was in the race, the result being Fanciful as top weight with 11st. 6lb. Most of the competitors had become very familiar figures during the winter on the steeplechase courses of the country, and of few of them could it be said that their connections did not consider them to have a good chance. And why not, indeed, in such moderate company? The conditions under which the race was being decided were, of course, not contemplated, and no doubt they made all the difference to more than one competitor. No one was surprised that the first round was fatal to no fewer than ten out of the four-and-twenty. Covert Hack, Levanter and Grudon sailed over the water side by side, but when they reappeared out of the snow Grudon was the only one of the three left in the van. Drumcree was pursuing him, but in vain, and Grudon, by a four-lengths' victory, consummated a number of double-event bets with Little Eva. Whether Drumcree was quite good enough to win may be doubted, even had he not met with the misfortunes he did. He lost one plate, and, what was worse, twisted another badly, this, of course, seriously impeding his going. His victory would, undoubtedly, have been exceedingly popular with the large hunting section that takes particular interest in this race, for he is the joint property of Messrs. O. J. Williams and C. S. Newton. Mr. Owen Williams, who is the fourth son of the late Sir Owen Williams, Bart., and nephew of the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, is joint-master of the Flint and Denbigh Hounds. Both he and Mr. Newton, who,

twenty-five years ago, was a real good rider between the flags, are passionately devoted to horses and hunting, and each is a member of the National Hunt Committee. It is pleasant to see such men taking a real interest in steeplechasing, and it is to be wished that the community to which they belong would more fully realise how much the sport relies upon them for a continued healthy existence. Then, possibly, we should see more of them possessing steeplechasers, and the number of men on the N.H. Committee owning them and personally attending race meetings might be increased.

The casualties of the race amounted to two broken collar-bones and the loss of one horse, True Blue, who was so badly injured through slipping up on the treacherous surface that his life could not be saved. As this was the first fall which True Blue is known to have had, the bad state of the turf may be pretty safely blamed for the mischance.

On the third day, when the snow changed to rain, we had the Spring Cup, and here Mr. George Lambton scored again (for the fifth time at the meeting) with Pellisson, who had but to be fit to win, which he did handily enough. Johnny Reiff had waiting orders, but under any system of pace-making Pellisson would have won. In the Stanley Five-year-old Stakes at 11st. (mares allowed 4lbs.) we saw the much talked-of Drumree, and although he won, one would have liked him to have beaten Tiny White in easier fashion than he did in order to pronounce well of him. Still, he is a very nice looking one. When all was over, I never was so thankful to get away from racing; for, with the memory of a lovely Thursday obliterated by what

followed, we had gone through a terrible week.

Eastertide Racing.—Much of the plethora of racing at Easter (eighteen meetings were in progress on Easter Monday) is of the holiday order, but racing of class is comprised in it. At Alexandra Park, on the Saturday, we had the London Cup, of £2,000, one mile and a quarter, run before a large attendance, which would have been much greater had rain not fallen heavily in the morning. The treading of many thousand feet made the paths, roads and rings into quagmire, and the course suffered terribly. Little Eva was there, carrying 14 lbs. extra for winning at Lincoln; but the distance, to say nothing of the weight, was not to her fancy, despite the necessary easing of pace round the turn. When Australian Star is in a race, very much depends upon the sort of temper he is in, or is put in, by incidents preceding the start. Nothing disturbed him at Alexandra Park, evidently, for he ran his very best for Halsey, winning the race in a canter.

On Monday the London racegoer was catered for at Kempton, where the Queen's Prize was competed for over the new "Jubilee" course of a mile and a quarter. The attendance was enormous,—not too much so, perhaps, from a dividend point of view, but decidedly beyond the control of any body of police that could be available. The people were all over the course, and a clear way was with difficulty made for the racers. In the stewards' stand was a fair sprinkling of our racing aristocracy, Lord Stanley and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild witnessing the triumph of their horses, Lord Durham having to be satisfied with seeing Osbech once more run in to a place in the Queen's Prize.

This was won by Hulcot after Lackford, who, on his running in the Lincolnshire Handicap was very strongly fancied indeed, had looked like winning. A very interesting meeting was that between Fast Castle and the colt by Ayrshire out of Formosa, first and second, respectively, in the Brocklesby Stakes. That the Formosa colt was not what is called a "Brocklesby horse" was plain enough to all at Lincoln, and all were prepared to see him some day turn the tables on Fast Castle. But never could it have been anticipated that he would do this so soon and so thoroughly as was done in the Rendlesham Two-year-old Stakes. The Formosa colt made practically all the running, and won in a canter, Fast Castle beating the others.

At Manchester there was the anticipated huge attendance in the cheaper enclosure, and, as usual, the Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase of £2,000 was the principal feature. Grudon, Coragh Hill and Levanter were there to fight their Aintree battle over again, though there is not much similarity between the Grand National course and the three-and-a-half miles at New Barns. Grudon looked extremely likely to repeat his Liverpool success, for he went nicely to the front six furlongs from home, but unfortunately broke down. Whether he would have beaten Coragh Hill, had he stood up, must be problematical, for the Irishman dashed to the front in the straight and won in a canter. On the second day came the Jubilee Handicap Hurdle Race, and this also proved to be an Irish success, Spring Flower winning easily from Jolly Roger II.

The late Mr. E. J. Thornehill.—By the demise of this gentleman there went to his rest a sportsman

of the very best type, as kind-hearted and genial a man as ever lived, and always cheery in spite of indifferent health. At Cambridge he was known as a good cricketer, being twelfth man to the eleven, and after his university career he became engaged in business in Liverpool. For over thirty years he invariably had a chaser or two in training, amongst them that old public favourite Gamecock, who won for Mr. Thorne will the Grand National of 1887. In 1888 Glenthorpe, purchased for him and Mr. O. H. Eywood Jones by an old friend, Mr. R. K. Mainwaring, won the National Hunt Steeplechase at Sandown, ridden by Mr. George Lambton. Ascetic, the now famous sire of steeplechasers, also ran in his colours. Mr. Thorne will was the reverse of what are known as a gambling owner, and his excellencies did not escape the keen eye of the ring, a member of which once tersely described him as a prince amongst men. The death of men of this stamp is always a loss to the sport, as to the world at large, and one can only hope that they may be succeeded by others of the same type.

The late Captain Douglas Lane.—A link with a generation of the Turf long since past was broken by the death of Captain Douglas Lane, for very many years a member of the Jockey Club. George Fordham has been a memory for some years, so it is ancient history indeed to read of the owner who gave him his first winning mount in a big race. In 1854 the Chester Cup, I need not say, was invested with far greater importance than what now appertains to it, and that was the year in which Fordham won the race on Epaminondas for Capt. Lane. The deceased gentleman also

owned Blue Mantle, who showed great promise as a two-year-old, in 1862, Ascot being the scene of his greatness; but he went to the bad in his temper, and did not shine in the following year.

Hunting—The Ledbury.—Mr. R. Carnaby Foster, who is already master of a pack of harriers and of otter hounds, has accepted the mastership of this pack. Mr. Foster and the Duchess of Hamilton will therefore spend next season in the country. Mr. Foster, who is well qualified to do so, will personally hunt one pack two days a week. The Ledbury is a rather heavy country for a huntsman, the distances being considerable.

Mr. Garth's Country.—It is said that Mr. Garth will resign at the close of the present season. If this be the case, the hunting field will lose one of its most familiar and striking features. To estimate the services of Mr. Garth to sport and indirectly to the county of Berks would be difficult. For many years the pack was carried on at his own expense. Still, in his forty-ninth season, the master is able to take command. Some of the country has become suburban, but much is as wild and rough a district as hunted over by any pack in England. A successor will be difficult to find, and anyone hunting these hounds must depend on the support and countenance of Royalty, and on the preservation of foxes on the Windsor Park side to a great extent.

Lord Rothschild's.—There is no truth whatever in the report that this famous pack is to be given up.

Other Changes.—There are a good many changes among hunt servants. Fred Gosden goes to the Meynell, Burtenshaw to the Ledbury, Sturman takes Wilson's

place with the Heythrop. Edward Judd, the first whipper-in of the Old Berkshire, goes to Mr. Caze-nove as huntsman of the Wood-land Pytchley. The South and West Wilts still want a master, and Mr. Barthropp has resigned the Bucks and Berks Farmers' Harriers.

The Vine.—Mr. Podmore has taken this pack, but he has been interviewed so freely in the past week that it is unnecessary to say more than that he is a very keen heavyweight, and will hunt the hounds himself.

The Fitzwilliam.—At the close of the Fitzwilliam season Mr. C. B. E. Wright was presented with three magnificent silver salvers by the members of the Hunt. Mr. Wright for six seasons has hunted the hounds for Mr. Fitzwilliam; he has had control of the kennel, and has received part of the subscription and paid the expenses, except the poultry fund and some few other matters. Mr. Wright has deserved well of the historic hunt, and that this is felt by the members is shown by the cordiality of the meeting and the magnificence of the testimonial.

Presentation to Sir Gilbert Greenall.—No master of hounds has taken more pains with his country than Sir Gilbert Greenall. In his hunt stables at Wools-thorpe-by-Belvoir he has had seventy horses. So severe has been the season, and so good the sport, that one who knows the country writes that there is not one horse too many. Sir Gilbert has not only mastered the country well, but he provides shire, hackney and thoroughbred hunter sires for the use of the tenant farmers. It was right and natural, then, that on his marriage the Hunt should take the opportunity of expressing their gratitude. Nor

could any place be more happily chosen than Little Ponton Hall, where lives Major Longstaffe, a leading member of the committee. The house is but a short distance from Grantham, and the Lincolnshire side of Belvoir was there to a man. All the well-known names in politics, local and imperial, in sport, in business and in agriculture were represented. The Welbys, Thorolds, Cholmeleys, Parkers, Hornsbys, Rudkins and others who are of many interests and different opinions on some subjects, but who are all agreed that for sportsmen and farmers there is no county like Lincoln.

Polo—The Opening of the Season.—By May 1st Hurlingham will have had some days of polo, and Ranelagh, this year a little later than the older club, will have started play. Both grounds are in good order, and there is every prospect of a good season. The programmes of both clubs have been published, and are in the hands of our readers long ere this. It is needless to comment on them, but this, at least, may be said that there is an almost unusual amount of solid fare. The various matches arranged are, it may be noted, for the most part real trials of strength between club teams, and not members' games in disguise. Both clubs, while they offer other attractions, have made no attempt at novel-ties, since there is now nothing so attractive to a Saturday summer club crowd as a really well-fought-out finish to a good tournament. The return of Captains Egerton Greene and E. D. Miller to Hurlingham and Ranelagh respectively is an advantage to the game and to the clubs they manage; their presence adds to the interest of any match they take part in, and I congratulate them and polo on

a safe return from a war in which they have served with distinction.

Polo in South Africa.—No division has been harder worked or gained more distinction than General Rundle's, yet they have managed to bring off a most successful tournament in the intervals of chasing the Boer and of guarding convoys. The tournament was played at Harrismith, and seven teams took part in it, the Scots and Grenadiers Guards, the Imperial Yeomanry, A.S.C., the R.A., the General's Staff, and last, but not least, the Town. The final was between the Staff and the Town. The former had defeated the I.Y. and the A.S.C., the latter the Grenadiers and the R.A. Among the names of the players in the I.Y. the V.D. noted that of Lieut. Godfrey Heseltine, the brilliant No. 3 of that fine English team known as the Old Cantabs. In the final, for which only there is space, there were

THE STAFF.	THE TOWN.
Lt. Lord Kensington	Dr. Wilson
Major Wood	Mr. Caskie
Capt. Webber	Mr. Langridge.
Lt.-Col. Tudway (hack)	Capt. C. Maclean
Umpires : Mr. G. Heseltine and Major Slee.	

The final was played in heavy rain, but no postponement was possible, as some of the teams had marching orders; under these circumstances neither team played up to their best form. The Staff, however, won by four goals to one. Of the ponies my correspondent says nothing.

Provincial Clubs.—Whether it is the inspiration drawn from the nearness of Rugby, or something in the climate of Warwickshire, it is certain that polo flourishes greatly in that county. They begin to play early, in fact as soon as hunting is over, and go on till the magic note of the horn draws them away to the chase. The Warwickshire Club, which has its ground at Sydenham Farm; began the season on March 30th in the

very worst of weather; nevertheless, there were enough members present for a pick-up match. But there is another strong club in the county at Stratford-on-Avon. This is a new club, which entered on its second season on April 3rd. Already great strides have been made. Last year the ground was necessarily rough, but a year's care has worked wonders. The president, Mr. Marshall Field, and the Secretary have done much hard work. They had, indeed, one great advantage in that the turf was old and sound, well-drained, and yet never really hard. Mowing and rolling, if you do enough of them, will work wonders. Then the ground has been boarded, a pavilion built and then enlarged to meet the influx of visitors, and then came a tea-room for ladies. The Club's financial position is strong, and so is the list of players, which includes such well-known Warwickshire polo men as Messrs. F. Freake, Gill, Flower, Greene, Paton, Pelham, Holden, and Tolliffe. There will be a tournament this month, and another later in the year, probably in July. Stratford-on-Avon has no doubt a promising career before it.

The County Polo Association.—Manchester and Stratford-on-Avon are affiliated in this body, and the finals of the County Cup will be played at Hurlingham on Saturday, July 6th.

Foreign and Colonial Polo—India.—The I.P.A. held their annual meeting on March 11th. There was an absence of any important legislation for the game, which is indeed now susceptible of very little improvement in India. The rules where they differ from ours do so only in cases rendered necessary by the differences of climate and soil. It was, however, found necessary to regulate the size of whips used,

3 ft. 6 in. being fixed as the permitted length.

California.—The winter season of the Burlingame County Club of California was much brightened by the visit of a Hurlingham team which consisted of Messrs. Mackey, W. and L. McCreery, and Menzies. The visitors mounted themselves on Texan ponies. In the final match Burlingame beat the English Club representatives by 6 goals to 4. Burlingame has always followed the Hurlingham book of rules, and they found themselves quite at home with the tactics of the visitors. Mr. Hobart, of Burlingame, had two splendid ponies, Slats and Lady Florentine. The former has been sold to go to New York for 3,000 dollars, a price nearly equal to the top ponies in England; but then Slats is a blood chestnut, can gallop like the wind, and is nevertheless easy to stop and ready to turn.

The Polo Pony Society.—The Council held a very important meeting during the past month. The Committees, which have done much good work, were reconstituted, and Mr. Wilkinson elected on to the Council in the place of Sir Patteson Nickalls, who has become Vice-President for 1901, and who will succeed to the presidency in 1902, when Mr. John Barker's year of office comes to a close. The principal business was, however, a change in the rules for the registration of young stock. For the future no pony will be given a number until it has reached the age of four years. Then, if its height is 14.2 by measurement by the Society or Hurlingham, the pony passes into the stud-book and receives a number. All measurements and standards at earlier ages are abolished, but produce of parents registered on one or both sides

will be admitted to a supplement to be printed annually. By this means all polo-ponies' produce can be entered and exhibited, and those that grow above the height 14.2 will be automatically eliminated at four years. In breeding ponies there is now a large and increasing infusion of pony blood, and in practice breeders find that their stock more often fall below than rise above the required height. It is hoped the new rules of registration will be satisfactory and encouraging to breeders. Our largest studs are so fully represented on the council of the Society that it is probable that what commends itself to them will find general approval.

The Spring Show at Islington.

—Since the P.P.S. has doubled its income and increased its prize money, entries have become more numerous. The most striking feature of the show was the number and quality of the brood mares and of the young stock. This is of course exactly what the society is aiming at, and its ultimate success must depend on the quality and numbers of these two classes. The judges reported that the polo type of the young stock was marked and excellent. The large batch of American ponies sold on Friday, April 19th, at Edgware shows that we are still drawing large numbers of ponies from abroad, and Messrs. Withers and others have many Argentines in the catalogue. This will probably always be the case, or at any rate for a very long time to come. Nor need we regret it, if we can still hold the first place with our English and Irish bred ponies, and so far there are none to beat them.

The 12th Lancers' Polo Club.

—The fact of this well-known polo regiment being ordered to India has caused the sale of the

club ponies. English polo players are naturally sorry to lose a regiment which supplied so many good polo players. Yet the V.D. cannot but regard as fortunate for the interests of polo that the sale should have taken place now. The dispersion of the ponies of so noted a regiment will draw attention to the benefit of a well arranged club. The club began by borrowing £900. The subscription is but 10s. a month, and the debt is already paid off, and the club will certainly start in India with considerably over £1000 to its credit. The practical effect is that for a small subscription and a lump sum of £10 every officer can obtain a pony which is to all intents and purposes his own, save that it is liable to be called upon for regimental matches. So far from this scheme deserving reprobation by the authorities it appears to me to offer a very good suggestion for a workable scheme for mounting the Yeomanry.

County Polo Association.—At a meeting held at the offices, No. 12, Hanover Square, on April 12th, Sir Humphrey de Trafford was appointed president for the year. No alteration in the rules was recommended, and the following gentlemen were elected to serve on the committee:—Mr. C. Adamthwaite, Rugby; Mr. W. A. Ball, Wirral; Col. S. Darley, Eden Park; Mr. Tresham Gilbey, Stansted; Mr. C. C. Gouldsmith, Cirencester; Mr. A. M. Tree, Warwickshire; and Mr. Harry Whitworth, Middlewood. The divisional honorary secretaries were elected as follows:—Northern, Mr. W. A. Ball, 16, Tithebarn Street, Liverpool; Midland, Mr. C. Adamthwaite, Rugby Polo Club, Rugby; South-Eastern, Col. Sanders Darley, 155, Ashley Gardens, London,

S.W.; and South-Western, Mr. C. C. Gouldsmith, The Cranhams, Cirencester.

Ireland. — Racing. — The Spring Meeting at Baldoyle, which was held on April 19th and 20th, is the first bit of racing business which commands attention on this side the Channel, and as we were promised the sight of some likely young horses, now in great demand in England, there was a fair sprinkling of Saxons on the shores of Dublin Bay; for Ireland seems still to hold almost a monopoly in the matter of 'chasers, and the fact that the three first horses past the post in the recent National Hunt race at Melton and the winners of all three steeplechases on the last day at Liverpool were bred in Ireland has not escaped the notice of the press.

Baldoyle does not enjoy a good reputation in the matter of weather which was piercingly cold on the first day, when proceedings began with three hurdle races right off the reel; rather a trial to those who do not regard that form of sport with much favour. However in the first of these, the Baldoyle Plate, there were several four-year-olds running, and one of them, Johnny Mack, succeeded in winning it easily enough by a length; he is by Marmiton—Novice, a mare that won some races in her day, and here at once we saw a remarkably promising young horse who is good-looking enough to do great things and has size and scope to boot, he has already won honours in the show ring and is owned and was trained at home by Mr. James Cole, and was well ridden by Dowdall. Another four-year-old, Mr. Caudle, secured the March Hurdle Plate from Thomond by a neck—a good performance: the well-backed Spring Flower being third only half a length away.

Then Kinsale won the third hurdle race, which does not call for remark, and in the capable hands of Mr. Persse Little May beat Statocracy by a neck in the St. Patrick's Plate, a 2½ miles steeplechase of 100 sovs. It was a most exciting race, but the black turned it up and ran wide at the finish; Deliverer was third five lengths away behind the winner, who is a five-year-old daughter of the celebrated Ascetic—Sister May.

In the Qualifying Steeplechase the superior class of Mr. Holme's Tipperary Boy enabled him to win as he pleased from a large field, and old Sweet Charlotte defeated the better-fancied Atheling's Pride in the Regulation Plate by half a length which could have been extended had her jockey chosen; the said jockey was T. Kavanagh, and as this was his first winning mount since he has been restored to favour he was warmly cheered.

On the second day the warmth of the sun somewhat mitigated the terrors of the east wind, so the day was pleasant enough and the sport good, while the attendance was much larger. Again the day began with hurdle racing and we had to endure two performances over the sticks in succession, the first of which was won by Strathcona, the second by Nanki Poo, who came with a wet sail and defeated Spring Flower who ran well.

The Maiden Steeplechase which followed excited much interest, and here again we saw more than one good-looking young horse. Flying Swallow divided favouritism with Cohiltown, a very smart son of Winkfield out of an Ascetic mare; the former had nothing to say to the race and is far too sticky a fencer to distinguish himself at present, but Cohiltown won hand-

somely, being, however, closely pressed by a very good-looking four-year-old named Bould Derry who is certain to win races. The latter youngster is the property of Mr. Charles Butler and is by Cherry Ripe—Elsie by MacGregor, a pedigree good enough for anything. His appearance and maiden performance over a country very highly pleased many good judges; he is long and low and a very good type though no "big-un."

The National Hunters' Flat race was won by Balaustine, who upset a very hotly backed favourite in Venetian Monk, a winner at this class of game last year. The concluding event resulted in a popular victory for Aline, for everyone seems pleased when the owner of Frigate wins a race.

The Fairyhouse Meeting which practically ends the campaign of the Ward Union Staghounds is always a popular and interesting gathering, albeit there has been a rather liberal share of serious accidents attending it of late years. On this occasion there was happily no call for the ambulance and everything went off well, so that a very pleasant Easter Monday was enjoyed.

The racing, though not of very high class, was interesting, and as the first three winners started favourites backers began their holiday well. There was a great tussle in the Farmers' race between two very good jockeys when Mr. Harry Persse's mount, Mysterious Lady, bungled and allowed Dowdall to win comfortably on Dandy Dan. Tipperary Boy won the Irish Grand National. Carmelite, a complete novice who had been schooling with the Kilkenny Hounds early in the season, accounted for the Ward Union Handicap with the greatest ease, and the Little Mot, the

winner of the Downshire Plate last year, ran away from her field at the fall of the flag and was never troubled to win the Fairy-house Plate by twenty lengths. A stout little mare with a good deal of power about her and as quick on her legs as a rabbit, she is by Craig Royston—Gertie, and was very lightly treated by the handicapper.

The Easter Monday Meeting at Cork was a great success, though the course was a bit on the heavy side; the weather if blustrous was not harsh and the country on the banks of the Lee looked lovely. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, from their Irish palace at Lismore, were there, so was Lady Yarborough and many notabilities who have homes in Ireland; sport was good if the quality of the runners was poor, and had the rain not fallen so persistently on the two previous days the fields would have ruled much larger.

Mr. J. S. Peard, the Hon. Sec. of the meeting, secured the Hunt Cup with Band of Hope, a son of Enthusiast; General Watt's Integrity, a winner at Fermoy, earned another bracket in the Park Plate and must be useful, and the meeting ended by Captain Wilson, King's Royal Rifles, taking the Easter Plate on the Robber.

Hunting.—By the end of the first fortnight in last month all Irish packs had ceased from troubling the foxes, for even in the wildest of all those grass countries no one now thinks of killing a May fox. Nearly everywhere the season was shortened by nearly three weeks, which were cut out of the middle of it by the period of National Mourning and the frost which followed those sad days. Yet, short and sad as it has been, one hears of abundance of good sport from

very many parts of the Island, and but for the arctic weather that marred some of the concluding days, the winter of 1900-1 will be remembered as a good season by the followers of several Irish packs of foxhounds.

The Carlow and Island Hounds, probably the most perfect pack in Ireland, after beginning their season indifferently, dropped into a vein of good sport in their Carlow country about the middle of December, and followed it up till the end; but yet it must be noted that they have not brought many foxes to hand, nor has their sport in their Wexford district been in the least noteworthy. The best feature of the season has been the wonderful vigour and keenness of their octogenarian master, Mr. Robert Watson, who has been riding far harder than most young men, and whose voice and note upon a horn are as resonant as ever.

Mr. Watson had a very good thirty minutes from his own gorse at Ballydarton the last time he drew his Bagenalstown country; hounds went away at an express pace in the direction of Fenagh, and kept close to the bank of the river Burren, which they crossed, and then ran towards Myshall, but wheeling to the left, the fox went over a very strongly enclosed country till he reached John's Gorse, where he found the main earth open. A member of the Melbourne Hunt who saw this gallop very well will be able to tell Mr. George Watson something about the pace of his brother's hounds when he returns to Australia. By the way, we are glad to learn that the April number of BAILY, which contained a portrait and memoir of the great Australian M.F.H., was vastly appreciated in counties Meath and Carlow.

Castlecomer.—Mr. Wandesforde finished on the 13th at Gracefield: his best run of late was from Ballysalla by Castlewarren and Flagmount down towards Shankill, then turned for Gouran, the fox beating hounds in the ploughed land near the station after an hour and twenty minutes. The M.F.H. considers the season to have been a good one, but it must be remembered that his district holds a scent in a marvellous manner.

George Browner remains as K.H. He hunted the hounds several times when Mr. Wandesforde was absent, and always showed sport.

Cork.—In this Irish county of many acres hunting has flourished amazingly in the last few years, for everything has worked harmoniously with the half-dozen packs that hunt the country. At present there is a talk of change owing to the resignation of Mr. Hayes, who has had two successful periods of mastership of the South Union country. It has been proposed to amalgamate the Muskerry and South Union Hunts if Mr. Leader will undertake to hunt the district, which would then be a very large one, and it is possible that there might be difficulties in the way of kennel accommodation.

The Duhallow season has been a good one, and Fermoy has again become one of the pleasantest quarters in Ireland for the sporting *militaire*. What with hunting with the Duhallow and the South Union in their best country, salmon fishing in the beautiful Blackwater, lovely scenery and a pleasant neighbourhood, it is his own fault if the soldier's life is not a happy one here.

Kildare.—One of the best of Colonel Harry De Robeck's closing days in Kildare was during

March—a Thursday of course. Hounds found their fox in an outlying bit of furze between Burtown Wood and Devoys gorse, and began by running smart to the gorse at the moat of Ardscull, attended only by the presiding spirit of Punchestown who is supposed to have some method all his own of dealing with the wired fences that infest this part of Kildare. At the first check Mr. La Touche was joined by the field, and when hounds hunted through the gorse, Champion was called on many times to assist them, which he did in a masterly manner, but they never could press their fox who, however, was fool enough to wait for them in Cooney's gorse and got up in view as they hunted into it. Consequently they raced him for several fields in great style, and running through Byrnes bog where the going was quite excellent, owing to the drying winds, they were close to him at Narraghmore wood, where scent was good and they soon rolled him over, a very good performance of an hour and a half, while the point was a five mile one. Then they wound up this good day with a flying and very straight gallop over an excellent line from Byrnes bog to Devoys, time about twenty-five minutes. It was most unlike a hunting day in point of weather, being bitterly cold with a northerly gale blowing, ground like iron, clouds of dust flying and a bright sun blazing. On the 8th of April after an hour's hunt from Mountcashel to ground at Bishopsland, the Kildare hounds had a very interesting and enjoyable hunt from Eadestown through Glending woods, past Downshire covert and on towards Three Castles, but hounds caught their fox at the back of Mr. Panton's house before he could reach Three Castles; the time being about fifty minutes,

during which they received little or no assistance from Champion; they ran over an easy line and the field enjoyed it hugely.

They finished their season on the 9th April, at Blessington, with another good day's sport, beginning with a run from Three Castles to Kilbridge, where they pulled him down near the covert. Then came a good deal of pleasant hunting from Tinode to the Punchbowl and back when, after much demesne work, the fox was marked to ground. The day finished with a sharp bit of work from Downshire also ending below ground. So the curtain fell on a right good season on which the M.F.H. may look with much complacency for the hounds have not had many better.

Kilkenny.—Though Mr. Langrishe declares the past to have been the worst season and the worst scenting season he has had for the past ten years, some folk will have it that he was being spoiled by continuous success and that there has not been much to grumble about. In the beginning of the season there was plenty of good sport in the Southern end of the country though little in the North, but in January the tide turned and lots of good runs came off within a few miles of Kilkenny City. In the northern section of the Freshford country, however, sport was decidedly poor though they had one good day at Ballyspellan. Since the "Van" was last packed the Kilkennies have had another very good run from Grange Wood to Kilfera, a tremendously fast forty-five minutes from Killeen to Ballykeefe and a good gallop from Ballysalla to Ballyfoyle, while a capital hunt from Castlemorres, which finished at Bolilass, came off in the last week of the season.

At the Hunt Meeting, held at

the Club House, Kilkenny, on 28th March, arrangements were made for Mr. Langrishe to carry on hunting the country and he will resume hunting the coverts of Castlewarren and Ballysalla which were lent to Mr. Wandesforde last season.

Meath.—Bad scenting weather stuck to the Royal Shire during a considerable part of the latter portion of the season, but did not prevent Mr. John Watson from having a good finish at Oldcastle on April 6th. The favourite covert of Drumlerry again gave them a run and a good one. The fox ran just past Summerbank to Patricks-town, kept clear of the wood and sank the hills into the vale below, the pace being strong Cloneybraney was reached in twenty-five minutes. Much hunting followed in the woods, but hounds pushed their fox out only to be defeated by him at Bobsville. A fox from Belview gave thirty-five minutes twisting work before hounds got hold of him, and when "who-ooop" was sounded in the plantations of Ballyhist over the retreat of another which had come from Quarry Gorse the season of 1900-01 was concluded.

In spite of bad scenting weather the Meath hounds have, as usual, accounted for a large number of foxes, for their average butchers bill probably outnumbers the total slain by any other two packs of foxhounds in Ireland. This does not, of course, necessarily mean that sport is superlatively good, but it surely points to the excellence of the pack. The Meath hounds can mop up their foxes if they stay above ground be they good or bad, but it may be that they had not so many good ones as usual in front of them in the season that is just past.

The Meath day by invitation into Louth territory was a great

success, a good thirty-five minutes in the morning being followed by the death of a Louth fox within the Meath borders after a capital fifty-five minutes.

Waterford.—Unqualified success has marked the first season of the Waterford hounds, their sport has been good on the whole and was brilliant during one part of the season, the hounds have been well supported and the country folk have welcomed them warmly. Mr. Malcolmson is very keen and means to try to breed his own hounds largely, and the present judiciously purchased pack will be vastly improved next season; few packs in Ireland have such a splendid choice of woodlands for cubhunting; the exercising yard of the kennel almost opens upon strong coverts and the vast woods of Curraghmore, alive with foxes, lie just over the hill behind the buildings and it is needless to say that the Marquis of Waterford places them at the disposal of the pack. To this most excellent young sportsman much of the credit of the hunting revival is due, and it was a real pleasure to see him win the Welter race from a formidable opposition at the recent point-to-point meeting held by the Waterford Hunt; but on his crack hunter The Drake he fairly played with his field and won almost a runaway race.

Polo Ponies at Dublin were a great feature at the Spring Show of the Royal Dublin Society and it was a relief to turn from the heavy beeves and watch the sprightly work with stick and ball in the jumping enclosure.

Lord Harrington and Mr. Buckmaster judged and gave us pretty displays of the handling of a pony before they made their minds up.

To Mr. Roark, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Grogan, of the Co. Carlow

Polo Club, and to Mr. Jameson, of the Freebooters' Club, belong most of the honours of the show, which was a remarkably good one and very strong numerically: there being 37 entries in the Class for Made Polo Ponies and no less than 57 in the Unmade Class.

The Spring Field Trials.—An earlier start than usual was made this year with the spring trials of sporting dogs, the International Gun Dog League, of which the Duke of Portland is president by the way, opening the season on the estate of Lord de Saumarez, near Ipswich, on Easter Tuesday, the day before the Kennel Club meeting commenced. Considering the lateness of the season, the consequent wildness of the birds and light cover, capital work was done, although one would like to have seen a much bigger entry than eight in the competition for braces of pointers and setters, the only event on the card. The earlier dogs down were disappointing, very few seeming to be handled with a view to working together, and it was not until Mr. W. Arkwright's brace, Sandbank and Shamrock, were put down that we were given an illustration of how sporting dogs worked in couples should support one another. They quartered their ground perfectly; aided each other in game finding, and were singularly well matched as regards speed. In addition, both were perfectly steady to wing and shot. On the first round even no one looked further for the winners and, in the end they were awarded the first prize, £25 and the "Pure Type" trophy, a handsome challenge cup of the value of £130, held previously by Sir Watkin Williams Wynn and Mr. B. J. Warwick. Mr. Butter's grand-looking brace, Faskally Bragg

and Syke of Bromfield, were a fair second, they not being so evenly matched as the winners in pace and game-finding. It was quite a pleasant meeting, and was over in capital time.

The Kennel Club trials, the oldest of the series, followed those of the younger combination, the meeting being notable for the victory of a Gordon setter in the Derby, quite the most important event of its kind on the calendar. As a matter of fact, no Gordon setter has previously won the event, and in bringing out Stylish Ranger, Isaac Sharpe, the Northumbrian keeper who a month or two ago won the pigeon-shooting championship at Hendon, certainly gave the breed a high lift. In movement he was not, of course, so graceful as the English setters or pointers pitted against him; but in game-finding he wanted all the beating the best could give him, his style being an eye-opener to many present. Another remarkable feature of his work was his absolute disregard of hares, either sitting or running. On one occasion, indeed, he deliberately turned his back on a hare which got up a few yards in front. The appearance of this wonderfully good puppy was certainly a feature of the meeting, for, on the second day, when the important all-aged event and the brace competition were down for decision, rain came down so incessantly that in neither stake could the running be termed at all reliable. On most of the ground visited game had gone in shelter, consequently false pointing was quite a feature of the day's work.

The New Cricket Season.—

Almost as soon as these lines appear English cricket of the twentieth century will be in full

swing. Such is the enormous amount of first-class cricket that has to be got through in our all too brief summer that nowadays all the counties get to work quite early in May and keep going until September, a state of affairs very different to the time when Gloucestershire was, in the seventies, champion county with a card of but six matches. First-class cricket has now so overgrown all bounds that a prominent cricketer, who is willing to devote his time to the game, will find that his life for the summer can consist of little else than cricket-grounds, cabs, trains and hotels. The chief item of fresh interest in the coming programme is the visit of a team from South Africa, and the appearance of Mr. J. H. Sinclair in England would of itself be sufficient to lend interest to the team of which he is a member. This young giant has made for himself a grand reputation in South Africa, and his performances against Lord Hawke's team stamp him as a great player; and so we shall watch with interest his doings on the good grass wickets of this country. South Africa has already supplied us with a valuable cricketer in Llewellyn, who will this season be qualified to play for Hampshire. His best performance since his residence in England was against the Australians in 1899, when he made scores of 72 and 21 and secured eight wickets; he is a free batsman, and a medium pace left-handed bowler who uses his head, whilst in the field he is indefatigable. Hampshire has given up so many of her best amateurs to service in South Africa that it is fitting enough that a South African should step into the breach.

The stir created in cricket

circles by the action of the county captains in proclaiming some bowlers unfair and others not quite incorrigible has, to some extent, been abated by the intervention of the Marylebone Club with a resolution to the effect that the bowlers named shall be allowed a further season for probation. It is probable that interest will attach to the early appearance of Mold, Tyler, Mr. Fry and others whose names have been so emphatically mentioned in this connection. County cricket will again provide the interest of the season, and we could almost wish that this interest could be less absorbing. Yorkshire with its splendid team of last season all eager for conquest should easily maintain their position at the top of the list, and, to the credit of the champion county, let it be said that their bowlers are beyond reproach. Surrey has fallen from her high estate, and will have to find some bowler who can assist Lockwood in his desperate endeavour to dismiss good batsmen upon the bowler-proof wickets provided by Apter at the Oval. Anyone can bat upon such wickets, and there are some members of the Surrey eleven who spend hour after hour at the wicket on fine days, but that way lie drawn games. Probably, after Lockwood, Mr. Jephson, the captain, with his lobs is the most dangerous bowler on the side, that is, of course, upon a perfect wicket. Now that the 'Varsity match almost always ends in a drawn game, the great interest formerly taken in the prospects of the rival teams must of necessity flag. Cambridge are likely to have the services of six Old Blues under the command of Mr. S. H. Day, and Mr. W. P. Robertson, who last year kept wicket and batted so well for

Middlesex, should occupy the post of stumper so ably filled last season by the captain, Mr. T. L. Taylor. At Oxford Mr. F. P. Knox will have only four other Old Blues to assist him; but there are some very good cricketers in residence at Oxford, so the Dark Blues should prove a strong combination. Mr. Martyn, whose brilliant wicket-keeping and batting so impressed the critics at Lord's last year, will be missing, and it will be a good day for Somerset when he becomes qualified for that county of wicket-keepers. Mr. Findlay, the Eton captain of 1899, is a most capable wicket-keeper and is at Oxford, and we feel sure that one day Mr. H. J. Wyld will fulfil the high expectations formed of him at Harrow, although last season his performances, when tried for Oxford and Middlesex, were most disappointing. Mr. E. W. Dillon, the Rugby captain of 1900, is a freshman at Oxford, and should straightway find a place in the 'Varsity eleven if he keeps up the fine form he displayed at the end of last season, notably for Kent and London County.

The 'Varsity match is fixed for July 4th, 5th and 6th, Eton *v.* Harrow July 12th and 13th, and Gentlemen against Players July 8th, 9th and 10th. The first big game at Lords will probably be for the Somerset *v.* Middlesex match on Whit Monday, May 27th, when we trust that William Gunn will get a valuable benefit. Somerset have not always proved themselves the best team to play for a benefit, notably at Lord's in 1899, when they were beaten in an innings by Middlesex within the space of 3½ hours, much to the chagrin of poor Wilfred Flowers, the *beneficiaire*. Let us hope that better fortune may be in store for Gunn and the many

other good fellows who are to take the gamble of a benefit this season.

Death of Mr. E. W. Bastard.—We regret to have to record the death of Mr. E. W. Bastard, the Oxford and Somerset cricketer. Mr. Bastard was only in his fortieth year when a sudden illness proved fatal to him at his home at Taunton. Educated at Sherborne School he was the contemporary of such good cricketers as Mr. F. E. Lacey, the Secretary of the Marylebone Club, and the brothers Crosby, who have since distinguished themselves in the North of England. Mr. Bastard went up as a scholar of Wadham College, Oxford, and his excellent left-handed slow bowling won him a place in the Varsity XI. in his second year of residence, and in that and the following two seasons he was one of the mainstays of the team in the bowling department, having no small share in the brilliant triumph of Oxford over the strong Australian team of 1884, and later in the season over Cambridge at Lords. Mr. Bastard also played regularly for Somersetshire at a time when the fortunes of the western county were at a low ebb. He bowled with a beautifully easy action reminding one somewhat of E. Peate, the great Yorkshire bowler, and kept a much more regular length than most amateur bowlers.

Mr. Bastard would have made a still greater name as a cricketer had he not unfortunately been handicapped with very short sight which seriously interfered with his batting of which he had a good idea, and frequently going in late made a most useful score: his efficiency in the field was also marred by the same trouble or Mr. Edward Bastard might have been one of the best all-round amateurs in the country.

Sport at the Universities.—

Taken altogether, the long list of Inter-'Varsity contests so far decided this year have fallen out with a pleasing variation. Up to date the record reads:—Oxford, 8 events; Cambridge, 6 events. Cambridge repeated their 1900 victory at chess, and by exactly the same margin, *i.e.*, 5 games 2. Judging from the play, the prospects of another Oxford and Cambridge victory over the Combined Universities of America are uncommonly rosy. As last year, Oxford gained an easy victory over their rivals at golf by 28 holes 9, which now makes the Inter-'Varsity record level, 11 wins all and one draw in 1896. For the first time in many years Cambridge won the point-to-point steeplechase, Mr. Bell's Piggy finishing actually first. The race was decided over the Whaddon country and on points, the Light Blues winning by the narrow margin of 25 points 30. So far our predictions all turned out trumps, but the racquets matches provided a surprise. Messrs. Baerleen and Noel (Cambridge) won the doubles match by 4 games 2, while the first-named Cantab defeated L. F. Andrewes (Oxford) in the singles—last year's winner—by 3 games love. In justice to the Oxonian it may be said that, owing to exigencies of the "Schools," &c., he was somewhat short of practice. Thus (as far as the minor events were concerned) the Cantabs had more than held their own throughout, and immense interest attached to the Sports and Boat Race. The athletic meeting was held in wretched weather, while a nasty cross wind greatly interfered with the runners especially. Under all circumstances the attendance at Queen's Club was remarkable,

and the times and performances quite sound.

In the result Oxford again won by 6 events 4; albeit, the absence of President Workman in the "Half," and that of H. A. Jones in the Long Jump, was a piece of bad luck for Cambridge. At the best, however, we now think that the Light Blues would only have made another draw of it. The best performances were those of President Workman (Cambridge) in the Three Miles (14.58); G. Howard-Smith (Cambridge) in the High Jump (5.10 $\frac{1}{4}$); J. R. Cleave (Oxford) in the Half-mile (1.59 $\frac{2}{5}$); F. G. Cockshott (Cambridge) in the Mile (4.26 $\frac{1}{2}$), and the dual victory of L. J. Cornish (Oxford) in the Quarter-mile (52 $\frac{1}{2}$) and Long Jump (21 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$). A. E. Hind's victory in the "Hundred" was the first decisive Cambridge win since 1900, and it would be ungracious to omit the double triumph of E. E. May (Oxford) in the Hammer and Weight items. Nothing out of the common was put on record in these events, yet it must be remembered that the conditions are now vastly different to those obtaining in the days of "Hammer" Hales (Cambridge). G. R. Garnier (Oxford) won the Hurdles, despite an injured leg, thereby emulating the doughty deeds of his pater in 1872 and his brother in 1896-7-8. By the way, Ibsen's heredity theory was again justified in many other instances. Messrs. Wilson (Oxford), and Churchill, Leeke (Cambridge), &c., are all sons of "Old Blues." As the outcome it was generally felt that Yale and Harvard (U.S.A.) would have to be wonderfully strong this year to defeat the Sister Blues in the proposed return International meeting in New York. As we write, however, it is doubtful whether this meeting will take place. Oxford and Cam-

bridge cannot possibly compete in July, as wished by the Yankees, while the latter, from latest advices, cannot do so in September, as suggested by the English Universities. Unless some arrangement can be made for September, we fear the meeting will have to be abandoned altogether.

There is no doubt that the Boat Race of the following day will ever remain—what the victory of Corœbus the Elean was to the Olympic Games—a kind of landmark in athletic history. Exciting races have been witnessed before in 1840, 1856, 1865, 1877, 1886, 1891, and especially in 1896 to wit, but never one like this! The conditions were awful, and the wonder still remains how the Oxford boat in particular was not swamped in similar fashion to the Cambridge craft in 1859. It would require the pen of a Virgil and the fervour of a Macaulay to fittingly describe the fray which, always interesting, caused a perfect thrill of excitement at the finish. Very briefly, however, Cambridge won the toss, and, after the first mile, led right away to within 100 yards of the winning post. They were two lengths ahead at the "Bull's Head," and nearly as much at Barnes Bridge, the Oxonians meanwhile rowing steadily in the lee of their rivals with consummate judgment. Here the water was comparatively smooth, and 1896 history was repeated. Steadying his men beautifully, Culme-Seymour, the Oxford stroke, now spurted finely and caught the tired Cantabs hand over hand; they drew level, and, with only a few yards to go, it was anybody's race. Locked together, the boats lost or gained a foot at a time midst a scene of excitement never to be forgotten. In the result Oxford won by two-

fifths of a length, winners and losers alike coming in for a rare ovation. The time (22 mins. 31 secs.) was the slowest since 1878, but *per contra* it is doubtful if such "troubled waters" were ever experienced before. Our prediction was thus fulfilled almost to the letter, whilst Dr. Warre's "shortened craft" theory was justified in a measure also. Not this the time or place to discuss the subject critically, however, albeit we are glad to hear that future craft built on the lines laid down by Dr. Warre are to be lengthened somewhat. It will be interesting to notice how these new boats behave in the more placid waters at Henley, on the Isis, &c. A word of praise is due to Messrs. Harcourt Gold (Oxford) and S. J. Muttelbury (Cambridge), the respective coaches. In our opinion the mantle of the late "Dukker" McLean has fallen upon the first-named mentor. As most of the oarsmen engaged will be available next year, moreover, there is every reasonable hope of another soul-stirring battle from Putney to Mortlake. So mote it be.

This concluded the sequence of inter-'Varsity contests *pro tem.*, and (as usual) we now print a full list of them up-to-date for future reference:—

Cross Country	Cambridge	..	25 points	30.
Rugby Football	Oxford	10 points	8.
Association Football	Oxford	3 goals	2.
Hockey	Cambridge	..	4 goals	1.
Billiards (Singles)	..	Oxford	38 points.	
Billiards (Doubles)	Oxford	153 points.	
Boxing and Fencing	Oxford	4 events	3.
Point-to-Point					
Steeplechase	..	Cambridge	..	25 points	30.
Golf	Oxford	28 holes	9.
Chess	Cambridge	..	5 games	2.
Athletic Sports	Oxford	6 events	4.
Boat Race	Oxford	1 of a length.	
Racquets (Singles)	Cambridge	..	3 games	0.
Racquets (Doubles)	Cambridge	..	4 games	2.
TOTAL: OXFORD, 8 events; CAMBRIDGE, 6 events.					

So much for retrospective matters. Ere these remarks reach our readers, Summer Term will have commenced with all its concomitant pastimes. In due course,

further inter-'Varsity contests at cricket, tennis, lawn-tennis, cycling, swimming, polo, &c., will be decided. We shall discuss the prospects of most a little later, but (as usual) now very briefly touch upon the cricket ditto. They are fairly rosy both ways. F. P. Knox (Corpus) captains the Oxonians, and will have the assistance of four other "Blues," viz., Messrs. Marsham, White, Crawford and More. H. C. Pilkington is also available, if in residence. Above and beyond these, many notable "Seniors," Messrs. Wyld, Munn, Darling, Mitchell, Reynolds, Findlay, Lord F. Scott, Rattigan, Medicott, &c., are also in residence. The most likely "Freshmen" are Messrs. Dillon (Rugby), Von Ersthausen (Uppingham), Raphael (Merchant Taylors'), Schultze (Fettes), Hunter (Winchester), Morgan-Owen (Shrewsbury), Cookson (Harrow), White (Malvern), &c. S. H. Day (Queen's) captains the Cantabs this year, and no fewer than six other "Blues" are in residence, viz., Messrs. Wilson, Dowson, Hind, Daniel, Blaker, and Fergus. Of available "Seniors" we recall Messrs. Noel, Driffield, Robertson (of Middlesex fame), Johnson, Tagart, Lockett, Sewell, Doll, Gilman, &c.

The "Freshmen" appear a very likely lot, notably Messrs. Harper (Rossall), Longman (Eton), McCorquodale (Harrow), Harris (Westminster), Lush (Sherborne), Bompas (Westminster), Keigwin (St. Paul's), Canny (Malvern), Bedell-Sivright (Malvern), &c. Capital fixture-lists have been arranged; as, beyond the Trial Matches, Oxford have nine foreign matches and Cambridge thirteen. This year both Universities antagonise the "Silent Sister" (Dublin

University) in Ireland after the Lord's match. Next month, we hope to report no end of progress all down the line, and to discuss the innumerable Isthmian contests down for decision.

Golf.—The University match at Sandwich excited less interest in the golfing world this year than usual. Both teams had previously been appearing in a number of matches against clubs, and the form thus exposed pointed so clearly in the direction of another success for Oxford that this may account for the diminished interest taken in the Sandwich meeting. All the same, there was an excellent contest. Oxford won, and by the substantial margin of 19 holes; but it was no runaway affair like that of last year. As matter of fact, if a method of counting not unknown in team competitions had been the order of the day, and the result had been decided by matches won, instead of by the number of holes to the good, there would have been a tie between the two teams, for each side had three wins, and two matches were halved. What gave Oxford her margin of 19 holes was principally Mr. Beveridge's success in being 13 up and Mr. Crabb-Watt's 10 up. The best match of the day was that between Mr. J. A. T. Bramston, of Magdalen, and Mr. Norman Hunter, of Clare.

Some space in the Glasgow Exhibition is to be devoted to objects of interest connected with the game of golf. The collection and arrangement of them have been entrusted to the Rev. John Kerr, minister of the golfing parish of Dirleton, in East Lothian, who, from his experience of the game and knowledge of golfers, ought to know what is likely to interest them. St. Andrews is contributing the Champion Belt won by

the late Tommy Morris, clubs used by that distinguished player and his great adversary David Strath, and by Allan Robertson, and curios in the shape of feather balls and old-fashioned clubs, while Musselburgh sends several of its venerable prize trophies and clubs used by the Dunns, the Gourlays, and others of its famous players.

"The Wilderness" at St. James's Theatre.—Recent productions at the St. James's Theatre have not resulted in the long runs which at one time were almost invariably associated with the name of Mr. George Alexander; but we are glad to think that "The Wilderness" will run for many a night. Mr. H. V. Esmond has written a charming play full of pretty sentiment and free from any unwholesome problem. Just the simple story of a young girl who marries a man for wealth and position without staying to wonder if she could ever love him, or whether that would matter—for as she says, "Love is not one of my subjects." After a few months of married life we find the girl devotedly in love with her husband, but haunted always by the memory of her unworthy conduct when she accepted his hand and professed a love of which she then knew nothing. She cannot rest until she tells her husband all the story of her worldliness. Meantime he discovers her secret, and misunderstanding her present sentiments towards him, is all for doing the best he can for her happiness by effacing himself from her life. After obvious explanations the story ends prettily enough with the passionate embraces of husband and wife who have found their way "from the wilderness into the light."

Miss Eva Moore as Mabel

Vaughan, the heroine, has the great part in the play, and admirably well does she represent the passing moods of the worldly little lady, whilst as the story proceeds the clever actress makes a real woman of Mabel. Miss Eva Moore has her chance and has taken advantage of it, and we think that the success of the production is to a very great extent due to her admirable study of Mabel Vaughan. Mr. Alexander as Sir Harry Milanor the millionaire husband is seen to advantage as a nice man. We like him thus, and as he was in "Liberty Hall" wholesome and good, better than as Jim Trower, or such squires of dames. His part albeit is probably not the most attractive one that he has had to play, for he has at times to talk a great deal about very little, and poor Uncle Joe—excellently played by Mr. H. H. Vincent—has to listen to a good deal of babble during his romantic

walk in the woods. Modern drama will not stand long soliloquies, so there have to be Uncle Joes to listen to the musings of heroes which are not even by that expedient rendered entirely free from tedium. Mr. Aubrey Smith gives another of his admirable little character sketches which makes us regret more than ever that we see so little of this excellent actor. Mr. Graham Browne has a difficult part in Jack Kennerly, the lover who does not want to be married; and of Mr. Lennox Pawle we see but little, that is, in point of time. The ladies, with the exception of Miss Eva Moore, have little to do, and do it very well. Miss Le Thiere making a hit as an old lady, Sir Harry's mother. As is always the case at the St. James's, the play is most admirably put on and dressed, and "The Wilderness" in the West End bids fair to emulate the success of "The Jungle" in the City.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During March—April, 1901.]

A MEETING of the Committee of the Glamorgan Hunt, appointed to determine the question of Hunt subscriptions, was held on March 10th at the Angel Hotel, Cardiff. It was unanimously resolved:—That gentlemen other than landowners or covert owners, or *bona-fide* tenant farmers, hunting with the Glamorgan Hounds, will in future be expected to subscribe at the rate of at least £5 5s. per annum for every day per week that they hunt with them, with a minimum of £8 8s., *i.e.*, one day per week £8 8s., two days £10 10s., three days £15 15s. In addition to the above, there is a subscription to the poultry fund of £4, or a 3s. per day cap from those who do not subscribe to the poultry fund.

A meeting of the committee of the Newmarket and Thurlow Foxhounds was held

on March 26th, when the offer of the retiring master, Mr. Pemberton Barnes, to present ten couples of hounds to the Hunt was accepted.

Little Eva covered the Lincolnshire Handicap course (1 mile) in 1 min. 42 2-5 sec., on March 26th.

At a meeting held at the Victoria Hotel, Douglas, on March 27th, a presentation was made to Mr. Armitage Rigby, in recognition of his services as Hon. Sec. to the Isle of Man Harriers during the past eight years. The presentation was made by Mr. Goldie Taubman, on behalf of the members of the Hunt.

Captain Hamer, of Glanyrafon Hall, Denbighshire, died suddenly at Oswestry on March 28th.

He was an enthusiastic sportsman, and was especially fond of cricket and angling, owning a celebrated reach of the River Tanat, and for some years being captain of the Oswestry Cricket Club.

While riding Lady Gatacre's mare, *Scarlatina*, in the Subscribers' Sweepstake at the Essex and Suffolk Hunt Point-to-Point Races held at Little Bromley Hall, near Manningtree, on March 28th, General Sir William Gatacre sustained a fractured collar-bone through the mare falling early in the race.

An accident occurred to Mr. H. B. Chandler, of North Gloucester, while hunting with the Ledbury Hounds on March 28th, near Upton-on-Severn, resulting in a broken right arm.

The time occupied by Grudon in completing the course for the Grand National, at Liverpool, on March 29th, was 9 min. 47 4-5 sec.

There was a large gathering at the meet of the North Hereford Hounds at Hampton Court, Leominster, on March 30th, when a presentation was made to Mr. J. M. Curre on his retirement from the mastership. The testimonial took the form of a silver bowl and a pair of silver candlesticks, subscribed for by the members of the Hunt. The presentation was made in the Coningsby Hall at Hampton Court by Mrs. Arkwright.

On the finishing day of the season, March 30th, the Rufford Hounds met at Thoresby Hall. Fred Higgins, the huntsman, sustained a broken collar-bone, being thrown heavily through his horse stepping into a rabbit-hole.

Whilst hunting with Mr. Fernie's hounds on April 4th, Lady Hilda McNeill, of Carlton Curliou Hall, had a nasty fall, and her horse rolled over her. Fortunately no bones were broken, her ladyship escaping with a severe shaking.

The meet of the Meynell Foxhounds at Radbourne Hall, on April 4th, afforded an opportunity for making a presentation to Stephen Burtenshaw, the huntsman, who is leaving the country. The presentation, which was made by Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole, on behalf of the subscribers, consisted of a marble clock and £220. At the same time the tenant farmers gave a gold hunting-watch.

The Holderness Hounds finished the season on April 4th. Good sport was enjoyed, forty brace of foxes being killed, and twenty and half brace run to ground. There was not a blank day.

Sir Henry Wilmot, Bart., K.C.B., V.C., of Chaddesden Hall, Derby, who died at Bournemouth on April 7th, was a most popular man in the county of Derbyshire, and had for many years devoted much interest to the furtherance of sport and recreation. Sir Henry was president of the county cricket club from 1888 to 1899. He was seventy years of age.

A serious loss has been sustained by Sir R. Waldie-Griffith, whose mare *Asterie*, by *Tristan*—*Sonsie Queen*, slipped twin foals to *Florizel II.* and died on April 9th.

A serious accident happened at the Huntingdon Steeplechases, on April 10th, to Mr. P. G. Nicholson, a gentleman rider, of Thornhaugh Manor, Wansford. Mr. Nicholson was riding his own horse, *Idlecot*, in the Tally-Ho Steeplechase, when he fell at one of the jumps, and apparently was severely kicked by the horse, causing severe concussion of the brain and internal injuries.

The sale of polo ponies, the property of Messrs. E. D. and G. A. Miller, attracted a large company to Spring Hill, Rugby, on April 15th. The best price, 340 gs., was obtained for *Sermon*; *Wolverine* made 300 gs., *Lady Love* 320 gs., *Pilgrim* 300 gs., *Cockle* 320 gs., *Becky Sharp* 300 gs., *Myrtle* 320 gs., *Falcon* 290 gs., *Scout* 270 gs., *Kharki* 260 gs., *Jacknapes* 270 gs., *Quicksilver* 250 gs., *Mickey Free* 290 gs., *Thunderstorm* 290 gs. Altogether thirty ponies were sold, realising 6,500 gs., giving an average of about 217 gs. each.

It is twenty-one years, says the *Sportsman*, since a mare won the Lincolnshire Handicap, *Rosy Cross* (6 yrs., 7st. 13lb.), in 1880 being the last of the gentler sex to carry off the great Spring Handicap. Previous to the victory of Mr. Rymill's mare, *Lord Wilton's Footstep* (4 yrs., 7st. 21lb.) won in 1877; while other mares successful, since the institution of the race in 1853, were *Sycee* (5 yrs., 6st. 13lb.) in 1869; *Gaily* (5 yrs., 7st. 4lb.) in 1865; *Bel Esperanza* (5 yrs., 6st. 12lb.) in 1859; and *Flageolet* (4 yrs., 7st.) in 1856.

Lieutenant F. A. Todd, of the Blackheath F.C., an English International Rugby forward, and captain of the Kent County Rugby football team, who volunteered for service in South Africa last year, and was serving with *Roberts' Horse*, has been seriously wounded.

Mr. E. W. Bastard, the Oxford University and Somerset cricketer, died at Taunton at the early age of thirty-nine years. Mr. Bastard was a slow bowler, and had played for Oxford against Cambridge at Lord's on three occasions.

At the close of the season the members of the Lanark and Renfrewshire Fox-hounds presented to Colonel Robert-on-Aikman a handsome silver hunting horn on his retirement from the mastership, after five seasons in office. The members also presented to Harry Judd, the veteran huntsman, who has retired after nineteen years' service with the pack, a purse of 670 sovereigns. The presentation was made by Sir David Buchanan, who was for forty-three years master of the pack.

While hunting their fox across the railway line the Louth Hounds were run into by a luggage train, and three of the pack were killed.

On Grudon, A. Nightingall won his third Grand National, his previous successes having been achieved on Ilex in 1890 and on Why Not in 1894. He now ties in this respect with T. Olliver (Gaylad in 1842,

Vanguard in 1843, and Peter Simple in 1853), Mr. "Thomas" (Anatis in 1860, The Lamb in 1871, and Pathfinder in 1875), and Mr. T. Beasley (Empress in 1880, Woodbrook in 1881, and Frigate in 1889).

The riders who have been successful twice are C. Green (Abd el Kader in 1850 and Half Caste in 1859), Mr. A. Goodman (Miss Mowbray in 1852 and Salamander in 1866), Mr. J. M. Richardson (Disturbance in 1873 and Reugny in 1874), J. Page (Cortoloin in 1867 and Casse Tête in 1872), and Mr. E. P. Wilson (Voluptuary in 1884 and Roquefort in 1885). The record, according to the *Sportsman*, in respect of winning mounts in the "National" is associated with the name of George Stevens, who scored on no fewer than five occasions—on Freetrader in 1856, Emblem in 1863, Emblematic in 1864, and The Colonel in 1869 and 1870.

TURF.

LINCOLN.—SPRING MEETING.

March 25th.—The Batthyany Plate (Handicap) of 435 sovs.; five furlongs, straight.

Mr. H. J. King's b. f. Esmeralda II., by Rightaway, dam by Galopin—Braw Lass, 5 yrs., 7st. 13lb.

McIntyre 1

Mr. J. Hare's ch. c. Le Bizou, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb. J. Hare, jun. 2

Mr. Arthur James' ch. g. Castilian, 5 yrs., 7st. 11lb. Buchanan 3

3 to 1 agst. Esmeralda II.

March 26th.—The Lincolnshire Handicap of 1,530 sovs.; the Straight Mile.

Captain F. C. Bald's b. or br. m. Little Eva, by Little John—Lady Carden, 6 yrs., 7st. 11lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.) O. Madden 1

Mr. James Joicey's ch. c. Alvescot, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb. G. McCall 2

Mr. G. Cottrill's ch. h. Lockford, 6 yrs., 8st. 11lb. C. Cannon 3

100 to 15 agst. Little Eva.

The Hainton Plate (Handicap) of 365 sovs.; about a mile and a half.

Captain Rothley's b. g. Gollanfield, by Radius—Catterina, 5 yrs., 8st. O. Madden 1

Mr. T. P. Hope's b. c. Ravensheugh, 4 yrs., 7st. 10lb.

G. McCall 2

Mr. Layton's b. c. Mascagni, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb. F. Finlay 3

9 to 2 agst. Gollanfield.

March 27th.—The Brocklesby Stakes of 663 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs, straight.

Mr. J. Watson's h. c. Fast Castle, by Wolf's Crag—Lady Gay Spinker, 8st. 12lb. K. Cannon 1

Mr. J. Watts' ch. colt by Ayrshire, —Formosa, 8st. 12lb.

O. Madden 2

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. f. Simony, 8st. 9lb. S. Loates 3

11 to 2 agst. Fast Castle.

LIVERPOOL.—SPRING MEETING.

March 28th.—The Prince of Wales' Plate of 482 sovs., a handicap for three-year-olds and upwards; Anchor Bridge Course (six furlongs).

Mr. G. Cottrill's ch. h. Orris Root, by Orvieto—Hazelbush, 6 yrs., 7st. 4lb. Clemson 1

Mr. H. J. King's ch. c. Wild Irishman, 5 yrs., 9st. L. Reiff 2

Mr. J. S. Curtis' ch. c. Star of Hanover, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb.

S. Loates 3

2 to 1 agst. Orris Root.

The Union Jack Stakes of 824 sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile.

Lord Farquhar's b. c. Bistonian, by Carbine... St. Bees, 8st. 7lb.

F. Rickaby 1

Mr. Russel's b. g. Rigo, 9st.

O. Madden 2

Mr. W. Sanderson's b. c. Breadmart, 9st. G. Sanderson 3

9 to 4 agst. Bistonian.

- The Molyneux Stakes of 609 sovs., for two-year-olds; Knowsley Course (five furlongs).
- Lord Derby's ch. colt by Lactantius—Jane Shore, 8st. 12lb.
- F. Rickaby 1
- Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. f. Catalpa, 8st. 9lb. K. Cannon 2
- Mr. S. Darling's ch. c. Happy Bird, 8st. 9lb. M. Cannon 3
- 2 to 1 agst. Jane Shore colt.
- March 29th.—The Bickenstaffe Stakes of 600 sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile.
- Lord Farquhar's br. c. Revolt, by St. Florian—Tragedy, 8st. 7lb.
- F. Rickaby 1
- Mr. J. D. Wardell's ch. c. Armeath, 9st. McDermott 2
- Mr. W. M. G. Singer's b. c. Claquer, 8st. 7lb. Halsey 3
- 10 to 1 agst. Revolt.
- The Grand National Steeplechase of 1,975 sovs., about four miles 856 yards.
- Mr. B. Bletsoe's br. h. Grudon, by Old Buck—Avis, aged, 10st.
- A. Nightingall 1
- Mr. O. J. Williams' b. g. Drumcree, aged, 9st. 12lb.
- Mr. H. Nugent 2
- Mr. J. E. Rogerson's ch. g. Buffalo Bill, aged, 9st. 7lb.
- H. Taylor 3
- 9 to 1 agst. Grudon.
- The Hylton Handicap of 5 sovs., with 500 added; Knowsley Course (five furlongs).
- Mr. T. Cannon's Deep Sea, by Pearl Diver—Miss McLeod, aged, 8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 1
- Mr. A. M. Singer's ch. g. O'Donovan Rossa, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb.
- Halsey 2
- Mr. G. G. Tod's b. f. Melete, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb. G. McCall 3
- 6 to 1 agst. Deep Sea.
- March 30th.—The Liverpool Hurdle Handicap of 340 sovs.; two miles, over eight hurdles.
- Mr. M. T. Martin's h. c. Caracalla, by St. Angelo—Mishap, 4 yrs., 10st. 2lb. Mr. A. Gordon 1
- Mr. Dobell's ch. g. Intimidator, 6 yrs., 12st. 10lb. C. Hoggan 2
- Duke of Devonshire's ch. g. Baldoyle, 6 years, 10st. 11lb. Stainton 3
- 100 to 8 agst. Caracalla.
- The Fifty-fourth Liverpool Spring Cup of 925 sovs.; Cup Course, one mile and three furlongs.
- Lord Stanley's ch. c. Pellisson, by Prisoner—Red Spider, 4 yrs., 7st. 1lb. J. Reiff 1
- Sir E. Vincent's b. g. Sheerness, 5 yrs., 6st. 5lb. T. Heppell 2
- Mr. A. P. Cunliffe's b. m. Charina, aged, 7-t. 6lb. W. Lane 3
- 2 to 1 agst. Pellisson.
- The (Ninth) Altair Four-year-old Steeplechase of 300 sovs.; about two miles and a quarter.
- Mr. T. Clyle's ch. g. Dathi, by Enthusiast—Fresnet, 10st. 7lb.
- O'Brien 1
- Mr. Guy Fenwick's ch. g. Club Force, 10st. 7lb. Metcalf 2
- Mr. A. P. Cunliffe's b. g. Creolin, 10st. 7lb. Freemantle 3
- 7 to 2 agst. Dathi.
- The (Ninth) Stanley Five-year-old Steeplechase of 300 sovs.; about two miles and three-quarters.
- Mr. P. Maynard's b. g. Drumree, by Royal Meath—Connie, 11st.
- Anthony 1
- Captain W. Leatham's b. g. Tiny White, 10st. Freemantle 2
- Mr. White-Heather's b. m. Naomi, 10st. 10lb. Mr. R. Payne 3
- Evans Drumree.
- The Twenty-first Champion Steeplechase of 550 sovs.; about three miles.
- Mr. W. H. Pawson's b. g. Cornelius, by Tacitus, dam by Victor—Evora, 6 yrs., 11st. Owner 1
- Mr. Allerton's bl. g. The Panther, aged, 12-t. J. Phillips 2
- Mr. White-Heather's b. or br. g. Detail, 5 yrs., 10st. 10lb.
- Mr. R. Payne 3
- 3 to 1 agst. Cornelius.
- NOTTINGHAM.—SPRING MEETING.
- April 1st.—The Nottingham Spring Handicap of 462 sovs.; one mile and a quarter.
- Mr. B. Ellam's h. c. Sundorne, by Colorado—Lady Longner, 4 yrs., 6-t. 12lb. W. Lane 1
- Mr. E. Carlton's ch. h. Flavius, 6 yrs., 7st. 11lb. Sanders 2
- Lord Coventry's ch. g. Hogarth, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb. Broome 3
- 11 to 2 agst. Sundorne.
- NORTHAMPTON.—SPRING MEETING.
- April 3rd.—Earl Spencer's Plate of 437 sovs.; five furlongs.
- Mr. H. J. King's b. m. Esmeralda II., by Rightaway—Braw Lass, 5 yrs., 8st. 12lb. L. Reiff 1
- Mr. E. Foster's br. c. Blue Diamond, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lb. O. Madden 2
- Mr. F. Stokes's b. c. Master Willie, 5 yrs., 8st. 11lb.
- F. Rickaby 3
- 7 to 4 agst. Esmeralda II.
- April 4th.—The Northamptonshire Stakes of 800 sovs., for three-year-olds and

- upwards; one mile and a half and 200 yards.
- Mr. H. J. King's b. c. Evasit, by Adieu—Ultima Thule, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb. J. Keiff 1
- Mr. C. Ilibbert's b. c. Rapparee, 4 yrs., 6st. 5lb. Broom 2
- Mr. L. Brassey's b. f. Greenaway, 4 yrs., 6st. 9lb. (all. 5lb.) Clemson 3
- 7 to 2 agst. Evasit.

ALEXANDRA PARK.—APRIL MEETING.

- April 6th.—The London Cup of 2,000 sovs.; one mile and a quarter.
- Mr. Spencer Gollan's bl. c. Australian Star, by Australian Peer—Colours, 5 yrs., 8st. 1lb. W. Halsey 1
- Sir E. Vincent's b. g. Sailor Boy III., aged, 7st. 6lb. M. Power 2
- Mr. Eliot Galer's b. f. Cara Mia, 4 yrs., 7st. 8lb. S. Loates 3
- 11 to 2 agst. Australian Star.

KEMPTON PARK.—EASTER MEETING.

- April 8th.—The Queen's Prize (Handicap) of 1,325 sovs.; New Jubilee Course (one mile and a quarter).
- Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. c. Hulcot, by Crafon—Queen of the Riding, 4 yrs., 7st. 2lb. C. Manser 1
- Mr. G. Cottrill's ch. h. Lackford, 6 yrs., 8st. 2lb. K. Cannon 2
- Lord Durham's b. g. Osbeck, 6 yrs., 8st. 10lb. Rickaby 3
- 10 to 1 agst. Hulcot.

MANCHESTER.—EASTER MEETING.

- April 8th.—The Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase of 2,000 sovs.; three miles and a half.
- Mr. J. Lonsdale's b. g. Coragh Hill, by Gallinule—Jinny, aged, 10st. 1lb. C. Hogan 1
- Mr. E. J. Percy's ch. g. Bonnie Dundee, aged, 10st. 11lb. Chadwick 2
- Mr. F. R. Hunt's br. g. Grand Attack, aged, 10st. 13lb. W. Dollery 3
- 10 to 1 agst. Coragh Hill.
- April 9th.—The Jubilee Handicap Hurdle Race of 1,000 sovs.; two miles.
- Mr. Leybuck's b. h. Spring Flower, by Hackler—Primrose, 5 yrs., 11st. 2lb. Kavanagh 1
- Mr. J. Shepherd's b. h. Jolly Roger II., 5 yrs., 10st. 9lb. A. Nightingall 2
- Major J. D. Edwards' b. g. Cassock's Pride, aged, 11st. 3lb. Dollery 3
- 8 to 1 agst. Spring Flower.

FOOTBALL.

- March 23rd.—At Belfast, Ireland v. Wales, latter won by 1 goal to 0.†
- March 23rd.—At Tuinnell Park, Cambridge Clapton (final round of London Charity Cup), former won by 3 goals to 0.†
- March 23rd.—At Queen's Club, Cambridge v. Queen's Park, former won by 1 goal to 0.†
- March 30th.—At Crystal Palace, England v. Scotland, drawn 2 goals each.†
- April 8th.—At Aldershot, the Army Association Cup Final Round, 2nd Round Highland Light Infantry v. 3rd Buffs Coldstream Guards, former won by 1 goal to 0.†
- April 13th.—At Gloucester, Gloucester v. Swansea, former won by 6 points to 3.*
- April 13th.—At Leicester, Leicester v. Newport, latter won by 7 points to 3.*

* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

RACKETS.

- March 27th.—At Princes Club (The Grand Military Championship Challenge Cup), 2nd Batt. Highland Light Infantry (Mr. H. Balfour Bryant and Mr. P. Balfour) v. Royal Artillery, Woolwich (Captain A. F. J. Perkins and Captain F. L. Galloway), former won by 4 games to 3.
- April 1st.—At Queen's Club, Oxford v. Cambridge, doubles, Cambridge (E. Baerlein and E. B. Noel) beat Oxford (L. F. Andrewes and Ivor De La Rue) by 4 games to 2.
- April 2nd.—At Queen's Club, Oxford v. Cambridge, singles, Cambridge (E. Baerlein) beat Oxford (L. F. Andrewes) by 3 games to 0.
- April 3rd.—At Queen's Club, Messrs. F. Dawes-Longworth and V. Pennell beat Messrs. E. Baerlein and E. B. Noel by 4 games to 1, and won the Amateur Rackets Championship (doubles).
- April 6th.—At Queen's Club, Mr. F. Dawes-Longworth (Charterhouse and Cambridge) beat Mr. J. Howard (Hailebury) by 3 games to 1, and won the Amateur Rackets Championship (singles).

BILLIARDS.

- April 13th.—At Argyll Hall, London, H. W. Stevenson (holder) v. C. Dawson for the Championship. Scores: Dawson, 9,000; Stevenson, 5,796.

HOCKEY.

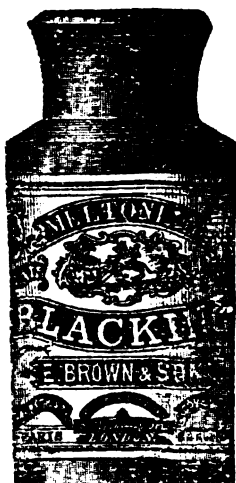
- March 30th.—At Bristol, Gloucestershire v. Swansea, latter won by 9 goals to 1.

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JUNE, 1901.

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WITH

Steel engraved portrait of Mr. J. W. LARNACH.

Portraits of MR. NORMAN PRITCHARD; THOMAS HAYWARD; THE EIGHTH DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT, and engraving of OLD JOE BY DECIDER.

Mr. J. W. Larnach.

FORTUNE favours the novice, rather than the bold, at all events in racing, for upon no fewer than nine occasions within the last twenty-five years the Derby has been won at the first time asking. So it was in 1876 when Kisber won for Mr. A. Baltazzi; in 1881 when Iroquois carried Mr. P. Lorillard's colours to the front; in 1884, when Harvester and St. Gatien ran their dead heat; in 1885, when Melton secured the verdict by a head from Paradox, whose owner had

never been represented before; in 1887, when Mr. Abington's Merry Hampton gained so unlooked-for a victory; in 1890, when Sir James Miller was so lucky as to win the race with Sainfoin; in 1893, when Isinglass enabled Mr. McCalmont to take his place in the long roll of Blue Ribbon winners; in 1897, when Galtee More put Mr. J. Gubbins in the same proud position; and last of all in 1898, when Jeddah gained a most unexpected triumph in the "light blue, brown-striped sleeves" of

Mr. J. W. Larnach. It was but three or four years before this that Mr. Larnach went in for racing on a larger scale, though from his youth upwards he had been keenly interested in racing and other sports, notably hunting.

Born in 1849, he is the eldest surviving son of Mr. D. Larnach, of Brambletye, Sussex, who was one of the greatest authorities on banking in London. He was educated at Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge, and had at an early age developed a love of sport, for while still an Eton boy, he started a pack of dwarf beagles during his holidays at home, and during the school terms followed the well-known Eton pack. During the summer half he went in for boating, and won his house sweepstakes just before leaving for a tutor's, with whom he read a short time previous to going to Cambridge. There he also devoted much of his time to hunting, and in due course took to racing, which, with Newmarket so handy, offers almost irresistible attractions to an undergraduate fond of sport. One of the incidents of his Cambridge career which he looks back upon with the greatest satisfaction is that of riding sixteen miles to Huntingdon and back upon a Friday, and again on Saturday, to have a mount in six races, of which he won three, working all night between to prepare for his degree, the examination for which was to open on the following Monday. It may be added that his labour was not in vain, for he took his degree all right. He hunted with the Cambridgeshire and the Fitzwilliam, enjoying capital sport with two horses which he had picked up for £20 a piece, and with which he won many steeplechases. He steered one of them (Miss Fanny) to victory both at

the University and at regular meetings, and a triumph of which he is justly proud is one that he gained with her in the Hunt Cup at St. Albans against such "Corinthians" as Chapel Woodhouse and Freddy Hobson. When the Grand National held their meeting at Cottenham, orders were issued by the University authorities that no undergraduate was to take any part in it, and young Larnach was the only one to disregard the injunction, riding Miss Fanny to victory in a Hunters Steeplechase on the second day. The other mare, Starlight, bred him a filly by Oulston that developed into a rare jumper, and won him the first point-to-point race run for over his own country in Sussex, and he continued to ride more or less until his marriage, although his family were much against it, and he had to resort to the device of an "assumed name" in order to be able to gratify his fondness for racing between the flags.

Among his horses he owned and rode one named Mild Charley, a hunter with great staying power, who won several steeplechases, including the Challenge Cup of the Suffolk Hussars three times. Mr. Larnach can claim to have won six races in succession, including the Ascott Cup at Aylesbury (13st. 10lbs.), a steeplechase at the Eridge meeting (14st.), and the Challenge Cup of the Loyal Suffolk Hussars, in which he served for fifteen years, retiring with the rank of Major. Soon after this he had a bad fall, which necessitated his giving up hunting for two years, during which he travelled all over the world, beginning with India and going thence to Australia, Fiji, China, Japan, and so home.

Upon his return, he hunted with his brother for several

seasons, first at Market Harborough, and then at Melton, and in 1889, having married Lady Isabel Boyle, youngest daughter of Lord Cork, they went to settle within the limits of the Bicester, where they have now resided for eleven seasons, and which is, he declares, one of the most sporting countries he has ever hunted in.

For several years he had been breeding thoroughbreds in a small way, but it was not until 1894 that he purchased Pilgrimage at the sale of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose's Stud, and it was by a piece of good luck that he secured her for 160gs., as most of those who might have been tempted by her pedigree declared that she was not in foal. Mr. Larnach thought differently, and he had his reward, for she was then carrying the colt by Janissary, who was destined to develop into Jeddah, winner of the Derby, the Prince of Wales Stakes at Ascot, and the Craven Stakes. It was a very sensational race as will be remembered, Jeddah and Dunlop (who finished third) starting at 100 to 1, while Dieudonné, the former's stable companion, and Disraeli, who started favourites, were unplaced. Unfortunately for Jeddah, who is a very big horse, an exceptionally dry summer ensued, and he could not stand the jarring in the last half mile of the Leger, and succumbed to Wildfowler, neither of the pair ever winning again. Mr. Larnach has done well with other horses, such as Victoria May, who, though small, was a game bit of stuff, while he has acquired all the produce of La Flèche, the first being La Veine, whom he purchased at the sale of Baron Hirsch's horses, the second Strongbow, successful in several good races as a three-year-old, and the third Sagitta (a name already

given by Lord Derby to a filly victorious in the One Thousand Guineas forty years ago), who won her first race as a two-year-old, but who has not so far fulfilled her early promise.

It is pleasant to go round the stud which Mr. Larnach has formed at Adderbury, for although it is not a very large one it comprises fifteen mares, most of which ought, if there is anything in the theory of breeding, to give him racehorses of a still higher class than Jeddah, though there cannot be a doubt that he was a colt of more than average excellence when the ground was not too hard. There cannot, however, be a brother or sister to the Derby winner, for Pilgrimage met with an accident while returning from Eaton, and had to be destroyed; but there is much to be hoped for from mares like Postscript, the dam of Reminder, and Addendum, Hirondelle, a half-sister to Hampton, La Veine, the first foal of La Flèche, Sandiway, for whom Mr. Larnach gave 2,200 guineas at the late Duke of Westminster's sale, and L'Eté, the dam of that good horse Chaleureux. Among the other inmates of the stables at Adderbury is an old hunter whom Mr. Larnach has ridden for 21 years, having bought him as a three-year-old, and whom he has never known to turn his head from a fence.

He was at one time very fond of shooting, though of late years he rarely handles a gun, but, although unable now to make his annual visit to Norway, he has not relinquished his interest in fishing, and goes in for trout breeding upon a considerable scale.

Adderbury, is very conveniently situated within reach of three hunts (the Bicester, the Heythrop, and the Warwickshire, though he and Lady Isabel,

who is as fond of sport as her husband, are the most frequently out with the first named. Both of them, in fact, would subscribe

to the well-known lines of Whyte Melville ending:—

The best of the fun I owe it to horse and to hound.

Cavalry Charges in South Africa.

COMPARATIVELY very little is known about the work done by our cavalry in South Africa and there are two very sufficient reasons for this; first the nature of the country and the peculiar characteristics of our enemy prevented our horsemen from accomplishing any of those startling feats which have formed the glory of their arm of the service in times past, and the preparation for which has been the principal object of all their peace training; and secondly, it was not the habit of the war correspondents to accompany and describe the action of the mounted troops. These gentlemen as a rule stuck to the main body of the army and only patronised the cavalry when some great movement was being carried out, such as the relief of Kimberley or the heading off of Cronje at Paardeberg. There is in consequence a rather general belief that our cavalry has failed during the war, and many critics have ventured to say that its day is past and that for the future its place will be taken by mounted infantry. But this is quite a mistake, for though its work has not been showy, though it has not been able to bring off any dramatic events, like Kellermann's charge at Marengo, or Sir Stapleton Cotton's crushing movement at Salamanca, it has amply justified its existence by more modest achievements, by constantly threatening and turning the flank of the enemy

and by very effective dismounted work. Lord Roberts' march on Pretoria was only accomplished with little attendant loss by the assistance of the cavalry brigades, and it is unquestionable that, in this service particularly, they were tried very highly indeed.

It may be worth while here to note the special functions of cavalry, as cavalry, and not as merely sharing the duties of mounted infantry, and to see what have been the special difficulties in carrying them out during the war in South Africa. Cavalry are supposed to be charged with the responsibility of reconnaissance and scouting previous to an action and, during an action, they are expected at one time or another to exercise shock power. Well, during the last eighteen months several things have been learned about scouting in modern war. In old times, it was possible for cavalry patrols to approach an enemy with comparative safety within such a distance that fairly good eyesight could gain valuable information about a position and the number of troops occupying it. Now the long ranging and accurate fire of the newest rifles makes it difficult to approach nearer than 1,500 yards, and, at that distance, no certain reconnaissance can be effected, no estimate can be formed of an enemy's strength and few particulars can be learned about configuration of ground. Still day after day throughout the cam-

paign, our cavalry *have* succeeded in localising their enemy and in enabling the other arms to act with effect. That they have done so shows with what extreme daring they have worked and how they have adapted themselves by various expedients to a previously unknown condition of war. We may take it for granted that what our horsemen do not now know about reconnaissance and scouting is not worth knowing and that, after their rude experiences, if they were called upon to meet a less practically instructed foe, say any European army, they would be found to be past masters in an all-important duty.

And with regard to the general inability of our cavalry to use its shock power against the Boers, the reasons are very sufficiently evident. Shock power comes into operation under three different circumstances. It may be used by cavalry against the cavalry of an opposing army; it may be used against infantry and artillery, if they can be attacked under exceptionally favourable circumstances, or if they have been shaken and demoralised by long exposure to fire; or it may be used in the pursuit of retreating troops with the view of causing complete rout. And it was seldom indeed that any approximation to these circumstances occurred in South Africa. The Boers had no cavalry and had no screen across the front of their army to cover its movements. As far as they were concerned, the war was a war of positions. They always awaited attack and, even if they were completely successful in their defence, they never thought of making, in their turn, any offensive movement. When our musketry and artillery fire had made any position untenable, it was hopeless to attempt to supple-

ment what they had done by a cavalry advance, even if the ground was tolerably favourable, for the Boers went on firing till the squadrons were within 500 or 600 yards, and then jumped on their ponies, which had been waiting in shelter, and made off at a speed that forbade any chance of coming in contact with them. Then in pursuit, there is no doubt that the grandest opportunity of the whole war was lost by Sir Redvers Buller, in opposition to the desire of Sir George White, when the siege of Ladysmith was raised and the whole of the enemy's artillery and camp equipment were allowed to withdraw unmolested. But on other occasions, when retreats were made and it might have been thought that the time had come for our cavalry to make an effective pursuit, there was no slow moving infantry which they could harass and scatter, but the mounted Boer, extremely lightly equipped, could with ease, on his fresh and unwearied animal, leave far behind the Englishmen who were riding half-starved, overworked horses weighted with nearly twenty stone.

It is tolerably clear that the conditions of war in South Africa have been in the highest degree peculiar and cannot reasonably be expected to be anywhere met with in the future. Whatever other armies our own forces may find it necessary to meet in the field, they will certainly be very different from Boers, and will in their composition and organisation, give opportunities for the hostile operation of daring and well-handled cavalry. Our regiments will not be condemned to act the part of mounted riflemen alone, a part in which no doubt they have done most excellent service, and which must always to a far greater extent than heretofore be included

in their duties, but they will certainly sometimes be able to revert to the performance of their traditional *rôle*, where the rush of the horse and the power of sword or lance particularly assert themselves.

If however our cavalry have had very few opportunities of using their own peculiar weapons, if they have not been able to strike any of those blows which fire the imagination and, more than any other operation of war, produce a startling and immediate effect, it must not be supposed that they have been without their proper *influence* during the campaign, or indeed that that influence has not been almost as great as at any other period of history. There can be no doubt that the Boers particularly dreaded the action of cavalry, and, whenever there was a force of that arm present and there was the faintest chance of their flanks being turned and an opportunity for a charge against them occurring, they invariably gave way at a much earlier period of an action than would have been the case if infantry and artillery had been by themselves in the field. If our regiments had been better horsed (both in quality and condition) and if the necessity for lightening their equipment had been recognised at an earlier period of the war, we believe it is not too much to say that the effect upon our enemy would have been such that peace would have been made long ago.

It is by a curious coincidence that in the three most marked occasions on which cavalry have really been able to "strike home" upon the enemy in South Africa, the good fortune has fallen principally to lancers. At Elandslaagte, the general action did not commence till between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. The

morning had been occupied by General French's reconnaissance, after which he fell back to wait for reinforcements. When these arrived from Ladysmith the serious attack on the Boer position was at once commenced by the infantry, artillery and Imperial Light Horse. Two squadrons of 5th Lancers were in the field and were sent to the extreme right flank to watch for such opportunity as the chances of fight might give. Later in the war the appearance of the squadrons threatening their line of retreat would, in all probability, have prevented the enemy from holding the kopjes that they occupied with the tenacity that made the day so bloody for both sides. The Boers had not then however experienced the dread effect of the "long assegais" and took no notice of the little column. The accuracy of our artillery fire and the peerless bravery of the lines of men who toiled up the long hillside were able, after a long struggle, to force the stubborn Dutch riflemen from their chosen stronghold and to drive them in hopeless disorder from the summits which they had held so well. The daylight was rapidly waning when the cheers of victory were heard from the Gordons, Devons and Manchesters, and in the short African twilight there was little time for a long pursuit. But the 5th Lancers were in the right place at the critical moment and were at once let loose. Their horses were still in fairly good condition and, though they might not have been equal to a long gallop, they could outstride the Boer ponies for a short distance and the squadrons swept with deadly effect upon the fleeing, disorganised crowd.

The lance is a terrible weapon at all times, even when it is met

by a man armed and resolute to fight for his life, but when resistance has ceased and it does its deadly work unopposed, it is fatal indeed. And it is somewhat remarkable that the men, who had for hours remained steady under the rain of shrapnel and rifle bullets, should have lost their heads so completely, should have abandoned themselves to a *sauf qui peut*, and appear not to have fired a single shot at their ruthless pursuers. If they had been able to make good their retreat, it is more than probable that they would have recovered their mental equilibrium and again have been formidable soldiers. As it was the commando to which they belonged was stamped out and utterly destroyed—a proof, if proof were wanting that people are utterly wrong who desire to do away with cavalry and to relegate sword and lance to museums of antiquities. The same physical and moral effect could not possibly have been produced by any other class of soldiers or by any other weapons. The total loss in killed, inflicted during the pursuit by the 5th Lancers, appears to have been at least fifty men, and probably was much more. In any case it amounted to about a third of the loss sustained by the Boers during the whole day's fighting. The battle of Elandslaagte was a most brilliant little action in every respect and it stands out as being the most theoretically complete engagement that has been fought by our troops during the war. Every phase was distinctly marked and each arm of the service had in it its due and proper share. It was opened by a reconnaissance, an artillery bombardment followed, there was a determined and successful attack by infantry and victory was clinched by an effective cavalry pursuit.

The whole movement of 5,000 men to the relief of Kimberley was one of the greatest cavalry operations of the century. It was essentially a work for the mounted arm and could have been attempted by no other troops. It will always be remembered for the fearful loss of horses that it caused, and those who took part in it may be thankful that they were not called upon to meet an equal, or even smaller, number of fresh, well-mounted and well-trained cavalry. Their own valour might have carried them through but the chances would have been terribly unfavourable. As it was, nothing could have been more gallant and daring than the way in which the mass of horsemen broke through, with a rush, the cordon surrounding the beleaguered city. The Lancers and Scots Greys formed the advanced line of the division as it hurried on its course. The fringe of kopjes on each side was strongly held by the Boers who poured a rain of bullets and shells into the dust-enveloped columns. And well was it that they were dust-enveloped for this to a certain extent neutralised the fire and made it less deadly than it might otherwise have been.

The mounted infantry on the flanks did noble work in clearing the kopjes one after another, but some of the 9th and 16th Lancers had an opportunity of charging with their proper weapon. Well they availed themselves of it, though they themselves had lamentable losses in officers and men. Before the Boers could disentangle themselves nearly twenty were overtaken and slain. A small force of resolute men relying on horse and lance had, in five minutes, disposed of what was intended to be, and indeed was, a desperate resistance. If at the

time the Lancer horses had been in good condition and had been only burdened with a reasonable weight, the death roll of the Boers would have been very greatly increased, but how could weakly animals, carrying not much less than twenty stone, succeed in overtaking, on very rough ground, lightly - equipped horsemen on fresh, active ponies? The best authorities however, men who were on the spot and carefully watched the subsequent operations of the campaign, are convinced that the slaying of a few men on this occasion with the *arme blanche* had an immense moral effect which was felt throughout the later actions. The enemy above all things afterwards dreaded the real action of cavalry and carefully avoided giving the smallest opportunity for its employment.

On June 11th, 1900, the enemy was holding a strong position along a line of hills which extend north and south of the Delagoa Bay railway about fifteen miles east of Pretoria. This range of heights, generally steep and often precipitous is known as Diamond Hills, and its occupation formed a very serious threat to the English army in possession of Pretoria. Lord Roberts felt that it was necessary to dislodge the Boers from their post of vantage, and to do this he moved against them almost all of his available forces. He had from the first moment of taking the field realised that wide flanking movements were more effectual and less expensive in sacrifice of life than direct frontal attacks, and the plan that he formed was to turn both flanks of the position with cavalry and to cut his enemy's line of retreat, so that, when the infantry at last advanced, the Boers would find that their escape was threatened

and would give way, possibly with the loss of their heavy guns. General French was therefore sent to make a wide sweep to the northward, while General Broadwood acting under General Ian Hamilton was to endeavour to turn the enemy's left. General Pole Carew with the Guards and the 18th Brigade was to be in the centre, and, though he was to make a demonstration with his long range artillery, he was not to engage seriously until the flanking operations had made themselves felt. The whole British front from flank to flank extended over sixteen miles, a very striking example of the enormous distances included in a modern battlefield.

Broadwood and Ian Hamilton, advancing on the right, found that the mission entrusted to them was impossible of execution according to its original conception. The Boer left had been so much extended that it was far beyond the reach of any turning movement, and for this reason the British operations became necessarily more of a piercing than of an enveloping nature. Hamilton detached part of his force to the right to engage the Boers, while Broadwood pushed forward directly towards the east. A deep and difficult spruit was crossed and Broadwood's brigade entered a wide, smooth, grassy plain, bounded by hills through which a gap could be seen in the distance, marking the road to be followed and showing where the enemy's position was to be cut through. But the Boers were holding the hills in force and soon opened fire round three quarters of a circle. They brought seven guns into action and, as these were able to pour in a converging fire, the cavalry had to face a heavy shower of projectiles. But Broadwood

pushed on stubbornly. There were no obstacles to the free movement of his squadrons on the plain and he hoped to break through resistance and to make good his point. Two horse artillery guns under Lieutenant Conolly were sent forward with the view of clearing the way by their fire and they came into action on a gentle swell in the ground. The long grass on the undulating plain prevented, however, a very extended view, and the Boers now showed a dash and boldness which, through the war, had been most unusual features in their tactics. A strong body rushed forward with the greatest courage in the hope of bringing a close-range rifle-fire on the gunners and of taking or disabling the pieces. Their heads could be seen within 300 yards, and the situation became extremely critical. The horse-artillery guns were obliged to fire case, a necessity that showed how closely they were threatened, and it was evident that something must be done to extricate them from their perilous position. General Broadwood called upon the 12th Lancers to charge, for the enemy were fairly in the open and it seemed likely that well led cavalry would now be able to show its real power.

The continued fire of the last few hours had, in spite of the loose formation that had been assumed, caused considerable loss to the brigade, especially in horses. Lord Airlie, who commanded the 12th Lancers, had just had his horse shot under him, and had gone to find another. He returned, however, just in time to place himself at the head of the regiment as it formed for the attack. Alas! that the gallant corps was in no real case to show British horsemen at their best. There were only about 150 men

in the ranks, and they were mounted on sorry jades indeed, many of them miserable Argentines, and all over-wearied, worn out with hard work and scanty food. But there was no lack of dash and proud confidence in the squadrons as they moved forward, glad at last to have an opportunity of closing with an enemy who had eluded them during eight months of marching and engagements at long rifle-range. The effect on the Boers was instantaneous. Before the levelled lance-points almost everybody broke and fled in wild confusion, and if the horses had been in any way worthy of the men, the enemy's loss, severe as it was, would have been bitterly heavy. A few men stood boldly, but they could do nothing, and most of them never left the field. Everything that Broadwood required was perfectly accomplished, the guns were saved and the enemy driven back to the shelter of the hills. But at what a price! The gallant Airlie, beloved, honoured, trusted, *sans peur* and *sans reproche*, had seen his last fight. When the work of the charge was done, anxious to withdraw his regiment before it became too much involved, he gave the order to retire, and, as it left his lips, he fell smitten to death—a worthy end for a most gallant soldier. Lieutenant Wright was also killed, bravely leading his men, and seventeen rank and file fell doing their duty with the colonel and the subaltern.

Immediately after this, there was heavy pressure on Broadwood's right. A large number of Boers had swooped down and occupied a kraal and some grassy ridges, from which they could bring a heavy enfilading fire to bear on the cavalry brigade. Another emergency presented itself, and most men might have

shown some excitement and anxiety. But Broadwood remained cool and impassive, though two horses had been killed under him within a very short time. He gave the quiet order to the Household Cavalry, "Clear them out." The tall troopers did not at first realise what was wanted, and, thinking that they were only again to play the weary old rôle of dismounted riflemen, began to leave their saddles. The General sent them a second message that this was no time for rifle fire, and that they must charge sword in hand. Nothing could have given greater delight to the Life Guardsmen than this un hoped-for chance. They thrust their carbines back into their buckets, threw themselves on horseback, and, for the first time drawing their long swords, galloped straight at their foe. The Boers were really in overpowering numbers, and might easily have held their own and more; but so terrifying was the appearance of the great soldiers, cheering like schoolboys at play and whacking their sorry steeds with the flat of their weapons, that resistance melted away, the enemy ran to their ponies and disappeared, and, without loss except that of horseflesh, the "Householders" rode triumphant to their goal.

Broadwood's cavalry brigade had nobly asserted the true value of its arm and had restored the situation, but was unable alone to carry out the Field-Marshal's design, and it was not until General Pole-Carew had made himself felt

in the centre and the devoted 82nd Field Battery had gained a position on the heights that the enemy withdrew from the desperately held position and made good their retreat. Then, once more in the history of the war, no attempt at pursuit could be made. The condition of the bad and worn-out horses forbade it.

We have told of some of the principal occasions on which cavalry has been able to take its legitimate part in South Africa. None of them could be called in any way exemplary, but they were all sufficiently suggestive. When it has become necessary to mount a lancer or a dragoon on a wretched, ill-conditioned South American pony, it is somewhat hard to blame the *arme blanche* because its power has not been shown. A good horse is essential to the cavalryman, and, if circumstances deprive him of his horse, he becomes a nonentity, and lance and sword cannot possibly have any value. No one would think of depreciating the rifle as a weapon, if by some terrible mischance blank cartridges were served out for use in battle.

Every cavalry soldier who has served in South Africa has, we believe, seen chance after chance, such as he had always hoped for, pass away without profit; and why? because the horses were not fit to gallop. It is for our army's administration to take care that such a state of things does not occur in any future war. If it does, England may have cause for bitter sorrow.

C. STEIN.

A Working L.B.W. Majority.

IN the House of Commons of 670 members, the majority by which the late meeting of M.C.C. endorsed the recommendation of their committee, *re* the alteration of the l.b.w. law, would come out as nearly as possible at the figure of 87. The actual majority obtained at Lord's was 71 upon a total vote of 447 members present. It may, therefore, be fairly called a large majority, clearly indicating the opinion of the premier cricket club in the old world. The judgment of Australia, moreover, was fairly indicated by replies which had been received from Messrs. Trumble, Macleod, Graham and other leading cricketers, to the circular letters which had been addressed to various clubs in the antipodes for the purpose of eliciting their opinions. The substance of these was read out at the M.C.C. meeting, only one reply in the contrary sense having been received by the secretary, Mr. Lacey.

The majority at Lord's would undoubtedly have reached the required two-thirds for the alteration of a law of cricket but for the attitude—it might almost be said the hostile attitude—assumed by Lord Hawke and other prominent cricketers of the present day. Even the strongest supporters of the proposed change could hardly wish to win—although they certainly did not wish to *lose*—at the cost of anything like a rebuff to the county captains and centurions of the day. Accordingly, many private opinions were doubtless quietly sunk and yielded; and about 100 members present at the proceedings would appear to have retired without voting.

Be this as it may, the fact remains that the M.C.C. has expressed its view by a clear and

considerable majority; and we may proceed to analyse its authority, and the due measure of weight to be attached to it.

It is true that *prima facie*—*i.e.*, upon the rather large and ignorant assumption that *only* those who are actually engaged in the cricket arena can judge best about it—there is the fact that the century-makers and batsmen of the day (as might indeed have been expected) are nearly to a man against change; and that, therefore, as batsmen are in the very large majority in every eleven, and, moreover, as professionals (*not* gentlemen) as a rule do the bowling, and, moreover, do not vote in the pavilion at Lord's, then, upon the above assumption, there is perhaps no case.

But a little consideration—and in this matter “second thoughts” will be found more reliable than *prima facie*—will show the fallacy underlying the notion that present-day cricketers are presumably the best judges. It is a well-known truism that the best advocates are not the best judges; they become so, no doubt, after some cessation from their habits of advocacy, and we would not for a moment deny that there are exceptions to every rule. A man, moreover, may be perfectly honest in endeavouring to arrive at an impartial judgment; but, however unconsciously—it is only human nature—his *present* personal interest in any matter tends to warp it. In other words, a cricketer who is interested in obtaining centuries, and in acquiring a high average, is not the man exactly, as between Bat and Ball, to occupy most fitly the judicial bench.

In the recent discussion of l.b.w. at Lord's, a seconder of the proposed reform was most appropri-

ately found in the person of Mr. Shuter, who only a few years since captained the Surrey XI. It is not such a very long way from the playing-board to the shelf, after all; and it is not to be doubted that Mr. Shuter in 1901 as a judge spoke with all, and more than all, the authority and knowledge which he possessed in 1893 as a player. Apply the same principle *mutatis mutandis* to the proposer of the resolution, the renowned Cambridge-Middlesex-All-England-wicket-keeper (Mr. Alfred Lyttelton), who played first-class cricket about a decade previous to Mr. Shuter's time. Surely these two gentlemen possess to the full all the attributes of first-class judges—one might say they are Lord Chief Justices—of the game! Go a step higher to Mr. Lyttelton's distinguished brother, C. G. L. (now Lord Cobham) and Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, the latter of whom may be said to have been both student and professor of cricket ever since his Eton XI. days, and where can higher or better, more practical or more erudite, authority be found? And even, if you mount up yet another decade to the period of Mynn, Pilch, Felix and Harvey Fellows—we were glad to hear that quondam express bowler speaking up for an "open wicket"—the survivors of the flood which took place just about that period can tell something of what the difficulties of cricket were in days of ridgy surface, bumpy ground, and shooters, and, above all, about l.b.w., when it was not understood in the highly technical and rigid construction which attaches to it nowadays—when the bat alone, and not the legs, would have been thought of, much less tolerated—"non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis"—as legitimate defenders of the wickets.

We will venture to put the matter thus: Take the 50 years from 1850 to 1900, and divide them into *tens*. Let each 10 years represent a generation of *actually playing* first-class cricketers, from the age of the Mynns and Pilch downwards. Even that period, 1850-60, as we have suggested, must have a certain value.

When we come, however, to the generation of 1860-70, we come practically to cricket as it has been under the Graces, the Lytteltons and the Walkers—the period, in fact, of its modern history. The great W. G. G. seems to stand, as it were, in one gigantic stride over the decennial periods, 1870-80, 1880-90 and 1890-1900. He is but recently gone up to dwell among the gods; and while we are upon his name—*facile princeps*—during 30 years—we cannot but recall with a somewhat proud satisfaction his very latest testimony, in which—though not amounting to the declaration that he would vote for his opinion in the face of and against the present playing cricketers, and while distinctly qualifying that testimony as regards second-class cricket—he nevertheless distinctly affirms that the proposed alteration of the l.b.w.—*i.e.*, substituting the batsman's person for the pitch of the ball in the straight line between the wicket—*would be for the benefit of the game as regards first-class cricket*.

To the recorded judgment of W. G. Grace we would annex the names of—*par nobile fratrum*—the great cricketing brothers—the one still happily living, the other unfortunately departed from us—the brothers Ponsonby. It is well known that the late Earl of Bessborough (better known as the Honble. Fred Ponsonby) devoted nearly all his leisure hours to the game which he so

greatly loved. No man's opinion was better worth having upon any point of cricket. Whether it was a comparison between Grace and Pilch, or who was the fastest bowler ever known in England (and that was Harvey Fellows, an opinion in which the present writer heartily concurs), or any other question which was put to him during the long years of his experience, he could give a reply, and the reason why, with all the probabilities absolutely in favour of its correctness. He is gone; but his brother, Sir Spencer, who has been almost equally observant of cricket throughout his long life, and who presided worthily over the meeting held at Lord's; he, too, is favourable to the change in l.b.w.

There is another name—already partly alluded to among the cricketing families—which should be added to this worthy phalanx, and that is the name of Mr. V. E. Walker, a veteran now, truly, but always a recognised judge of the game, formerly among other accomplishments slow bowler and marvellous field to his own bowling. Let us put these men of Anak into the jury-box together: C. G. and Alfred Lyttelton, R. A. H. Mitchell, Fred and Spencer Ponsonby, W. G. Grace, and V. E. Walker, seven men in all (perhaps we should add Mr. Shuter), as capable and distinguished as can be found in all the annals of cricket; and shall it be said that they cannot upon this simple issue give a true and correct verdict as to the l.b.w. question?

It has been ably argued elsewhere, with regard to the general subject of county cricket, that the tax upon a gentleman's time is, nowadays, too great. If we now suppose that by l.b.w. or other reform the standard of innings should be reduced from centuries

to fifties; and that great matches could, as a rule, be played out and finished easily (with half or a whole day to spare as was frequently the case formerly), this would tend, probably, to the great good of cricket. We should all certainly rue the day when professionalism—we use the word in no offensive sense—should rule the roost as it is in football. Many are of opinion that the counties have gone quite far enough in the way of tempting young amateurs to give up good business and position prospects for the sake of some few summers' almost daily cricket; and that the pecuniary facilities now offered to gentlemen—formerly almost or quite unknown—are temptations of a wrong kind to our young county amateurs and dangerous to the best interests of cricket; *longo intervallo*, happily, but in some such way as modern professionalism is to football. We should be sorry to see—for once to coin a word—a new idea of *gentlemanism* springing up amongst us. We mean no offence, but if a young gentleman has not sufficient private means of his own and devotes all his time to cricket under a system of pecuniary subsidy, he must become a kind of nondescript in flannels! We entirely deprecate a metamorphosis of this kind.

The alteration of l.b.w. law would, *inter alia*, encourage gentlemen as such to play cricket; it could not fail to produce a number of new bowlers, and we believe that numerous gentlemen would try to bowl who now never think of it. To most men bowling from the *leg* side is natural; *off* bowling is more or less acquired and unnatural. The re-introduction of leg bowling would give variety and pleasure all round, hardly less to the batsman, we venture to prophesy, than to the

bowler. And whether it be effective or non-effective in reducing the centuries and shortening the tedium of many modern matches, it would undoubtedly let in a very large number of new bowlers. Is not this distinctly a *desideratum*, a thing to be desired? Only the present l.b.w. law—Law XXIV.—stands between this desirable consummation and the increased enjoyment of the general cricketing public. Modify the law as suggested, and the sameness of the one limited style of bowling on the off-side will disappear. Let the cardinal principle of an "open wicket" be adopted, and though the bowler will gain a much-needed advantage, we will make bold to say the batsman will not be harmed and the umpire will have far less trouble.

One word now as to the umpires. It was mentioned at Lord's during the l.b.w. discussion that—notwithstanding Captain Denison's deeply reasoned *caveat*—the first-class umpires were in favour of the proposed change. No wonder! For it is simply a question between a rapidly-moving diminutive object pitching within a very narrow parallelogram of eight inches wide and a large object within the same space, more or less stationary—*i.e.*, between the cricket ball and the man's leg or person. No wonder, we say, that an umpire should prefer the larger object which gives him the longer view! But this point has, we believe, been very generally misapprehended, even among cricketers; and the opposing case has been argued upon the fallacy, that the supporters of the proposed alteration desired to go back to the old time before the present law—*i.e.*, long before the Flood—when everything was given out—no matter where the ball pitched or where the man stood—if, in the umpire's

opinion, it would have hit the wicket.

It cannot be too generally known or too often affirmed that the M.C.C. Committee, in the case at issue, proposed nothing of the kind. Mr. Mitchell's statement at the meeting was in this respect very telling, when he appealed—as well he might—to his own long and continuous experience as an umpire at Eton and elsewhere. He declared that to locate the exact *pitch* of the ball was at times most difficult, but that the location of the man's leg was comparatively an easy matter. In fact, there could be no doubt of the advantage to any first-class umpire, in his opinion.

Nor does it seem reasonable to assume that second-class or country umpires would be liable to err, as they did formerly. Why should they not also benefit by the definition of the straight line—*i.e.*, between wicket and wicket—in which a batsman must not stand? In the early part of last century, he might have stood a foot wide of this straight line on either side; and yet, because the umpire chose to fancy so—in his biased or unbiassed opinion, as the case might be—he might be given out "leg before wicket." Even the most complacent umpire could not order an opponent out under the proposed new rule, without the most flagrant abuse of his powers and duty. Let us give the most thick-headed lubber of a country umpire his due under the proposed altered rule, and some credit for a desire to be honest and true; and it must then be confessed, that the new rule would impose upon him the easiest possible questions—(1) Was the man (the batsman) in the straight line between the wickets, or was he not? And if he was, would the ball which hit him have hit the wicket?

We trust that the umpire bubble has now been sufficiently pricked. Of more importance it is, what course is to be pursued in view of the recent decision at Lord's. There are three courses which occur to our mind at present. The first and preferable one in our opinion—although we are necessarily helpless and at the mercy of the other side as to this—would be, that the minority should bow to the majority, considering the great weight of first-class cricket authority to which we have referred—the very considerable majority expressed by the numbers in the division upon the proposition of the M.C.C. Committee—and also the strong and preponderating expression of opinion in the organs of the daily and sporting press. It would be but a graceful tribute on the part of the minority, who are principally juniors, not to stand upon their legal claim for a *two-thirds* majority.

In default of such an act of recognition on their part of the general bent of prevailing public opinion, of course, the whole question would have to abide fresh debates and divisions, and the issue of recurring conflicts from year to year. We should deprecate this, both for the peace of cricketers and for the good of cricket. It could not be for the advantage of either, we think, that the friends of the game should be henceforth divided into two camps or parties of the elders and the juniors—the *Solomons* and the *Rehoboams*.

There is a third course which we suggest might be possible, and that is, to call our kinsmen of the antipodes into conference over this matter, and let it be decided by the joint judgment of England and Australia upon the occasion of the next visit of the Australians in 1902. The Australians have

fairly attained and asserted the standard of first-class cricketers, and the International and Colonial matches of the last twenty years have given them an entirely exceptional position. Neither South African, nor Indian, nor American cricketers have any such claim.

But the matter should not, and cannot, rest where it is. It is not so altogether unlikely that with the cry in everybody's mouth, "*Something* must be done to check excessive scoring," other proposers and other seconders of a different type to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Mr. Shuter may arise. It is not always that sedate and wise advisers are the most persuasive with an audience. We should be sorry to see other supposed remedies, such as a narrower bat, higher or wider stumps, innings by time, or decisions by first innings only, or any other nostrum carried by a strong breeze of *popularis aura*. We do not say that none of these things are good; but they are in the nature of radical changes, more or less, whereas the proposition that a man shall not put his padded legs deliberately in front of his wicket is little more than a reminder that cricket is a game of *Bat and Ball*. We observe, indeed, that the last-mentioned of these remedial ideas—the one innings—is having a practical trial given to it by the London County Club at the Crystal Palace; but it seems to us at least to be the very worst of all of them, because it cuts at the time-honoured fundamental principle—the chief element in the "glorious uncertainty"—that *cricket is a game of two innings*. Let us stick to that, whatever else we do. We confess to a kind of shock upon reading that Mr. Grace had thought fit to make even a temporary trial of this expedient, and we feel sure that not

even with his high authority—we trust it will be withdrawn—will such a recommendation be endorsed by the mass of cricketers. Meanwhile we recognise him with pride as our great William Tell, to whom the elder cricketers have been somewhat contemptuously compared with his bow and arrow, while the juniors are rejoicing with the modern rifles. We are glad to think that W. G. G., even in his sexagenarian decade, can still hit the apple!

A writer in the *Daily Mail* the other day put in a letter of two lines only, which was amusing and to the point. We wonder what the artists of leg-shuffling—not unknown in Notts—or the over-shoulder-bat-holders elsewhere who use that instrument to avoid the ball, would say to the satirical suggestion of the *Daily Mail* writer, viz., that first-class batsmen should henceforth play without pads, and the l.b.w. law remain as it is! Possibly the suggestion might have better suited our forefathers, who were rather proud of bruised shins and broken fingers; and certainly it would cut the knot with a vengeance now.

There is a minor point which was well brought out by one of the speakers as to *one-day* cricket matches. He spoke of the exhilarating effect which would be produced upon some unfortunate batsmen who nowadays go out to play, but who seldom—poor fellows! perhaps hardly ever—get an innings. They come Nos. 6, 7, 8, or 9 in the order of going in; but cricket, we know, begins late as a rule, and it not unfrequently happens that Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, or two or three of them, monopolise the innings. These “unfortunates” neither field nor bat, and they go home to recount the dismal failure to their wives

and sisters of their day's outing. It goes without saying that an altered law of l.b.w., if it brings about (as the opponents predict) a much more rapid fall of wickets than is the case now, would be immensely popular, for the people who play *one-day* cricket are Legion, and they have the right of numbers, to be considered on Saturday afternoons or on their weekly single holidays.

It has been said that second-class matches would be too adversely affected by altering the l.b.w. rule; but even if the fall of wickets should be considerably quicker than heretofore, it must be remembered that two days (and not three) are as much as most local clubs can afford to give to one match. In this busy bee-hive of ours in England, with its teeming populations and many industries, time is an object. We simply cannot give up the time. We are not accustomed to play by half-days for a whole week as in Australia. We must have regard to the habits and the business of the people. This remark applies to all three sorts of matches, first-class, second-class, and one-day's. It refers, as has already been pointed out, with especial force to gentlemen who are fond of the game, but who have something else to do, than to play cricket all the days of every week for a whole summer.

And we must say this further, namely, that if the alteration of the l.b.w. law, as we are very far from anticipating, should fail to effect some very considerable saving of time, sooner or later other means must be found. It must come to this, that in one way or other all cricket matches as a rule should be finished in *three* days; this, of course, weather permitting. It will not do to let scores go on *in crescendo*, to 800 or 900 per

innings (some, we believe, have already reached those figures). It is an easy sum to calculate what should be the *maximum* average of an innings in a first-class match. There are three days to play of six hours each; six times three are eighteen; say that runs come at the rate of 50 per hour throughout the match. Fifty times eighteen are 900. Divide 900 by 4 (innings), result 225 runs per innings, *i.e.*, *average* innings. Q.E.D.

By the same methods 60 runs per hour (or 1 run a minute) would give an average of 270 runs per innings. Here, then, is the problem. How is anything like this state of things to be brought about? for two men, as at present, not unfrequently get 270 runs between them! Clearly there must be some re-adjustment of the relationship between bat and ball in order to effect this. If 270 is a fair figure for the innings, it is clear that *fifty* for the individual is a more proper average *maximum* than 100. "Cricket centuries" should come down to half-centuries as the rule, if there is to be a reasonable prospect of finishing three-days' matches in the future.

We think, therefore, that upon all these grounds the resolution that was carried at Lord's by a 71 majority should commend itself to the most careful consideration and support of all who have at heart the best interests of cricket. Emanating as it does from the weighty names to which we have alluded, supported by many other good judges and representing the strong balance of opinion, it certainly should command respect.

We appeal to the juniors to consider this. However much we admire—and we do admire—the mighty deeds of a Rangitsinji, or a McLaren, or a C. B. Fry, and may even acknowledge the

superiority of their prowess as compared with those who have gone before, we cannot concede even to them, that which it is impossible for them to possess, namely, the mature judgment, that is to say, the experience and the power of comparison as between different periods which are necessary to form that judgment, but which are the prerogative of elder years. The present generation of cricketers are the best judges undoubtedly of many matters—indeed, nearly all matters—appertaining to the management of the game as played under the existing laws; but they cannot *compare* it and *weigh* it—the nature of the case prevents this—with what it *was* and what it has been. We are not without hope, therefore, that many who have been opposed to the recommendation of the Committee may be disposed to consider the subject afresh from this point of view, and that the disinterested judgment of elder cricketers, many of whom could still play as well as ever if time and occupation permitted, may have its due meed of deference. We ask no more. We have watched the game attentively since our earliest years. We claim to understand it. We remember the "glorious uncertainty" of many past great contests, and how the general interest was always in proportion to the uncertainty. We believe that the law of l.b.w., as it has been technically and rigidly construed in later years, has injured cricket, that it has tended to encourage tediousness in the batting, and sameness in the bowling. We desire that the law should be *reasonably* modified, so as to give every man an equal chance if he be a batsman, and a "fair and open" wicket if he be a bowler. E. V. BLIGH.

On Field Trials.

I do not think that anyone would be found to say that field trials have not been the means of maintaining the breeds of pointers and setters in their working qualities. I would even go much farther than this personally; for although there have been handsome breeds of pointers as well as setters against which no field-trial dog had a chance at the shows, I think most of these have failed to perpetuate even the beauty of their species, and themselves, and have died out in two or three generations. On the other hand, field-trial blood is gradually evolving that kind of shape and make most suitable for work, and is very slowly educating the eye, even of dog-show men, to the correct type, one which has by no means always been fashionable at dog shows. What I think there is to deal with is a natural tendency in the offspring to grow into the shape and make that would have been most useful to carry out the will of the parents. Of course, this is a very slow process, and it is most observable in a tendency to revert to old types, both in pointers and in setters, when a desperate effort has been made to change that type by crossing. Thus when the Laverack setters were crossed with field-trial dogs, and with the show breeds also, two different things happened. The show dogs became Laveracks to look at, exactly. On the other hand, man's selection of the best workers, by means of field trials, corrected the Laverack type in the field-trialers, and the breed reverted to the ancient type which has been known since the fifteenth century at least. The same thing also happened with pointers. The

lemon-and-whites which used to be bred for show were crossed with all the different strains, but the field-trial remnant, even when lemon-and-white, is a muscular big-boned animal, not a bag of fat on spindle shanks such as in years gone by so often won at the Birmingham and Crystal Palace Dog Shows. Put broadly, I believe that the only true or final test of the make and shape of a dog is the state of his wind after he has done a hard and smart piece of work, and the longer the trial is the better it is.

Of course, the question arises, "Can you not tell by appearance in the show whether a dog would be likely to stand such a test?" I am afraid that the answer must be "No." The next question that might be asked is, "Do field trials give the severe tests you speak of?" Here the answer is that the trials are just as severe as the dogs elect to make them. They are brought to the contest strung up and determined to gallop for all they are worth. The majority of them do so, and go down, because at the speed they are going, even for a short trial, they are not "all there" when the critical moment arrives and they are in the presence of game. At the late National Field Trials, for instance, there were two fine fast pointer puppies belonging to the President, Col. Cotes, and two similar splendid galloping setters belonging to Captain Lonsdale which were "under done." Possibly they may turn out better than the winners from either of those kennels, but all that is impossible to say; they were going beyond their ability, and when the critical moment came they were found wanting in the

presence of game. For an animal which is required to hunt for hours at a time it is obvious that it must do it easily, and without distress to itself. It must go well within itself, whether its pace is fast or slow, otherwise it is of no use for the gun. Whether field trials test stamina, therefore, may be answered in this way. If a dog goes easily it can use its nose; if it goes easily and fast and has nose it will win; and in that case the probability is that it can stay, because it takes nothing out of itself in its work.

Still we have no such trials in England as they have in America, where in some cases they run dogs together for no less than four hours at a time before deciding between them. I am very glad they do so, because we shall probably want a cross over here soon, the very equality of our dogs is proof of it. At the National Field Trials on May 2nd there was a champion stake run for at Acton Reynold which contained no less than nineteen previous winners of stakes. The equality of the dogs was marked, and towards the end the business of the judges of turning out excellent dogs, only beaten by a very slight thing, was almost painful. Such dogs as Mr. Warwick's setter Dinah, which had the day before won the Acton Reynold Stakes, such as Mr. Elias Bishop's Cranfield Druce and Ben of Newark, and Mr. Butter's Banner Faskally, might any of them have won with the slightest change of luck in finding birds. Another case was where Mr. W. Arkwright's Barley Bree had run an equal trial with the second dog, Captain Heywood - Lonsdale's Ightfield Duke. Then Barley Bree went down before Ben of Newark (Mr. Elias Bishop's) for no fault, but only because she

was outworked. The same thing happened with Cranfield Druce in his run with Syke of Bromfield. As far as could be seen, they were equal, and were taken up after a short trial with the object of having both down again with different dogs. Then Cranfield Druce was beaten by Banner Faskally; again, for no fault whatever, but only on the score of more game-finding ability. Then Banner beat Ben of Newark also, by the misfortune of a flush to the latter, their scores otherwise being almost even. Banner, who had put out so many himself, had to go down before Captain Lonsdale's Ightfield Duke by a very close thing, and Duke then gave way to Syke of Bromfield's brilliant finding, which kept Duke equally sensational at the "back." As this was exactly repeated, the very close running was not, as it happened, maintained to the end. When there are a great lot of near things, I have a preference for flags, to show when and wherefore judges decide, and also when they merely take up two dogs that are even in order to put both down again. Another reason for preferring flags is that so many people only see parts of various trials, and are, therefore, unable to see where the trial has got to, and to follow as they would if they saw the whole of it, or flags to indicate the position.

Of course I know what the objection to flags is; as a winner of a trial between two may at the end find himself nowhere, and the dog beaten by him in the money. But that ought never to happen unless the losing dog is disqualified by some digression from the paths of virtue, such as an unholy love for hares or a refusal "to back" a reliable friend; and even then a flag would be useful, if reversed, in order to show that all

that dog's good work has gone for nothing, and he has been put out of the stake. I do not like the idea of going on hour after hour without letting it be known how the judging is proceeding except by watching the work of the dogs. Besides this, although it would never do to bother judges with questions while they are engaged in watching dogs, I think they would always be glad to state their facts and their reasons when any doubt arose in the minds of competitors or spectators. Of course I only speak for myself when I say that I have both asked for information as a spectator and given it as a judge with satisfaction to myself. The "scores" of the dogs I have sometimes seen printed after a field trial differed so greatly from the scores as I saw them that I cannot help thinking it good to give a judge a chance of stating what he has seen, and how the judging is progressing, and most of this can be done by the use of flags. If a judge gets into an involved difficulty by declaring his results as he goes on, and departing from them afterwards, that would only show that he had not head enough for the work. Of course flags would be of no use where the general work done by the dogs during the stake was made the criterion of merit to such an extent that A, although beaten in his trial with B, nevertheless won. That, however, is raising the thirty years' old discussion again, one which was settled and laid to rest for ever by the gradual evolution of the National Society's rules and those of the Kennel Club. At first there was a very great reaction, from the spotting system, one which resulted in the employment of the "heats system," in which the card was run through again and again

until only one unbeaten dog remained. Now we have a modification of the "heats" and the "spotting" systems. But instead of spotting the winners as of old, we only spot the dogs which have no chance to win, and turn them out. For the rest it is almost the "heats system."

The system of quickly taking up two dogs that look even and putting both down again with different dogs seems to be a great saving of time, as were it necessary to run out to a final conclusion every one of sixty brace (and that was the number we had before us at Acton Reynald), there is no knowing how many of them would prove as difficult and tedious as that between the winning pointer puppy and the successful setter of tender age. This was a case where the work was bad and indifferent, but where a stake depended on it and it had to be settled; the best part of an hour was given up to it, and at no time was there anything decisive done to place one dog far in advance of the other, and yet we well knew that they were both good ones by the work they had done in winning their respective stakes. The position at last became this: one had flushed as much as she had found or more, the other had found nearly as much, but had refused to beat out the end of one field. The question arose whether the wild one did not contribute to the shyness of the steady one, and the two were, in consequence, asked to beat another field to see whether laziness had anything to do with the refusal. It had not, and the setter won on a score which I give in full, as being one of the most difficult things to decide I ever knew. I may say that, on the whole, work done during the running of the two stakes, the

setter stood out better, perhaps, than any dog at the meeting; but we did not take that into consideration, and decided exclusively on the working scores; I take mine from my book:—"Captain Heywood Lonsdale's Rigo, setter, (winner); point at spot where a brace of partridges had been pointed by previous dogs down; dropped to hare; backed well; missed partridges; pointed pheasant at same instant as Sally Brass, but further away; pointed partridges, but did not make them out, being ordered on by keeper; backed; refused to hunt out the end of last field but one." Against that we had the following:—"Mr. Nicholson's Sally Brass (pointer); good point at partridges; flush and drop to wing; flush again and dropped; dropped to hare; missed

bird and did not drop; point at pheasant the same instant Rigo found it further off; good point at partridges; point, but did not make out birds; flush; no back."

I cannot answer for the reasons we, as judges, acted on, because I only speak for one, but I know that out shooting I, personally, should have said, "Take Sally Brass up, and then we may be able to get points and fill the bag." The Field Trial Rules are very clear that we should do as we do out shooting, quite rightly, I think; and although it was difficult to decide, I cannot think it would have been right to have reversed what we did. Field trials are not intended for sports themselves, but are only the means to an end, or it might have been different.

G. T. T.-B.

Inclination to Try.

Nose, we are often told, is the great thing in a hound. But there is another thing that is of equal importance, and that is the desire and inclination to use it. There is a vast amount of difference in hounds as regards this particular characteristic. Many hounds have excellent noses, but never take the trouble to use them unless everything is in their favour, as regards scent, wind, &c., and do not make the necessary effort when the pack is at fault. I have seen two hounds in the same kennel equally good on a road or cold line down wind on a ploughed field, when they both worked alike, but vastly different in their inclination to try in nine cases out of ten. The one was always at work when it came to a check, and the other did nothing at all unless it was done for her. I had two hounds

myself once that answered the above description, one died whelping and the other had to be put away for old age. The one that died was by the Belvoir Nominal out of the South Wilts Actress, and the other was an old-fashioned type of English harrier bred by the late Mr. Maryon Wilson.

The Belvoir Nominal took no trouble at all when hounds were at fault, and the harrier was never happy till he had hit off the line. I don't quote this as against the Belvoir hounds, for everyone knows how good they are, and I had a first-rate worker by Nominal at the time myself who led the pack. But to go back to the two hounds in question, I felt I wanted to get at the root of the matter, if it was to be got at, and I took their two heads down to the local Vet., and asked him to examine

them scientifically on strictly impartial lines and to tell me whether there was any difference in the structure of the nasal organs, whether there was any reason, from the anatomist's point of view, why one hound should be better or worse than the other. He did so before my eyes, and we cut each head clean in half from the nose to the back of the neck. His verdict was, taking the organs one by one, or altogether, that the Belvoir Nominal was far and away better than the harrier. This made me feel I knew less about it than I did before, and absolutely upset the verdict of work in the field. It pointed out one thing, however, namely, that modern hound-breeding, as far as the fashionable strains are concerned, has in no way deteriorated the structural formation of the nasal organs. It went the other way in fact, for the brain, cerebellum, passage of the nose and everything connected with the sense of smell, were, so the Vet. said, of the most perfect formation and structure in the Belvoir Nominal, and of a decidedly inferior order in the old-fashioned harrier. I can see them now as they lay on the table, for they were so vastly different in every way. The old-fashioned harrier's head was as hard and as tough as a piece of iron, and had to be placed in a vice and split open with a big hammer and chisel. It was a really tough job to open it. Then came the outline and the shape. The harrier had a shallow-shaped brain, something like a low-class criminal, and a thick hard roof of bone above it. I think the cerebellum or small brain was a little larger in proportion, but poorly developed, the Vet. pointed out.

When it came to the Belvoir Nominal everything was the other

way. The brain was large and well developed and of a bell shape, most perfect in outline like you would expect from a fine intellectual head, and a highly cultivated man. It did remind me of one I had seen, in fact. Then, too, the texture of the bone was quite different, what we had to break and force open with the vice and chisel we could do quite easily with a small hand-saw. I held the head lightly on the table and the Vet. sawed it open with the greatest ease. Above the brain the roof of the head was of thin bone, much finer in texture than the harrier and of a decidedly better class. In looking at the two heads together the impression was that the harrier had more brain room than the Belvoir Nominal, as the latter had a flat-looking roof from the outside, but on cutting open the head it was quite the other way. The explanation lay in the thickness of the roof of the skull when you got down to it, as far as the general external formation went.

The Belvoir Nominal was quite perfect. Why they ever got rid of her was a mystery. Whereas the harrier was as ugly as sin, a regular plain old-fashioned one, far behind the standard of to-day. But there it was, he could work. I did not gather much from the examination except that it was true, and therefore interesting. I can vouch for what I say. I am not an anatomist myself and write as an ignorant man, but it rather seemed to me to point out that the inclination is half, and more than half, the battle; and the question is, is it hereditary? I think it is, and that you can gradually breed it in or out of a pack, and that it is far easier to lose it than to get it back again. If a pack has been helped, hollowed and lifted for generations, the

inclination to try will become deficient. If it is left to work for itself it will become strong. In either case heredity will come into play, and the custom will stimulate or degenerate the faculty. I take it that you can breed a pack with an ever improving nose, but at the same time deficient in inclination to try. That the two are not necessarily bound up together. That the high-bred fox-hound worked with the quick Leicestershire system may have just as good a nose as the Devonshire harrier who is left to himself, but the difference will lie in the application. You may counteract it a little by selection, and the

Leicestershire breeder will do well to breed from hounds that help themselves, but you cannot expect to create a faculty to perfection that you constantly destroy. If you have the quick system with dash and drive you can't expect hounds to stoop and try, and breed hounds to stoop and try to the same extent as if you left them perpetually alone. But there are others who know more about it than I do and will doubtless tell me not to teach my grandmother to suck eggs. I don't wish to, so I will lay down the pen for the present and leave them to work out the question for themselves.

W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS.

To an Old Trout.

So not in vain, old friend, do I
My ten good feet of greenheart ply :
This, then, is my triumphant cry :
Væ Victis.

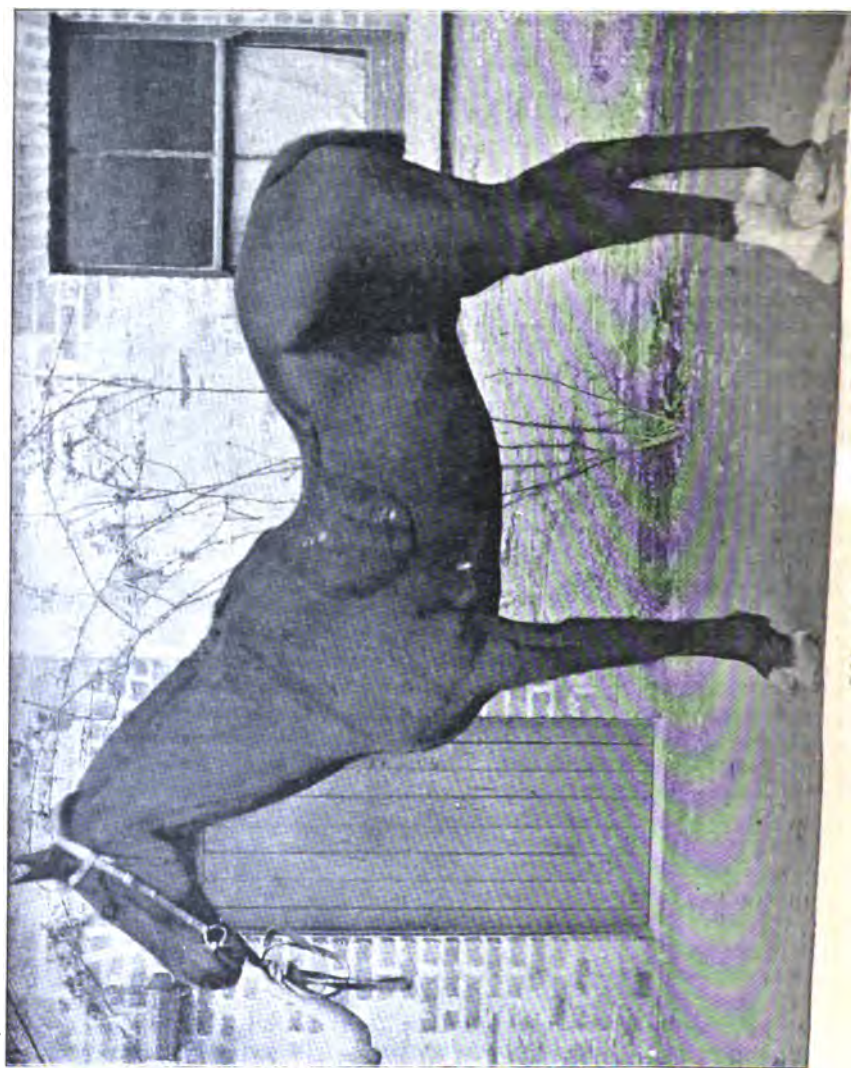
In the pool by the bridge you were wont to lie,
Boasting loud to the smaller fry,
That ever my wiles would you defy :
Væ Victis.

I fished so long, but you came not nigh,
My choicest casts did you scornful eye,
Then you rose unwarily :
Væ Victis.

Do you hear the stream as it murmurs by,
Telling the willows and bullrushes high ?
What does the wind in the tall trees sigh ?
Væ Victis.

Listen and learn, oh ! soon to die,
What little things may be treachery,
A gossamer gut and a gaudy fly :
Væ Victis.

S. HINEY.



OLD JOE BY DESIGNER.

Curious Backs.

AN article in a recent number of *BAILY* on "Some Curious Backs" attracted a good deal of attention among hunting men, and the portrait of Lord Lonsdale's celebrated hunter Gradient, of the hollow back, excited considerable astonishment. This very peculiar formation, however, is not so uncommon among good hunters as some suppose, and it is possible that many a fine performer over a country has been lost to the world because, as a youngster, a badly dipped back caused him to be neglected, although otherwise his conformation may have been good. Indeed, we have known very hollow-backed horses who were bad to beat over any country, and in proof of this we give a very faithful likeness of an Irish celebrity whose peculiar back taxed the powers of Messrs. Whippy and Steggall to the utmost to fit with a hunting saddle. This is Old Joe by Decider, the property of Mr. R. W. Hall-Dare of Newtownbarry, who won for his master both the light and heavy weight point-to-point races of the Carlow and Island hunt in 1895, and repeated that performance in 1897, as a reference to *Baily's Hunting Directory* will prove. Though Old Joe is now sixteen years of age, he has given his master very few falls, and is by no means an old gentleman's horse at the present day.

Mr. Hall-Dare used to hunt his own harriers upon him, and has ridden him very consistently straight with the Carlow and Island, Wexford and Meath hounds, so that he is a tolerably well-known performer, and, like Gradient, he is "not to be bought," though big offers have been made for him. His owner considers that Old Joe's very best performance was in Meath in 1896, when he carried him all through the second "great Mountainstown run" in perfect style, and just before the end he gave him to Mr. John Watson, when his *third* horse was beat, who killed his fox upon him and jumped one place that pounded the whole field—this run was 18½ miles, done in two hours. It should be mentioned that Mr. Hall-Dare purchased the horse from his friend, the master of the Meath.

As a four-year-old Old Joe once appeared under silk, and was only just beaten in a race at Lismore; he was then owned by his breeder, Capt. Murphy, of co. Tipperary. When under his cleverly-built saddle, and carrying his tall owner with peculiarly airy action, the curvature of the back is scarcely noticeable; but when unsaddled after his first dual point-to-point victory the expressions of amazement that went up from the large crowd assembled round him may readily be imagined. F.

The Pari Mutuel and its Rivals.

AFTER a great deal of arguing and amending, and many appeals to the Law Courts, it seemed almost as if the French law as to betting on horse races had been settled on a permanent basis. The Pari Mutuel, which may almost be called a national institution, remained in possession of all its privileges as the orthodox and legalised method by which all visitors to a racecourse might make their bets. But side by side with this elaborate and extensive gambling machine the bookmaker—whom it had been so often and so bravely attempted to suppress—still plied his vocation, not indeed freely (for he was shackled by several restrictions), but with tolerable ease, and to the satisfaction of a special and by no means a bad class of Turf speculator.

When the present racing season began nothing seemed very likely to interfere with the arrangements by which the two rather antagonistic systems—bookmaker and Pari Mutuel—flourished in close proximity to one another in the select enclosure of the *Pésage*. There was room for each; and while the clients of the former were not sorry to be able in an emergency to resort to the latter mode of backing a horse, the *habituels* of the Pari Mutuel might occasionally prefer not to stand in the crowd waiting their turn to pass to the ticket office, but go straight to the place where the bookmakers in subdued tones were offering a fixed rate of odds, and effect their bargain by word of mouth. These individuals, as long as they restricted their dealings to their chief ostensible business in the enclosure, were found to fill conveniently a gap left by

the more orthodox and semi-official system.

However, before the season was a month old, out came a circular from the Minister of Agriculture—within whose province are included racing matters—complaining bitterly of the abuses which some of the bookmakers are alleged to keep on foot. The gist of this communication is in a sentence which deserves to be cited at length, as it shows pretty plainly which way the wind is blowing in official circles in the Republic. "It is quite evident, in fact," says M. Dupuy, "that all the sums encashed by the bookmakers are lost to the Pari Mutuel, the takings of which have been diminishing for now some time past in a disquieting manner." In another sentence the Minister speaks, as if with surprise, of the "reappearance" of the bookmakers at race meetings, and couples this phenomenon with "unlawful proceedings on their part," as if the two things were naturally connected together, and indeed inseparable.

As a matter of fact, of course, the reappearance of the persons now mentioned as so obnoxious is no new thing, but the result of a compromise arrived at some years ago after the whole question of their merits and demerits had been thrashed out at length. The tacit assumption that their attendance at meetings and their *agissements délictueux* are one and the same thing—which underlies the substance if not the actual wording of the circular—is not sound on logical grounds, and weakens the case which the Minister is obviously trying to make out. For if the mere presence of bookmakers was

equivalent to a breach of the law by them it would never have been again permitted after it had once been prohibited. And if the simple fact that betting with bookmakers takes custom away from the *guichets* of the Pari Mutuel were a sufficient objection to it, it is no more valid or obvious now than it was when the matter was last discussed and settled.

The circular goes on to expatiate upon the iniquities of the two practices which are illegal, and which it is alleged—but without any very convincing proof—that the bookmakers encourage. One of these is the “open offer of bets to all comers.” This, no doubt, is prohibited by the Code, although if between the layer and taker of odds even a slight acquaintanceship can be proved to exist, the transaction ceases to be illegal. Now, prejudice apart, it is hardly likely that in a place like Longchamps or Auteuil many bets are made between persons who do not even know one another’s names. If it were so, the layer would probably insist that his unknown customer should deposit his stake as guarantee. And this posting of ready money is quite unlawful in France. However, all the Minister says upon this point is that he hopes the racing societies and committees will assist the police in suppressing such forms of betting where they prevail.

The second grievance is the “offer of bets made to abide the result of the Pari Mutuel.” Which means that a layer of odds undertakes in consideration of a certain stake to pay, if the horse backed wins, the same percentage of gain which the backer would be entitled to if he had risked his money in the Pari Mutuel. Many bookmakers engage in transactions of this kind.

Some, in fact, habitually deal on this system with their clients. Why the clients should prefer to deal so with a person who may possibly defraud them, or fail, instead of with the Pari Mutuel itself, which is virtually safe, is a different question. Suffice it to say here that he sometimes does. And it is easy to understand that the authorities of the official gambling institution object to the practice. In fact, the objections now urged against the bookmaker are not based on any sentimental views as to the immorality of betting or the encouragement of vice, but on the eminently practical ground that the gains of the Pari Mutuel and of the institutions which go partners with it are thereby lessened.

To cope with this very palpable evil—regarded from the official standpoint—is plainly no easy matter. Once allow the bookmaker to take his stand in the enclosure, in full view of the telegraph board on which the results of the Pari Mutuel are hoisted in due course, and it is difficult to even ascertain by any sure inquisitorial method whether he is paying his customer a fixed sum which he undertook to lay against his selection, or an amount which has been defined by reference to the board in question. If, indeed, he contravened the law in a double way—if, that is, he both betted with a *tout venant*, or unknown person, and also betted *à la cote du Pari Mutuel*—then disguised agents of the police, by dealing with him, might be sure of his conviction. But a mistake so convenient for the purpose of his persecutors he is not likely to commit. When, therefore, the Minister expects the recipients of his circular to help him in suppressing this reprehensible practice, he preaches to people who,

even if they had the best intentions, would find it no sinecure to obey.

What makes this last-named grievance so formidable is that not only in Paris, but in all the big French towns, and in fact all over France, there are secret agents who do commission business for persons who do not go near the racecourse, paying them, if they win, at the same rate as that given by the *Pari Mutuel*. The clients of these gentlemen are recruited from all ranks, and include thousands of clerks, waiters, and, in fact, the miscellaneous herds who in all countries are ready to take any convenient opportunity to risk their savings or earnings in gambling. It is obvious that the commission agents can well afford to do this; for, given a sufficient number of customers, they find themselves in a position equal to that of the big rival institution, and are able to put into their own pockets the seven per cent. which is deducted by it from the aggregate of the stakes received. It is the diversion of this seven per cent. from the coffers of the *Pari Mutuel* into the pockets of the bookmakers who act as commission agents which is the real and most legitimate ground of the Minister's complaint.

There can be no doubt that such operations are by the French law illegal. The difficulty, of course, is to bring home the offence to them. Their own well-tried customers will not denounce them, and of a spy employed by the police they are naturally shy. The practice has become so popular, and gives so much mutual satisfaction to both parties engaged in it, that to suppress it altogether would now be a herculean task. In this particular matter it is not the faultiness of the law that is to

be blamed, but the difficulty of putting it in force which causes the trouble. We know how impossible it is in our own country to get rid of gambling agencies which flourish in the dark, though if they could be unmasked they would be found to be undeniably illicit. Although the circular does not allude to them expressly, it is probably aimed at them, even more certainly than at the bookmakers whose *agissements délictueux* on the racecourses are referred to in so many words. Unfortunately the mode to be adopted in exposing and dealing with them is only most hazily and vaguely indicated.

One obvious remedy would be to no longer confine the operations of the *Pari Mutuel* itself to the racecourses, but establish branch offices in other places, so as to bring them within easy reach of the gamblers who now patronise so largely the commission agents. If these were assured that they could do their little speculations with ease and safety at these offices, whereas to continue their present practice might get them into trouble, while affording no compensating advantage, it is reasonable to suppose that they would resort to the former safer and equally attractive mode of action. The spirit of the present law is, however, directly opposed to any such extension of the gambling arena. Betting on horse-racing, in order to be recognised as a licit proceeding, must be indulged in on the spot where the race is run. To set up ticket-offices, as it were, in the market-place, for all passers-by to go in and gamble as much as they like, the counters being horses which they never had seen or were likely to see, would manifestly give an impulse to a rather unhealthy form of speculation against

which even a moralist of a very mild order might be disposed to protest.

France, however, rather prides herself upon being an experimental field where political and social problems may be tested in a practical way. Certainly between establishing free betting-offices in the enclosure at Longchamps and Chantilly and setting them up in the Rue de la Paix and on the Boulevards cannot be exactly called a long step. At least it is only a step on the same road, and not an entirely new departure. The Minister of Agriculture, and probably his colleagues also, have evidently no love for the bookmaker, even in his most lawful embodiment. On the other hand, they have an unbounded belief in the merits of the rival institution. Considering the stage at which betting on horse races has already arrived in the country, they can hardly suppress the one without at least extending the other; and the chances appear to point now to the conclusion that some such step as above suggested will eventually be proposed.

Throughout the above observations it has been assumed that the reader understands exactly what is meant by the term *Pari Mutuel*. And those of our readers who own racehorses, or who habitually attend race meetings, are no doubt mostly in full possession of that knowledge. For the benefit of others less versed in racing matters, a word of explanation may be added. The main principle upon which the system works is excessively simple. All bets are made either to win or for a place, and the money staked under each of the two headings is kept in separate heaps. After the race is over, and the winners are known, the total of the one mass or heap, less seven per cent., is

paid out (*pro rata*, according to each person's stake) to those who backed the winner. And the total of the other heap is divided in a similar manner amongst those who backed the horses which were placed.

One rather disturbing element makes it necessary that a modification should be made in this very simple rule; that is, that if two horses are run by the same owner they run *couplés*, as it is called, so that if either wins or is placed the amounts staked are divided between all who backed either of the two. Consequently a backer who has seen his horse well beaten in the race may find, nevertheless, that he has money to receive, because the stable companion has borne his colours to the front. And the backer of the horse which won may find his winnings sadly diminished because they have to be shared with the backers of a horse which came in nowhere. In case, therefore, any very wise person should be convinced, by reasons of his own, that the "second string" of a doubly-represented owner is going to win a race, it will be well for him not to put his stake into the *Pari Mutuel guichet*, but take the long odds from a bookmaker.

In other and less exceptional cases the choice between taking the odds from a bookmaker and purchasing a ticket from the *Pari Mutuel* remains tolerably open. A favourite in the betting ring is, of course, usually a favourite at the *guichets*; and by an ingenious contrivance it is so arranged that an inspection of the exterior of these ticket offices shows to the observer how many stakes are from time to time placed in favour of each horse. Still it may, and constantly does happen, that a twenty-franc piece which could only have been invested at three

or four to one in the Ring, brings in to the investor at the *Pari Mutuel* as much as fifty francs or more profit. And, on the other hand, the purchaser of a twenty-franc ticket may only get back at the cashing office his own stake and twenty-five francs profit, whereas he might have backed the same horse at two or more to one offered by the bookmaker.

What becomes of the seven per cent. deducted out of the money contributed by the wagerers before it is paid over to the successful backers? Four of the seven go to the lessees of the race-course, that is to say, either the Jockey Club, as it is commonly called, or the Steeplechase Society, or to one or other of the local clubs or societies affiliated to them. Out of it are defrayed the expenses of keeping up the army of clerks and enumerators engaged at the *guichets*, and other disbursements incident to the holding of race meetings, which it is needless to enumerate. Two per cent. of the remainder goes to the "*Assistance publique*"—benevolent purposes. And the remaining one

per cent. is taken by the Minister of Agriculture to be employed for the maintenance and development of the national breeding establishments for thoroughbreds. The right or wrong administration of the two last-mentioned portions is considered a legitimate matter for public criticism and discussion; and letters appear from time to time in the sporting journals, pointing out alleged abuses or suggested reforms. The system has been in operation for ten years, and seems to have worked well on the whole. The weak point in it is the opening afforded to outsiders working in secret to poach upon the preserves which were intended to be secured to the *Pari Mutuel*; and this danger affects the interest of the Jockey Club as injuriously as the Department of Agriculture, the Poor-law Board, and the Lessors of Race-courses. There is evidently a chance now for some legislator of the Napoleonic type who will re-organise into an efficient condition the laws relating to that excessively difficult subject—wagering contracts. M.

Cricket Reform.

THERE are nearly five thousand members of the Marylebone Cricket Club, and some four hundred voted on the vexed question of the alteration of the law of leg-before-wicket. Of these there was a decided majority in favour of a change of the law; but as this majority did not constitute two-thirds of the number voting, the law remains for the present unchanged. A full report of the meeting has been published in the daily papers; and it would seem from the speeches of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell and others who strongly advocated a change in the law, that their desire for a change is begotten by the boredom which they suffer when they look on at a first-class match played upon a first-class wicket. With the premises of Mr. Lyttelton's argument we think almost all cricketers would cordially agree, namely, that a first-class cricket match of to-day is generally a dreary and inglorious triumph of unenterprising batting over unencouraged bowling, and the figures which he quoted showing the enormous percentage of county matches which are left drawn demonstrate clearly that county cricket as a sport is going from bad to worse.

Let this be granted that some reform is urgently required to shorten the scores made in first-class cricket, and to economise the time wasted in the building up of these scores, and still we are absolutely unconvinced that the remedy for the evil lies in the suggested alteration of Law XXIV. of cricket. Mr. Lyttelton spoke of the proposed alteration as being a conservative alteration, and it may be that he himself might be

prepared to go further than this in search of reform.

To our mind, if first-class cricket is to be saved from itself, the remedy must be a more drastic one than has yet been submitted to the Marylebone Club for approval.

What we want is cricket played in the best possible way under the best possible conditions; modern science, which embraces the heavy-roller, the mowing machine, the treacle wicket and other developments of the ground-man's art, takes us a very long way towards the second of these *desiderata*, and cricket to-day at the chief county grounds is played under the best possible conditions, and every improvement operates mainly in favour of the batsman to the marked disadvantage of the bowler. So far that may be right enough, but we are surely entitled to ask of the batsman that since no pains are spared to make his path smooth he must on his part, as things are made more easy for him, show improved batting, and develop good strokes and rapid run-getting. When "shooters" were to be expected every over, and were even welcomed by the so-called "striker" as a more painless change from the balls that bumped head-high, and as we are told would frequently, if they missed both batsman and wicket-keeper clear the head of the longstop; in those days a batsman had always to be on the defensive, and runs were worth having when they were got. To-day, in favourable weather, defence is hardly requisite upon the beautiful wickets provided on the first-class grounds, and batsmen now are frequently heard to say on looking at a wicket at the Oval before the

start of play, "Well, we shall have to get ourselves out again to-day if we get out at all."

Now from the very fact that the perfection of the ground-man's art insures the batsman from the risk of the ball shooting or bounding more than about half-stump high, or of coming at different paces off the ground, batting methods have in the majority of cases become much more miserly and mean than ever, for since the batsman realises that he never need get out except he take some slight risk, he resolves to take no sort of risk, and so stays at the wicket for hour after hour scoring at the pitiable rate of perhaps a dozen or twenty runs per hour. Here is cricket played under the best possible conditions, but in the worst possible manner, and if the conditions could be further improved, we doubt if the rascally methods of the miserly batsman could possibly reach a lower depth of infamy than in some cases it has reached to-day. Mr. Gilbert Jessop has demonstrated that on the wickets of to-day a determined hitter can score at the rate of over two runs for every ball received in an innings, and he has shown that the hitter's lease of the wicket is not now so uncertain as it was a few years ago, for he has consistently made long scores, and against the Yorkshire bowling on one occasion he performed the rare feat of scoring over a century in each innings of the match.

But alas! the very identical reason that now more than ever makes free cricket possible makes slow cricket more universal. It is for the authorities to consider some measure which shall compel the mean batsman to more vigorous methods, or else drive him from the game he has so dishonoured. That the proposed alteration of the leg-before-wicket rule will ever achieve this desired end we can scarcely believe, nor do we think that the advocates of the measure were themselves convinced of its efficacy. The game is in a bad state, and any experiment which might remedy matters would, we think, be gladly hailed by the spectators to whom first-class cricket is rapidly becoming intolerable.

The man who will devise an equitable and simple scheme, no matter how radical, for placing such a premium upon free batting, and such a discount upon slow play, as shall drive the blocker out of cricket will deserve well of his country, and, we believe, entirely restore the popularity, which we are told is fast waning, of the national game.

The Hon. R. H. Lyttelton says, "I warn the batsmen that if they persist in their opposition to all reform the interest of the public will ultimately flag, and the reforms will then be brought about by a revolution and not by constitutional methods; if cricketers are wise, they will anticipate this change rather than provoke it."

Q.

The Champion Athlete of India.

AFTER a remarkably successful career on the running path, Mr. Norman Pritchard has retired upon the laurels he has earned since the year 1892, when he made his first appearance as a schoolboy in the Calcutta Volunteers Athletic Sports. Mr. Pritch-

friends in India to persuade him to come and take part in the London Athletic Club Meeting and the Paris International Meeting of last year. Four times on Indian tracks he has done the 100 yards in ten seconds, and ten seconds was his time when he



Mowll & Morrison, photo.]

MR. NORMAN PRITCHARD.

ard has started in seventy-four races (including jump races); he has won fifty of these, has been second eleven times and third six times; in only seven races was he unplaced, and in four of the seven he was giving long starts in handicaps. It was the consistent excellence of his timing in the 100 yards, the 150 yards, and as a "hurdler," that induced his

was third to Jupp (whom he afterwards beat) at the L. A. C. Meeting. Europe could not produce a man to beat him over hurdles, but he had to lower his colours to the American phenomenon, Kraenzlein, whose extraordinary performances created so great a sensation when he appeared at the Lillie Bridge ground last year. Mr. Pritchard has made the most

coveted prize in Indian Athletics his own. This is the Beresford Challenge Cup given by the late Lord William Beresford, which he won three years in succession. Another splendid trophy is the Silver Shield, which was

presented to him by the Bengal Presidency Athletic Association in recognition of the wonderful series of triumphs he has scored as an athlete during the eight years of his active career.

Sporting Pictures at the Royal Academy.

SUBJECTS of interest to the sportsman and student of animal life are not numerous on the walls of Burlington House this year. We miss the handiwork of one or two artists for whose pictures there is always a ready-made welcome; neither Mr. Alfred Strutt nor Mr. J. C. Dollman are represented, and Mr. Wynn Ellis, who last year exhibited a hunting piece about the average in merit, this season figures as a portrait painter with a picture of Mr. Charles Gold (410). Miss Lucy Kemp Welch finds opportunity for one of her spirited paintings of horses in Lord Dundonald's dash on Ladysmith (417), which shows what we may take to be the advance guard of the relieving cavalry galloping over rough ground towards the spectator. The horses are painted as we expect from Miss Kemp Welch, and the only fault we can find is that they are in much better condition than might be expected.

Mr. Arthur Wardle sends four pictures; "The Order of the Bath" (46) is perhaps the best; it shows a small boy in nature's garb struggling into the sea under the burden of a not too willing Irish terrier, while a colley and a fox-terrier dance round the pair enjoying the misfortune of their companion. "Tigers Disturbed" (362) does not greatly appeal to

us; but Mr. Wardle's study of pelicans in the water-colour room (1080) is admirable; he has caught the chilly washed-out aspect of the clumsy birds to perfection.

Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A., has painted two excellent horses in "An Affair of Honour" (75); they are not the idealised steeds with which the romantic painter loves to provide cavaliers of the Stuart period, but useful nags of the sturdy, active type, despite their rather hairy heels; just such horses as the average cavalier of the time probably did ride.

Mr. Tom Mitchell sends a grouse-shooting picture (79); the liver-and-white pointer, whose head, by the way, is a bit coarse, is on birds, and the sportsman is coming up from the background over the purple heather. Man and dog are rather subordinate features in a very pleasing landscape study.

Miss Winifred Austen is coming to the fore as an animal painter. In "Enforced Abstinence" (No. 125) she has a lion and lioness restrained from drinking by the presence of a crocodile, who displays a set of teeth whiter and more even than saurians can usually boast. "Flight" (No. 711), a stag pursued by wolves, is good, though we should expect the victim to be making better time over country apparently so

much more favourable to himself than to his pursuers. The water-colour "Motherhood" (No. 1171), a she-wolf suckling her cubs, is a careful piece of work, and the "Drawings of Wild Animals" (No. 1470), in the black-and-white room, are excellent. Particularly deserving of mention is the characteristic study of a polar bear's head.

Mr. Charles Stuart's "Craggy Heights: the Challenge" (No. 177), stags challenging across a stream, recalls Mr. Douglas Adams. In "The Fisherman" (No. 183), Mr. Tom Griffiths has an aged angler whose method of holding his rod suggests the physical disability of severe rheumatism; the butt is tucked into his armpit, and he grasps the rod with both hands; he has had some luck with the dace (?), however, so we need not criticise his method.

The three collies in Mr. Briton Riviere's "To the Hills" (No. 179) have rather the appearance of carefully combed and tended lady's dogs than the working partners of a shepherd. The attitudes are excellent, spirited and alert, but are they not just a little too richly endowed with tail? The same inquiry rises to the lips on facing Mr. Mac Whirter's "A Fallen Giant" (No. 203), a storm-thrown fir which a fox is regarding with evident doubt; never have we seen so profuse a brush on mortal fox. In "A Rising Generation" (195) Mr. Valentine T. Garland has packed three very small fox-terrier puppies into a huntsman's cap. A saddle, horn and crop in this somewhat crowded canvas suggest their future career.

Mr. Wright Barker sends an equestrian group, "Mr. Harrison Benn and Daughters" (No. 270). Bone and substance are excellent things; but here we have bone and substance in excess; nor can

praise be accorded to the drawing of the horses in other respects. Mr. E. Percy Wild sends a clever little picture, "Enthusiasts" (No. 307), a little girl fishing from a punt, with fox-terrier, whose keen interest in the float is capitally expressed.

A word of praise is due to Miss Alice K. Goyder's "Sub Luna" (No. 624), a clever study of a lion half seen in the dark, and to Mr. Philip Stretton's "Rough and Ready" (No. 656), a terrier on a bench mounting guard over dead rabbits. Mr. William Wall's "Bolting the Otter" (No. 394) is skied, but, as far as can be judged, it deserved a better place. Another very similar otter-hunting picture is Mr. Walter Hunt's (No. 897); but the artist may be reminded that an otter "bolts" and does not "break cover," also we should expect the quarry, under the circumstances portrayed, to dive instead of swimming.

Nearly all the few hunting pieces are to be found in Gallery IX. appropriated to small canvases. Mr. George Wright's "A Fine Hunting Morning" (No. 623) and "A Meet in the Market Place" (No. 774) are clever little pictures of old times. Mr. Charles E. Stewart's "Crossing the Ford" (No. 708) is distinctly good. The huntsman is well seated on his horse, and the hounds are well drawn. In "Homewards" (No. 736) the same artist shows the pack on the brow of the hill, below which in the background the village lights gleam through the gathering dusk. The dusk effects in this little picture are very cleverly managed. Both of Mr. Stewart's works betray the sportsman as well as the artist.

Mr. Thomas Blinks sends a clever horse picture in "Non-Members" (No. 803), a whipper-

in at the gallop rounding up half-a-dozen young cart-horses who want to join in the fun. Mr. Blinks, as we all know, can draw a horse, and this, his sole contribution to the Academy, is well worthy of him. Another clever horse picture is Mr. Alfred T. Munning's "Suffolk Horse Fair" (No. 902), only the title recalls Rosa Bonheur's famous masterpiece. The grouping and composition of the picture are excellent, and there is an air of homeliness and naturalness about it which attracts.

To the fact that Mr. Frank Batson's cricketers are "Playing out Time in an Awkward Light" (No. 571) must be attributed the want of keenness apparent in the players; the bowler, advancing towards the spectator, is the only figure who seems to be taking any interest in the proceedings, and it must be added that the light of the sinking sun, throwing long shadows across the pitch, does not convey the impression of uncertainty. Mr. Hal Ludlow sends three small angling pictures of merit, "A Likely Place" (No. 653), "I'll try an August Dun" (No. 693) and "Playing a Trout" (No. 733). They do not boast striking originality either in conception or treatment, but are

good and careful studies by a man who can evidently use a trout rod as skilfully as his brush.

We must hark back a bit and glance at the portraits before laying down the pen. Conspicuous among these is Mr. Solomon L. Solomon's admirable three-quarter length (No. 98) of Mr. W. H. Dunn, who last year resigned the mastership of the Craven in favour of Mr. Lionel Barlow after a second period of office. This is the portrait which has been presented by the members and subscribers of the hunt. Mr. Mark Millbanke exhibits his presentation portrait of Mr. Sheffield Neave (No. 326), who, in 1899, resigned the mastership of the Essex Stag-hounds after sixteen highly successful seasons. This also is an excellent likeness. Mr. George Watson sends a full-length portrait (No. 32) of Mr. W. F. H. Lyon in pink, with a fox terrier in the chair beside him. Mr. Arthur S. Cope has a portrait (No. 88) of Mr. A. S. Witherby, trout rod in hand, and another (No. 186) of Mr. R. C. Coode with a gun. Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., contributes a full-length portrait of Mr. James Bunten, half lying against a shady bank overlooking a wide stretch of deer forest, with a rifle across his knees.

Experiences among the Norwegian Trout.

WHEN on an elk-hunting expedition in the autumn of 1897, we one day reached a certain roadside station, at an hour in the afternoon which rendered it advisable to stay there for the night, although some five-and-twenty miles of our journey remained to be completed. The place was not on a frequented route, the

quarters were therefore poor, and the prospects of there being anything to eat other than "fladbrød" and highly odorous cheese appearing remote, we sallied forth in search of fish. Returning after a couple of hours with what we considered a very respectable lot of trout, we noticed that the natives who inspected them did

not appear to be at all impressed; their "Ja, ja's," and "Ja, saa's," were expressive of very mild approval only, and it seemed worth while making inquiries with regard to the surrounding waters and their inhabitants. An evening spent in the society of three ultra-stolid "Bönder," in an atmosphere entirely composed of the fumes of "skraa tobak" and of hot punch, was by no means wasted, and as a result we have spent a portion of each of the three last angling seasons at that queer little homestead.

Instead of being situated in a deep valley, as many similar establishments are in Norway, it lies some 1,750 feet above sea-level, in an upland district, entirely covered by irregular fir-clad mountains, through which the breezes from the higher fjelds beyond blow even in the hottest weather with refreshing vigour. In summer, when the snow-drifts have disappeared from the woodlands and the reign of Jack Frost is over, the air is full of sweet influences, the scent of pine trees and of wild flowers innumerable, the sound of murmuring and of falling water, the cries of the wild birds, while in every direction prospects of exceeding beauty extend.

The human inhabitants of this region are a hardy race, retaining their primitive habits, dress and customs to an extent unknown nowadays on the much exploited west coast; and few of the buildings in which they live are less than 100 years old. In addition to these attractions the district is an excellent fishing one; besides brooks and tarns innumerable, there are at least twenty lakes of various sizes—all containing trout—within reach of our headquarters; these are connected one with the other by streams, and

form part of a great system, the combined waters of which ultimately discharge into one of those huge inland seas which are so frequently met with in Norway. In its natural character, in its surroundings, and in the influences to which it is subject, this system, or rather the portion thereof to which we have penetrated, is typical of many others throughout the country; in the hope, therefore, that they may be of some use to brethren of the gentle craft, who, like ourselves, prefer complete freedom of movement and fair sport to the restrictions and more or less cut-and-dry conditions that apply in regard to home waters, we venture to give our experiences as indicating the results which may be obtained in scores of places throughout Scandinavia by any angler of average skill and physical energy, who can talk a little Norwegian, and who, instead of relying on outside information, will take the trouble to find things out for himself.

Having been given to understand that the fishing rights in the neighbourhood were owned by a number of different farmers, who, for leave granted, had been in the habit of exacting from chance foreigners considerable payment, we employed the day of our return (June 28th, 1898) in coming to an arrangement with some of these worthy men, with whom, fortunately, our host and hostess seemed to be on amicable terms. At first they were disposed to open their mouths rather wide, but on arriving at the fact that they had to deal with an individual who took but little interest in the trout after they were caught and weighed beyond those required for occasional meals, and that he could "haiver" to them a bit in their native tongue, they

came round to a more reasonable way of thinking; and ultimately, with the exception of a trifling sum to a poor member of the little community, there was nothing to pay in the way of rent; while the quantity of fish ultimately distributed apparently gave complete satisfaction.

As the place seemed to justify contemplating a return thither, we at first employed our time in visiting all the lochs within driving and walking distance, so that not until our second season could we claim a fair knowledge of the capabilities of these; and as a result of our investigations we have since then practically limited our operations to seven lochs, the others being either too distant, or, from one cause or another, relatively in attractive. The spring of 1899 was a late one, snow continued to fall at frequent intervals until far on in May, and after that for weeks together a cold north wind blew; we did not therefore arrive at Skovdal until after July 2nd. As a matter of fact we might have gone there a week earlier with advantage, experience teaching that at from 1,500 to 1,800 feet above sea level, trout in southern and south-western Norway begin to rise freely to the fly soon after the middle of June; but until the end of that month we had met with some success in a sheltered valley below, from which we were in no hurry to come away.

On the 3rd, feeling indisposed after the long journey of the previous day to go far afield, we fished "Borte Vand," within five minutes' walk of which the house stands. The contour of this fine mountain loch is very irregular, abounding as it does in islands, bays, headlands and peninsulas; roughly speaking, it is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and from 300 to 1,000

yards in width, while in the centre it is divided into two portions by a narrow channel through which a slight current flows. At least two-thirds of its area is of a depth suitable for fly fishing; its bottom is thickly coated over with the peaty discharge from the moorlands and forests with which it is surrounded; and it is fed by numerous burns and one considerable stream. In autumn the trout ascend the latter in vast numbers for spawning purposes, and at that time of the year they used to be captured wholesale by the natives. At length, however, the effects of this wanton destruction began to appear in a marked diminution both in the number and size of the fish in the lake, and in '94 a five years' close time for the river in autumn was very wisely inaugurated by the owners. "Borte Vand" itself is also netted and "ottered," although by no means severely, and considerable numbers of trout are taken by means of set lines and through holes made in the ice in winter; but its main confluent constitutes an excellent nursery, and it is full of well-fed and (*mirabile dictu!*) free-rising fish.

The weather on our opening day last year was by no means favourable, at any rate in the forenoon, the breeze being very slight and variable. Later on it died away altogether, and a steady, grey drizzle set in about 5 p.m., whereupon matters improved, and we got seventy-five fish weighing 51 lbs. in less than three hours. Then the rain became disagreeably heavy; having, moreover, no desire for slaughter, we returned home at 8 o'clock, leaving the trout well on the feed.

On the following day we had a somewhat curious experience on "Holmsjö" (so-called from the numerous islets that stud its surface), the uppermost of a

chain of eight lochs, through which one of the minor tributaries of "Borte Vand" flows, and locally celebrated for the quality of its trout. Having after a stiff tramp reached its lonely shores—1,900 feet above sea level—we discovered that the only boat was hopelessly and irretrievably leaky. In anticipation of this eventuality, however, our attendant had brought with him a square yard or so of coarse sacking, and soon, with the assistance of his "tolknif," this was jammed into a few of the innumerable holes and cracks, of which it was full. But it was no use; even constant baling failed to keep the wretched old craft afloat for more than five minutes at a time; and at last, sorely against the grain—for the trout were taking—we had to give up the attempt. During the previous night there had been a good deal of thunder, all forenoon heavy clouds drifted hither and thither across the sky, and the air seemed charged with electricity; nevertheless, and contrary to all angling canons, the trout showed no symptoms of depression, and by one o'clock the creel contained four dozen odd—caught from the shore for the most part—which averaged three-quarters of a pound a-piece. Then the breeze died away completely, a tremendous peal of thunder right overhead initiated a violent storm, rain and hail descended in sheets, and lightning flashed incessantly along the dark, pine-clad slopes. As if in response, thunder began to roll and growl from another series of coppery-looking clouds away to the south; and what with the innumerable echoes among the mountains, the display from the picturesque point of view was very fine. The fishing was, however, practically over; for,

although the trout showed freely on the surface in the brief intervals between the storms, a dead calm prevailed, and only while the successive downpours lasted was it possible to make a few additions to the day's take. Not until the following evening did the thunder and heavy rain cease; then the weather cleared; and although not a breath of air stirred the surface, by using fine gear we captured fifty-three good fish in three hours on the home loch—a couple of natives out with an "otter" only getting a few small ones. A three-mile walk on the morning of the 6th brought us to a lake called "Aasvand," 1,950 feet above sea-level, beautifully situated amid lofty hills, in the opposite direction to the one last referred to. The atmosphere was again highly charged with electricity—thunder growled every now and again from various quarters, and the weather altogether looked most unfavourable. Nevertheless, we easily filled a 25-lb. basket before lunch. Then another violent storm burst, and we were thankful to take refuge in an old hay hut, while thunder, lightning, and heavy rain continued without intermission for upwards of two hours. At last the sun came through, and at old Halvor's suggestion we began forcing the boat through the channel of a flooded burn towards a second loch, "Stormvand," upon which after an extremely tortuous and very moist passage of about half a mile, we emerged. Thunder and heavy rain, however, again set in, and having added some 15 lbs. only to the basket, we made tracks for home. Inasmuch as it contains a relatively small extent of water suitable for fly-fishing, and is for the most part very deep, the former of these two lakes differs in

character from the majority of its neighbours; but it contains heavy fish (to be taken occasionally by trolling with the natural bait), which the shallower sheets of water certainly do not. The "Stormvand," on the other hand, has nothing to recommend it, for the trout, although fairly numerous, do not average well, and only when passing through to "Fjeldvand," from which its main confluent flows, have we ever cared to fish it again.

On the 8th, being somewhat tired of constant drenchings and thunderstorms generally, and being, moreover, desirous of seeing the dresses worn by the natives at a wedding appointed to take place that day, we did not turn out until well on in the afternoon; and about 5 p.m. we got afloat on the loch last named, with Halvor at the oars. That worthy Norskman, however, had been improving the occasion of the marriage party, and a boat with an "otter" in tow had immediately preceded us over the best of the water. The result, therefore, was indifferent—thirty-eight trout—18 lbs. Anything more unpropitious than the appearance which the weather presented the following Monday, when we returned to the same place, could not well be imagined. The heavens were completely covered over with electric-looking clouds; the mountains, the forests, the lakes, were all shrouded in a coppery haze, and the only redeeming feature was a steady breeze for the north-west. At no time were the trout ravenously on the feed, nevertheless we kept on picking them up; the rain held off, and at the end of a thoroughly enjoyable day, it was ascertained that we had taken 64 fish, averaging nearly three-quarters of a pound each.

So much for weather effects and prophecies in connection with angling, at any rate in Norway! The thundery and unsettled weather, together with good sport, continued until the 15th, when Nature at length condescended to wreath her face with smiles. The birch trees, the grass, the innumerable wild flowers and berry plants, the grey rocks with their covering of lichen and ferns, the dark pines, sparkled in the morning sun; filmy clouds drifted before a gentle breeze across a sky of blue, and everything seemed to proclaim an ideal fishing day. But the trout, singularly enough, thought otherwise; for some reason, known only to themselves, they proved extremely sulky, and three dozen moderate-sized ones only rewarded a hardish day on "Borte Vand" and a neighbouring tarn. This last, called on account of the size of the trout it is supposed to contain, "Laxtjern" (Salmon tarn), is certainly a curious little place. It has no apparent connection with any other loch; the "baek" which feeds it is of microscopic dimensions; a belt of quaking and very wet green bog, some 10 to 15 yards in width, extends all round between the water's edge and the surrounding forest; and it is so closely shut in on every side by wooded hills that nothing short of a gale ever ripples the surface of its dark, moss-brown waters. On two or three subsequent occasions we visited its lonely shores and succeeded in catching some fifty fish, none of which were less than $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. and a considerable number from 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 lbs. in weight. These fine trout—of which there seemed to be a fair stock—were not easy to secure, as they fought like grise and invariably bolted for the beds of weeds which were here, there, and everywhere. They affected

too the immediate neighbourhood of the hollow, peaty banks; in approaching the latter, therefore, great care had to be exercised in order to avoid communicating through the medium of the very shaky morass a highly undesirable concussion to the water. Such tarns are by no means uncommon in Norway. The fish which inhabit them, being well fed, refuse to be attracted by lures mounted on the coarse gear usually employed by the natives and acquire a reputation for extreme sulkiness—a reputation enhanced very often by the fact that when a stranger properly fitted out visits them, he does so generally when the weather and other circumstances are unfavourable.

In another direction, but situated 600 feet higher (2,350 feet above sea level), lies another lakelet, "Lomtjern," on whose rocky shores we occasionally spent an hour or two on the way back from more distant waters: its trout are not exactly free risers, but they average well, and the view across innumerable pine-clad ranges to the mighty snow-clad giants on the horizon is superb. One day while prosaically employed in plucking cloudberries, which grew in great abundance all round, we came across a subsidiary tarn, not more than a couple of acres in extent, a couple of hundred yards or so from the main one. On the latter we had failed to get a single rise; from its small neighbour in an hour and a half we got over four dozen odd, running three to the pound, in a perfect blaze of sunshine and in a dead calm, by using fine gut and small flies.

On July 22nd, a spell of hot weather set in—with the usual effect. The burns became voiceless; slender streams of crystal clear water trickled down the

beds of the larger "baeks;" the area of each lake became greatly diminished; while grass and water plants covered the surface of the bays and creeks. During the day cloudless sunshine rendered successful angling impossible; and although of an evening the trout were to be seen disporting themselves everywhere in hundreds, it was no easy matter to compass even a modest basket of eight or ten pounds, and early in August we "moved on." June was this year a much warmer month in Southern Norway than in '99; and, encouraged by the comparatively high air temperature, on June 19th we ascended to our old quarters at Skovdal, where we found that exceptionally mild weather had been experienced for quite three weeks. Lying as it does in the middle of a forest country, all the lakes in the neighbourhood are utilised more or less for timber-floating purposes, and up to the great Norwegian festival of "Sant Hans" (June 24th) they are subject to the artificial fluctuations caused by the closing or opening of the various dams constructed for gathering the logs. Under these conditions "Borte Vand" presented a very unfamiliar appearance. Hundreds of acres of the surrounding moorlands were flooded; the islands had completely disappeared; partially submerged pine trees reared their heads every here and there above the surface, upon which much *débris* floated; and a huge boom at the mouth of the river encircled some thousands of logs. Owing to the greatly enlarged area of water, the trout were very hard to locate, for all the usual banks, shallows and bays, where we had been accustomed to catch them, were quite useless; at the end of the first day, however, the creel contained over six dozen good fish

in excellent condition, picked up in all sorts of queer places.

Desirous of ascertaining to what height the warm weather had affected the condition of the trout, we proceeded on the 21st to "Lomtjern," 2,350 feet above sea level. Even at that height the air was balmy and mild, insects were plentiful, and the trout rose freely; but the extra 600 feet was too much, and so poor was their condition that of the many captured we only brought back ten or a dozen. With the same object in view we next day tried "Fjeld Vand," 1,950 feet; but even in that excellent loch, 200 feet only above "Borte," the fish were not nearly fit, and so to the latter we accordingly stuck for the ensuing week, during which period we caught 421 trout, averaging over $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. a piece. It had somehow got into the heads of the owners of "Fjeld Vand" that owing to the sport obtained on that loch in '99, we proposed renting it; these worthy men had accordingly netted the main confluent more severely than usual during the preceding spawning season. The result was unmistakable, for so much had the fish fallen off in numbers and size that this year we visited what was formerly our best loch on three occasions only, and declined absolutely to entertain the idea of leasing it on any terms whatever. "Borte Vand," on the other hand, owing to the protection accorded its principal tributary, was better than ever, and throughout our stay yielded baskets of from four

to eight dozen a day with great regularity, while the other lochs fished quite up to the standard of the year before.

Perhaps the most singular thing about these waters is the preference which the trout appear to exhibit for thundery weather. Out of a total of 950 caught by the writer in '99, and of 1,344 last year, 720 and 937 respectively were taken in the first three weeks of each season, during which periods thunder, lightning and electric symptoms generally were very much in evidence. We are disposed, however, to think that at that time of the year—say for a month from the 20th or 25th of June—they will rise to the fly to a very great extent regardless of weather; and that later on the converse may almost be said to be the case. By the first week in August the hot Norwegian summer sun has induced a liberal supply of food of all kinds for the trout, which are in consequence fat and hard to please; the temperature of the water is too high; and the character of the weather that usually prevails is such as to curtail materially the hours during which angling is possible. The season of 1899 was very dry, that of 1900 unusually wet, but the heavy rain that fell at the end of July and beginning of August in the latter year had little if any effect in improving the fishing, which fell off in the above ratio as it did at the corresponding period in 1899.

ELK.

The Hunt Button in France.

THE following is translated from an article on the "Hunt Button" in the last issue of the *Annuaire de la Vénérerie Française*. The importance attached to this badge is reflected in the fact that the sportsman who wears it is called "a Hunt Button."

BOUTON D'ÉQUIPAGE.

The sportsman wearing the uniform of a hunt in the capacity of a subscriber, or merely as an invited guest, is called "Bouton d'Équipage."

HOW THE BUTTON IS GIVEN.

When the master of a hunt wishes to present his button to anybody, he begins by discreetly approaching that person through a mutual friend in order to avoid exposing himself to the possibility of refusal. If the response is satisfactory the master himself offers the button, tendering the badge with a courteous note or by word of mouth. The recipient, even though he does not subscribe to the hunt, has nothing to pay for the set of buttons which are presented to him. Twelve large and twelve small buttons are generally given; but if a lady is the recipient 18 or 24 small buttons are given, as the riding-habit requires more than the man's dress.

The new "Button" (*i.e.*, recipient of the button) receives at the same times patterns of the hunt uniform, facings, vest, &c. Of course he may obtain his things where he pleases, but he must be very careful that his uniform exactly corresponds with that of the hunt; the best way to assure this is to go to the master's tailor. When buttons are lost or a new uniform is required, it is

permissible to ask the master for a new set of buttons.

DUTIES OF A BUTTON IN THE FIELD.

The Button is considered a huntsman, and like him must take out a hunting license.* He has the right to carry a *ceinturon* (lit. sword-belt), that is to say, a hunting-knife, a crop and a horn, of which he may make use as occasion requires. At the same time, he may not handle hounds; to do this he must either be the master or have received special authority. In all other circumstances he can give orders to the hunt staff; if, for example, he finds that he is the only "huntsman" present at a kill, it is the Button who presides over the ceremonies (*honneurs*), receives the thanks of the guests, distributes the venison, &c., and bears all responsibility attaching to the business.

All persons who come to the meet, except ladies, are introduced to the Button, and not he to them, irrespective of age. During the hunt the Button has precedence over all others present and requests them to pull up or move from place to place if he thinks it necessary. If there are two or more Buttons out, he who has longest worn the badge discharges these duties. In addition to the above, the Button must render assistance to the hunt staff at all times when necessary.

* The *permis de chasse*, or hunting license, in France must be taken out by everyone bearing any part in the chase, *i.e.*, masters, huntsmen, whippers-in and harbours; those who receive reports of game, give orders in connection with the hunt, carry a horn or encourage the hounds. The license is not required by those who follow merely as spectators, whether on horseback, on wheels or on foot. Nor is it required by those hunt servants who come out on foot to hold the hounds in couples, always provided that they neither follow nor encourage the hounds.

The Sportsman's Library.

MR. DALE has combined in this handsome book* a sketch of the history of the Somerset family from the time of Henry VII. with the history of the Badminton hounds from the earliest date concerning which records exist. The Somersets played a prominent part in affairs during Stuart times, and Raglan Castle was one of the last fortresses held by the Royalists to fall before Cromwell. We must, however, pass over the historical interest of the book and turn our attention to the kennel and the field. Trustworthy material on which to frame a history of the Badminton pack is found in an old kennel book dated 1728; this record shows that, though hare-hunting was much in favour at this time, there were distinct packs of harriers and deerhounds (staghounds?), and twelve years later than the date mentioned the latter were increasing. The kennel record ceases abruptly in 1745, when Henry, the third duke, died and was succeeded by his brother Noel.

The fourth duke was unlike his predecessors and successors, in so far as he appears to have taken little interest in hunting; but Mr. Dale supposes that the sporting traditions of the house were nursed by the guardians of the fifth duke, who was able to hunt with his own staghounds in 1762. It was this duke, who according to the oft-told story, discovered the merits of foxhunting and became the chief pioneer of our great national sport. The author observes, "foxhunting only became popular in time to save the fox from extinction."

Holinshed, writing in Queen Elizabeth's reign, tells us that foxes would have been exterminated in his time but for the sake of the sport they provided; and though it was sport of a very different kind from foxhunting as we understand it, we venture to doubt whether the fox has ever been in much danger of extinction.

Mr. Dale has studied the history of the pack in its relation to other great hunting establishments which were contemporary with it in the early days, and it is interesting to observe how much the Belvoir owe to the Badminton:

In 1801 Belvoir borrowed a hound from Badminton named Topper. This hound is one of the roots of the family of which Rallywood, Weathergaze, Gambler, Dexter and Dasher are famous representatives. Now Topper probably goes back to the old Badminton staghound blood, for the name occurs again and again in the kennel. This fact, coupled with the careful inbreeding shown by the kennel books of Badminton, leads us to believe that here we have the link between the old Northern and Southern hounds and the modern foxhound.

The point is one of great interest, and we only regret that the author did not push investigation farther, or perhaps it were more just to say, give us more of the material which led him to the conclusion declared. By the way, he remarks of the old Badminton hounds that they were "rather inclined to be throaty;" they were remarkable for their fine noses, and was it not Mr. Tom Smith who laid it down as an axiom that "a throaty hound invariably has a good nose?"

The late Duke carried the horn himself for three seasons, 1855-58, and seems to have given up the task only because of the difficulty he found in controlling increas-

* "The Eighth Duke of Beaufort and the Badminton Hunt." By Rev. T. F. Dale, M.A. (Constable & Co.)



PORTRAIT OF THE EIGHTH DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

By Sir F. GRANT, 1864.

(From "*The Eighth Duke of Beaufort and the Badminton Hunt.*")

ingly large fields as well as hunting the hounds. Mr. Dale gives several passages from his diary, in which the writer unconsciously displays the kind-heartedness which contributed so much to his deserved popularity. His generous disposition, princely hospitality and deep sense of the obligations attaching to his position as a great landlord are well shown by the author. The reigning Duke read the greater part of the book before publication, so the work has the good fortune to bear the stamp of authority. Many of the illustrations are excellent; others stand for proof of the impossibility of producing a satisfactory copy of an old picture by means of photography.

Mr. Everett has accomplished a feat both novel and difficult in this book;* he has shown that it is possible to enlighten the reader on nice legal points connected with game preservation, poaching and trespassing, in a fashion not only lucid but amusing. He has, he tells us, drawn extensively upon the recollections of an old solicitor, himself, we conceive, a sportsman, who, in course of his professional career, has had much to do with the poaching fraternity. However the author has come by his knowledge of "cases" and of law, he makes excellent use of both, and we have read his book with both profit and enjoyment. He covers a great deal of ground, dealing in the main with the poacher, whose rights and wrongs are set forth in numerous typical cases which never err in the direction of dry technicality, while they invariably bring out in high relief the subtle point of law it is desired to illustrate. Very few shooting men take the trouble to inform themselves concerning the

laws bearing on sport, and still fewer know how these may be interpreted. Mr. Everett has chapters on most of the subjects involved by possession of a shooting; he discusses sporting rights apart from occupation, boundary fences (a fruitful source of misunderstanding), rights on footpaths, foreshores, the Ground Game Act and the rights of various parties, game farms and stock birds, and, in short, the whole complex question of shooting rights and liabilities. The scheme of the book is excellent and well carried out, the only defect being the author's preference for such pseudonyms as "Mr. Six-and-eightpence" for a solicitor and "Mr. Sharpshooter" for a gamekeeper. The contents are very fully set out, but an index would be an improvement to so genuinely useful a book.

The Marquis of Granby and Mr. George Dewar are well-known writers upon sport, more especially upon Angling and the Dry Fly, and under their joint editorship the Haddon Hall Library bids fair to include some standard works upon various branches of sport. The most recent volume, entitled, "Cricket and Golf,"** is by the Hon. R. H. Lyttleton, who was responsible for a large part of the authorship of the Badminton book on cricket. Mr. Lyttleton has of late years spent much of his leisure time in discoursing upon cricket, and, if we mistake not, also upon golf, and his views are always interesting. We have only one grievance against his book, "Cricket and Golf." The man who smoked a good cigar whilst he was drinking some priceless claret was guilty

* "Shots from a Lawyer's Gun." By Nicholas Everett. (R. A. Everett & Co.)

** "Out-Door Games—Cricket and Golf." By the Hon. R. H. Lyttleton. (London: J. M. Dent & Co., Aldine House, 29 and 30, Bedford Street, W.) 1901.

of spoiling two very good things by attempting to enjoy them both at the same time; and in reading Mr. Lyttleton's book one finds oneself in much the same plight. Surely there was no need to compress into one by no means overgrown volume the views of Mr. Lyttleton upon two subjects so congenial to his pen as cricket and golf. He should have given the sporting public one large volume at least upon either sport. As the book is made, there is not enough of either topic to satisfy the hungry mind; but the author never sets out any idea of being comprehensive; he expresses his "hope to be able to talk of cricket and golf from the untechnical point of view, to try and show not only the charms of both games, but also the shortcomings and the principles which should guide those in authority on the matter of reform and the proper spirit that should be shown in playing the games, and also to describe the conditions under which both games are played and the points of interest of both."

Mr. Lyttleton devotes a large

part of his cricket space to discussion of "reform," and also the "unfair-bowling" question, and his views upon the points will just now be read with interest. Upon one point we should like to hear more from the author; *à propos* of the follow-on rule, he says on page 113, "The rule as originally made was with the intention of benefiting the side that was 80 runs behind." We should be very grateful to Mr. Lyttleton if he would tell us how he arrives at this conclusion.

The book is embellished with coloured portraits of some eight old-time heroes of the games; we are disappointed to find small mention of them all in the letterpress, and especially curious are we to learn more of the sayings and doings of the late Mr. William Davies, whose portrait faces page 84. He appears to have been a man of some character, and our mind can never rest until we know more of him and how he became entitled to a place in a gallery of portraits which includes Alfred Mynn, C. G. Taylor and Edgar Willsheer.

Automatons.

WITHIN comparatively recent years a number of automatic toys for home use have been seen in the shops. Some of them have been worked by the falling of sand, others are of more elaborate make, and most people are familiar with the old gentleman who tries to hit a mouse with a basting-ladle, the band and several other devices. The penny-in-the-slot arrangement has been adapted with considerable success to the automatic figure, and at places of amusement, such as the

West Pier at Brighton, where there are several, these machines are placed, and no doubt make a substantial return to their owners, as a great number of persons readily part with their coppers to see an example of ingenious mechanism. There is the lighthouse-keeper, for example, who on receipt of his penny hoists a flag, comes out of the lighthouse door, takes off his hat and makes a bow. Many of the devices, however, have had their predecessors. The singing bird, for instance, which

will perform for a penny, is only more or less a reproduction of the famous piping-bullfinch, first exhibited at the Exhibition of 1851. On a spring being touched a tiny bullfinch appeared and sang by means of an elaborate extension of the system of the cuckoo clock. The sound came forth from the box in which was an ingenious clock-work arrangement, the wind being supplied by a miniature bellows. When it was first shown it attracted a great amount of attention, and was sold at the price of about five guineas. Even the piping-bullfinch, however, was not entirely original in conception, as long before M. Drolz, an ingenious Swiss, had constructed for the King of Spain a singing bird, which, however, was quite eclipsed by the bullfinch.

Automatons, if we may believe what we read, are no new inventions, as from time out of mind inventors have constructed figures to imitate more or less truthfully the actions and sounds of men and animals; but some of the early accounts have beyond doubt been greatly exaggerated. It taxes one's credulity to believe that Archytus of Tarentum made a wooden dove that could fly as long ago as about 400 B.C. Then a number of old writers tell us of the many contrivances which were made in their time; but they may be dismissed with the remark that they were of crude construction, and were nothing more than simple tricks to impose upon the ignorant. Just as the piping-bullfinch may have been suggested by the singing bird of M. Drolz, so may Mr. Maskelyne's musical automaton have been prompted by the figures made by M. Vancauson of Paris. This clever mechanician invented in 1738 a flute player which placed its lips against the *embouchure*, produced sounds and moved its

fingers on the holes of the instrument as a human player would do. Four years later came a flageolet player on much the same lines, except that with one hand the figure beat a tambourine. Not long afterwards came the Mechanical Drummer, and the principle of a harmonium was applied to a self-acting organ which on one occasion is said to have run away and to have played the whole of its *répertoire* before it could be stopped. There have been many other musical automatons since that time; but, needless to say, nothing has ever been produced which even approached those of Mr. Maskelyne, whose automatons defy detection, for anything more true to human execution than the cornet player and the rest of the troupe has never been seen, so exact is the tone of each instrument.

Attempts have been made to imitate speech, but hitherto without success, though it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that one may some day or other be on view at the Egyptian Hall. Faber's so-called Talking-machine was a fraud; it was acted upon by levers and pedals, nor was the Anthropoglossus, exhibited at what was then the Palais Royal (afterwards Hengler's circus) in Argyle Street, Regent Street, very much better, though it did indistinctly pronounce a few words.

The original chess-playing figures were not really automatons at all. Kemplen's, for instance, had in it an arrangement of wheels and levers which were shown to the spectator; but they were simply a blind, as the game was first played by a crippled Russian officer of small stature concealed within the figure, and the story goes that he escaped from Russia in the interior of the so-called automaton. Another chess-play-

ing automaton was shown at the Crystal Palace about the year 1873; but here again Mr. Maskelyne came to the fore with Mephisto to puzzle all spectators, and unlike all previous attempts his secret has never been discovered. The whist-player Psycho, again, manages its cards through an agency unknown to anyone save the inventor himself, and the story goes that not even Mr. Maskelyne's assistants, who, of course, have parts to play, know the whole of the several secrets, though they must necessarily be aware of some of the means adopted. Then, to the same ingenious gentleman is due the production of Zoe, the figure seated before a sheet of drawing-paper, on which it traces likenesses of well-known people out of a list of about two hundred names. The automatons at the Egyptian Hall are so mounted on glass as to apparently negate the possible use of electricity, and no one has ever yet detected the motive power which enables Psycho to pick its cards from the rack in front and to play them so correctly.

As in the case of musical and game-playing automatons, Mr. Maskelyne has succeeded in outdoing, with Zoe, all other automatons in the writing and drawing line. A writing automaton was made as long ago as 1769; it worked on the pentagraph system, and it may not be generally known that by this means, when experiments were made on the London and South Western Railway between Woking and Waterloo, the message appeared in London in the handwriting of the operator. The early writing automatons were said all to be on the pentagraph system, but Robert Houdin's Writing and Drawing Figure, which caused a great sen-

sation in Paris, worked by an ingenious clockwork mechanism.

Mention has been made above of a very ancient flying wooden Dove, and birds more or less curious followed, and in 1741 the aforesaid M. Vancoursan made what must have been truly a "Wonderful Duck," for it is reported to have ate, drank, swam, dived and dressed its wings all in as natural a style as the two or three live specimens with which it was shown. It is also said to have digested its food. Some time afterwards this duck came into Houdin's hands for repair; he successfully righted the mechanism, but declared that the digestion business was nothing more than a vulgar trick (as may be supposed) quite unworthy of the inventor, who was an exceedingly clever mechanician. Houdin, by the way, besides being the foremost conjuror of his day, was, like the inventor of the above duck, very fond of mechanical contrivances, of which his house and grounds were full. On a visitor ringing the bell of the garden gate, an answer to come in, or to explain that Houdin was not at home, appeared before the visitor's eyes.

M. Drolz, who made the first singing bird for the King of Spain, also constructed for that sovereign a sheep which bleated and a dog which guarded a basket of fruit and barked incessantly, if any were abstracted, until it was replaced. A Guardian Dog was exhibited in 1796 at the Mechanic Theatre, 38, Norfolk Street, Strand, the proprietor announcing by advertisement that "the convenience of day exhibitions must be obvious to the polite circles who are otherwise engaged in the evenings." The group in which the dog appeared was called the Fruity, described as being the

model of a neat rural mansion. The porter was seen at the gate, and on being addressed rang a bell, which caused the "fruiteress" to open the door. Any of those present were then at liberty to call for what fruit they pleased. The young woman would then disappear, returning presently with what was called for. She would also receive from the company flowers and small articles, carry them indoors and produce them again as they were called for. As the fruit was brought forth it was given in charge of a watch-dog in front of the house, and on any of it being taken away the dog began to bark, and continued to do so until the missing fruit was replaced. At the same show was "the Little Chimney-sweeper," who suddenly came in sight from behind the house, entered the door, and in due course his head appeared at the top of the chimney; he cried "Sweep!" several times to show that he had performed his task, and then made his exit with a bag of soot. "The Liquor Merchant and the Water Server" were on a platform about two feet square, which was placed on the table (which doubtless contained some mechanical appliances). From a small cask alongside which the merchant stood the latter drew almost any liquor that was called for, while the water-server filled from a pump tumblers of water as required. The "Highland Oracle" was in Highland dress, and stood on a clock. On being asked the time of day he gave it by striking his claymore on a target; he gave a rational answer (by motion) to any question proposed, calculated sums in arithmetic, and gave instantly the amount of any number of pounds, yards, &c., at any given price, while he also acted as conductor to the organ inside the table. The exhibitor was a Mr. Hancock

who flattered himself that his "androides," as automaton were often called, would be found more curious than anything of the kind ever seen before, as the principles of action were entirely new.

It does not seem that sport received any attention from the inventors of automaton. Quite early in the century there was a mechanical horse shown either in the Strand or in one of the streets leading out of it; but it was not of the nature of the Mechanical Horse of life size exhibited in Piccadilly many years ago, and which drew half London and all the horsemen in the kingdom to witness its acts. It was not an automaton at all, but a horse with a pliable neck, worked by machinery in the basement. Anyone was invited to mount it. The German who exhibited it had a means of communication with the engineer below, and if the rider stuck to the steed, a direction to the machinist resulted in the quickening of the speed and an increase in mechanical restiveness, and sooner or later—generally sooner—the rider found himself lying on the well-padded floor. A good many of the cavalry roughriders tried their hands, but they all had to subscribe to the dictum of the French gentleman who, on going out for his first day's hunting, remarked, "If he jomp smooth, I am; but if he jomp rough, I do not remain." No roughrider "remained," for the horse could stand on its head or turn completely over. It was never, so far as is known, again shown in England. There is a Mechanical Fisherman to be seen in the penny-in-the-slot series, but the only hunting automaton that can be called to mind is the Mechanical Hare which was hunted at Hendon on September 9th, 1876.

W. C. A. B.

The Sportsman-Soldier's Lament.

THE sternest of eyes might with sympathy glisten
To see that old dog watch the doorway in vain.
Ah ! faithful companion, in vain you may listen,
You will ne'er catch the sound of that footstep again.

His guns in their places stand rusting together,
No longer resounding through wood, field, and dell,
While the wily old pheasant in peace plumes his feather,
Rememb'ring the days when the rocketers fell.

In vain by a sale a fresh owner you find them ;
To pick out his shots, or blaze into the brown,
There's no longer his eye, or his shoulder behind them,
And the swift-driven partridge has failed to come down.

In the stable the old horse stands fretting and idle,
No more to the front like a wild stag he bounds.
How he longs once again to don saddle and bridle,
And carry his Master right up to the hounds !

In vain !—ah ! in vain you may fill up his manger,
Ply the spur in the run till its rowels be red ;
He refuses to feed from the hand of a stranger,
Has turned from the yawner the first time his head.

No more from the woodland his view-holloa pealing
Lets us know that the rover has left it at last ;
In vain in the open, "across the grass stealing,"
We strive to o'ertake him, ride ever so fast.

As brave as he traversed the fair Red Horse Valley
With his kind word for all, and his bright cheery smile,
He has crossed the dark valley—but ah ! we can't dally,
We must ride on without him—'tis but for a while.

You may put by that rod—the brave fish from the ocean
To the pools of Blackwater in safety may leap,
And safe from his long Rifle's death-dealing potion
The stag in the distant, lone, corrie may sleep.

Why, there's his old bat : how well he could wield it !
Let's see the inscription, "one hundred, not out"—
It shall stand in the mess-room : a glass case shall shield it,
To 'mind us how often it baffled a rout—

Shall I burnish his pistols ? he never will need them,
You may hang up his belt, put his helm on the shelf,
For his men may look now for another to lead them,
And his good sword none other shall draw but himself.

In the stern press of conflict, the hour of disaster,
 When the bullets are falling like torrents of rain,
 While the foe on the flank gathers thicker and faster,
 They will look for his cheer and his rally in vain.

On the morrow, my lad, you may sound the *reveillé*,
 It won't rouse him up, though it ring all around ;
 The roar of the battle, the crash of the *mêlée*,
 E'en these would not wake him, his sleep is so sound.

Is that his own Prayer Book, take care you don't lose it,
 He ne'er was ashamed of his Faith and his Love ;
 It will comfort his Mother a short time to use it,
 Till they meet once again in the country above.

REG. WYVERN.

A Night in a Somali Karia.*

WHEN shooting in Somaliland some years ago I found myself one night amongst the Habr Awal tribe of the Ishak group of Somalis; the rain was descending in torrents, whilst every minute the darkness became more intense. I had lost my caravan, which meant no supper, and this, added to the fact that lions infested the neighbourhood, made up the prospect of an unpleasant night, when suddenly as if by magic some dusky forms appeared and I found myself surrounded by a party of Habr Awal armed as usual with shield and spears. My reception was most friendly, but whether due to my rifle or to the friendship existing between the British and Somalis before such a large slice of their country was handed over to their relentless Abyssinian foes, I cannot say.

Wet to the skin, I was glad to

be conducted to their *zariba** near by, hoping to exchange my soaking clothes for a tobe,† but the *karia* into which I was led was full of women and children, so I could not effect the exchange till they cleared out, which was evidently far from their intentions. With shrill peals of laughter evidently at my expense, and sly nudges amongst themselves they surrounded me, which was embarrassing to a shy man. A smouldering fire in the centre of the hut was rekindled for my benefit, and I was soon hidden by the smoke and the steam from wet clothes, under cover of which I exchanged my shirt for a tobe. The Somali women, restless and fond of change like their European sisters, soon departed, to my no small satisfac-

* A *zariba* is a hedge of thorny bushes surrounding the *karia*, as a protection from wild beasts.

* A *karia* is a portable hut, made of mats thrown over long pliant rods, each of which is bent over and the ends stuck in the ground.

† A tobe is the usual dress of a Somali, and consists of a cotton sheeting about fourteen feet long, worn so as to cover the whole body and legs.

tion, followed by their queer little children, who never seem quite childlike, as they begin to shift for themselves when too big to be carried slung on their mother's back.

Having posted my Midgan* servant, with my rifle, to guard the hut entrance, I fell asleep, but was soon awakened by a Somali bearing kasurast of camels' milk, which we quickly disposed of, not having eaten since our morning meal. The milk, which tasted smoky, allayed hunger and thirst, but was as hard to digest as a lobster supper, and combined with the insect life of the karia to drive away sleep. Judging by the various sounds near me, the zariba contained the usual Somali animals. I heard camels gurgling, and after a hyena had uttered his dismal howls from a distance he grew bolder and a stampede of goats to the further corner of their pen showed that he was not far off. Sleep at last overtook me, and when I awoke the sun was just rising and I was able to take stock of my surroundings.

A zariba of prickly khansas bushes surrounded a few karias, the roofs of which were leaky, being patched with the skins of wild animals, possibly killed by the poisoned arrow of a Midgan. The camels were soon driven out to graze whilst the goats bleated to follow, and a few withered looking hags, with hans† for filling at the well, approached me, apparently desiring compensation for the use of their karia, whilst a couple of comely girls tripped out of a hut hard by, clad in gracefully folded tobes; they giggled

shyly on seeing me and passed out to their day's work of herding goats.

I sent out search parties, and after my rifle had been several times fired to attract attention my caravan hove in sight. I was now able to converse with the karia people through my interpreter who arrived with the caravan, whereas previously I could only repeat my few Somali sentences, which were apparently not always intelligible and even when they were I could not understand the replies which followed. I was now made aware of the great expense and inconvenience caused the inhabitants of the karia by my passing the night amongst them, but they were soon made happy by a few presents, including a tobe. A wash in a waterproof sheet full of water, placed in a hole dug in the sandy soil, dry clothes, and a good meal made me feel an Englishman again, and a longing to kill something seized me, so sallying forth I succeeded in shooting a gazelle (*Gazella Spekei*), and the meat brought comfort to the hearts of my men and the karia people.

After a hasty meal my camels were saddled and loaded as the camel men sang their usual loading song, and having escaped from a farewell attempt to obtain more presents, I set out again on my travels to other hunting grounds. I was glad to be away, as I had played as usual the part of physician, and though my remedies generally gave temporary satisfaction, I feared that the after results might be less reassuring.

I have often looked back upon this uncomfortable but interesting experience of karia life, and felt grateful to my Somali hosts for their hospitality and kindness.

HOMELESS.

* The Midgan is a low class Somali, to be found scattered amongst all the tribes. He was practically a slave before British influence made itself felt in the country.

† A kasura is made of plaited grass, and is shaped like an inverted cone.

‡ A jan is made of plaited bark, and is used for carrying water, of which it holds about three gallons.

Thomas Hayward.

BORN at Cambridge on March 19th, 1871, the great Surrey batsman has just completed his thirtieth year. Tom Hayward is one of the many examples of cricket talent running in families, for he is the son of Daniel Hayward and nephew of the great Tom Hayward, who was in his day regarded as one of the finest batsmen, the names of the pair of Cambridge batsmen, Hayward and Carpenter, being household words amongst cricketers. Cambridgeshire of to-day not boasting a first-class county organisation, it came about that young Hayward, full of cricket ability and ambition, set to work to qualify by residence for Surrey, and the season of 1892 found him winning honours for the Surrey Club and Ground, and in 1893 he appeared regularly in the county team and gave further evidence of his quality by scoring a century in his second county match, whilst later in the season he had a large share in the two wickets' victory over the Australians, and finished up his first season for his adopted county with an aggregate of 637 runs and an average of just under twenty runs per innings. Since then he has never looked back and is to-day in the very first flight of English cricketers, and his batting performances are too numerous for mention in a short sketch such as this. In 1896 he played a not-out innings of 229 for Surrey against Derbyshire, and in 1898 he made the highest score of the season, 315 not out, against Lancashire, this being the third occasion in that season upon which he scored an innings of three figures.

Upon the occasion of the last Australian invasion, in 1899, Hayward was one of the mainstays of England; he played in all five test matches and always with success, his greatest performance being, perhaps, his magnificent century at the Oval in the last match, when he and Mr. F. S. Jackson started the batting for England and practically placed defeat out of the question before they were separated. That season he had an average of 64 for Surrey, and the following year he averaged nearly 54, with an aggregate of 2,693 runs, including no less than eleven scores of over 100, four of which were made before the month of June. Hayward bats in a very finished style, and upon the good wickets at the Oval is completely at home. If one might criticise the style of such a successful player, one would plead for a little more freedom of play and more rapid scoring; his present methods are typical of the accomplished batsman of to-day who, realising that he has "to get himself out," spares no pains nor patience to avoid such a disaster.

Hayward is a good medium-paced bowler who has had the good sense to realise that, upon the wickets of the present time, it is far better to bat than to bowl and field, and he does not get so much work with the ball as would fall to his lot if he spent fewer hours at the wicket. We are delighted to add to our gallery of celebrities the portrait of one of the greatest all-round cricketers of the day.

Our engraving is from a photograph by Reinhold, Thiele & Co., 66, Chancery Lane, London.

“Our Van.”

Newmarket Craven.—Into the arrangement of the year's racing at Newmarket a certain amount of art has introduced itself—art which we find honoured at the theatre and the banqueting-table, to cite commonplace instances. At the one we have the curtain-raiser, played to the groundlings while the great people take their seats, and at the other the *hors d'œuvre* that whet the appetite for more serious *plats* to follow. The Craven meeting may be taken either as a curtain-raiser or as an appetiser; and its racing is only noticeable for the faint shadows of coming events which it now and then casts before. But, were the racing even less important than it is, the attendance of those whose love for Newmarket is established on solid foundation would not suffer, since for them there exists the charm of foregathering with others of a kindred spirit which always has been, and will remain, inexplicable with that large turf following whose sole appreciation of the sport of racing is measured by what is to be got out of it. The thoroughbred is what attracts to Newmarket that section which makes the place what it is, and what they mingle in Jockey Club stand and paddock to discuss.

It would be unfortunate if events taking place upon Newmarket Heath in mid-April decided the fate of the remainder of the racing season. Were this so, then Volodyovski's chance for the Derby would have been irretrievably extinguished in the Forty-Second Biennial, easily won by St. Maclou, with Volodyovski beaten into a third place. But experience of past years forbids that we should dwell too seriously upon the issue of this race. Other

races to be mentioned are the Wood Ditton Stakes (Ditch Mile), an anonymous Plate run over the last mile and a half of the Cesarewitch Course, and the Second Welter Plate of seven furlongs. The Wood Ditton Stakes was very easily won by William the Third, a little surprise packet from Kingsclere that was to be more talked about later on in connection with the Derby. In the “Plate” (these un-named plates are all the fashion at Newmarket) appeared the talked-of Ruskin, boomed into an odds-on favourite, and had he a heart to match his body the favouritism would no doubt have been justified. But he ran in a half-hearted fashion that was charitably put down to greenness; and when Loates is not able to get a lazy one along, the case seems hopeless. The feature of the otherwise featureless Second Welter Handicap was the defeat at 2 lb. of the three-year-old Handicapper by the four-year-old Petridge. Lord Bobs was considered capable of giving away a fabulous amount of weight to Petridge, so any chance of Handicapper beating Lord Bobs at even weights seemed to be at once put out of the question.

What interested some almost as much as the racing were the new arrangements made for the better regulation of the public stands and paddock. It was an open secret that in connection with the admission to these enclosures there had been great looseness and leakage, for a long time, but until the new manager of the heath, Mr. Marriott, came into power, it seemed to be the business of no one to attempt any improvement. The bad old policy of ignoring the general public, despite the amount of grist it

brings to the mill, flourished nowhere so thoroughly as at Newmarket, and it promised to continue doing so until the infusion of fresh blood came about. New to the business of racing, it probably took Mr. Marriott some little time to thoroughly grasp the situation, but this once accomplished, drastic measures were adopted towards putting an end to the old order of things, half measures being worse than none at all. Arriving at the stand those unprepared for innovation were surprised to be confronted with an eight-foot fence, provided with turnstiles at intervals, which completely shut off the entrances to the stands from the road. The immediate happy result was to banish from the vicinity the uncouth, noisy, blaspheming mob, leavened with a pick-pocket element, on busy days, which formerly disgraced it. As had been shrewdly anticipated, the effect upon the public rings was also marked; but if there were fewer persons in the cheap ring (nicknamed variously the Silver Hell and Chamber of Horrors) the Jockey Club were probably not out of pocket, for a market for passes, much under standard prices, had previously been a notorious feature. The abolition of the weekly ticket made "Tattersall's" ring dearer; but if immunity from the undesirable element was to be secured, no one would grumble at a charge of a sovereign per day. In the paddock steps had been taken to keep out the tout and tipster element that has been everywhere so obnoxious. Trainers who had neglected to apply for admission for their "boys" suffered inconvenience on the first day, but the remedy for this was easy and in their own hands. The effect on the paddock was remarkable.

In the present keeper of the

Heath we unquestionably have the Turf Reformer for whom we have so long waited. He does not see why people should not go racing in as much comfort as attends them when they visit the theatre, and he does not hold the prevalence of custom from time immemorial to be sufficient warrant for the tolerance of the riff-raff that hangs on the fringe of the Turf to do as it pleases. A sad display of indifferent tolerance and weakness all round has been answerable for the continuance of a deplorable state of things which has resulted in racecourse paddocks being flooded with the persons whose character is neither more nor less than that of leeches. That the first step towards improvement should be taken at Newmarket is highly desirable, for what Newmarket does others copy. As a slight, but significant instance, the adoption at Newmarket of the simple expedient of indicating the apprentice allowance of 5 lbs. by means of a red figure on the number board was immediately adopted at Chester and Kempton. A distinct purification of other paddocks has also been observable.

Epsom Spring Meeting.—

When, last year, the Jockey Club sought safety in numbers in the matter of handicapping, there were not many who thought that the desired end would be attained. The saying, "two heads are better than one," pre-supposes some sort of equality between the heads, for where the intelligences brought together vary to any extent, the inferior intellect can only hamper the superior one. Which is the superior intellect of the three gentlemen forming the handicapping committee of the Jockey Club I have no idea, but it has evidently been overruled by the two inferior ones in some impor-

tant instances. The Epsom Spring Meeting produced what must be taken to constitute strong evidence of this, for both the Great Metropolitan and the City and Suburban were won—one of them very easily so—by animals that were carrying penalties for having already won important races. The Great Metropolitan was, perhaps, even more interesting than usual, and, seeing how pretty is the spectacle it provides, it does not say much for the intelligence of *oi polloi* that the City and Suburban is given the preference in popularity over it. Personally, I am very glad, because the absence of a crowd enhances the enjoyment of racing at Epsom, and there are not a few who think with me. But if there were not big crowds on some of the days, perhaps there would be no Epsom at all. King's Messenger was essaying the task of winning the race for the third time in succession, and his 9st. 7lb. by no means put him out of it. The race was most obstinately contested by several in turn, but they could not go too fast for Evasit, who was sent on to win rather more than a quarter of a mile from home, and who got such a lead of King's Messenger that when Mornington Cannon got the top weight to do his best, which he was none too willing to do, it was just too late, and what would have been an extraordinary record was missed by a neck only.

Australian Star, having won at Alexandra Park, was carrying 10lb. extra in the City and Suburban, and he simply ran away with the race. The Alexandra Park race was run in the mud; at Epsom the going was excellent, so the axiom that a good horse is good on any kind of course was maintained.

Sandown Second Spring Meeting.—This three-day meeting, the

last day being devoted to racing under National Hunt Rules, had all the interest crowded into the first day. The Stud Produce Stakes is still a valuable race, the net value to the winner being over £2,000, and, in view of the poor figure cut so far by Mr. Musker's Meltons, compared with what they did last year, much interest was centred in the colt by Melton out of Irena, who was greatly fancied. Graduated breeding allowances, calculated on the basis of the covering fee, are a feature of the conditions, and the Irena colt was giving away appreciable weight in many cases. He proved equal to the task, however, giving 15lb. and a three-quarters-of-a-length beating to Poplar Grove.

The two races that followed were also very interesting from the appearance in them of two stable companions at Kingsclere, candidates for the highest honours at Epsom. In the Tudor Plate, a mile race for three-year-olds, was Pietermaritzburg, and also Ruskin, whose sluggish running at Newmarket was explained away. He was to run all right this time, so 7 to 4 was finally taken about him. He ran precisely as at Newmarket, declining to struggle when an effort on his part would have given him the race, and Pietermaritzburg won. The Esher Stakes is a handicap of nine furlongs, and the fear was that the small boy who was riding might not be able to induce William the Third to do his best. The fear was well founded, for when he was coming away a few lengths clear he made a big swerve to the left, losing much ground. Little Childs got him straight again, however, and he won very easily. People then amused themselves by discussing which was the better of the two, Pietermaritzburg or William the Third. John Porter,

no doubt, could have saved them the trouble of discussion.

Newmarket First Spring.—That the three-year-olds are a common lot all are agreed. They beat one another in and out as two-year-olds, and look like continuing to do so as threes, and the very first of the classics provided us with a fresh puzzle. Of the best known performers running in the Two Thousand Guineas were Veles, Lord Bobs, winner of the Dewhurst Plate, Orchid and Doricles; and whilst none of these could be honestly written down a flyer, it did not seem likely that they would have to lie down before an animal that could do no better at the Craven Meeting than finish fourth in a Welter Handicap of £100. This was the absurdity that was realised, notwithstanding, Handicapper, whose appearance in the paddock had been considered to put him out of the race, gaining a decisive victory over his sixteen opponents. For a few days previously there had been a familiar Newmarket *furore* in favour of Doricles, whose party considered defeat out of the question, and the appearance of Mr. Rothschild's colt was certainly reassuring. But Doricles, in getting second, was only just able to beat Osbech by a neck. No useful purpose would be served by thrashing out this race. Let us pass on to the One Thousand Guineas. We have been waiting long enough now for the successor to La Flèche, but our fillies maintain the dead level of mediocrity, though I do not see that anyone is to be blamed for that. Even the stewards of the Jockey Club come out scatheless this time; and they are deemed responsible for most things that are unsatisfactory. The fifteen-thousand-guinea Princess Melton was one of the party of fifteen, but in the paddock she

could not be picked out as the likely winner. She seems to be a delicate creature at present, and this precludes the idea of a thorough winding up. Yet she started second favourite to Aida, by Galopin out of Queen Adelaide, who, on one of her two appearances as a two-year-old, won the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park, beating Volodyovski, who was giving 13lb. Her looks justified her favouritism, but she had nothing to spare over Fleur d'Été, whom some actually preferred. Aida's strong points are her back and quarters, which will bear criticism. Good looks carried the day, these two having the finish to themselves, Santa Brigida sticking to them as far as the Dip. Fleur d'Été, I believe, pecked between this point and the winning-post; I know she was beaten by a neck only in a fine finish.

Chester.—Of Chester it has only to be written that it was a huge success, without any attenuation by "ifs" and "ans". To the reputation of the past has only to be added the determination of the present to make the meeting a notable one in the annals of racing, and the thing is done. The fact that the entries were much in excess of those of last year might have given rise to apprehensions, for large fields are not precisely desirable at Chester, but there was not much to complain of on this score. Yet when seventeen start in a five-furlong race on a circular course some are bound to be left; and one wonders how it is that on these occasions the best backed ones nearly always manage to get away well. How many thousands were wont to assemble on the Roodee before the meeting joined the enclosures, I have no idea. For Wednesday, May 8th last, the official figures were nearly

4,000 in excess of the Cup day in 1900; and if many more were in the habit of attending I do not know where they would put them. Although the circular course, a little over a mile in circumference, is not an ideal one, it is easy to see wherein its attractions lie to the spectator. Those raised sufficiently can see every yard of the race, and when the distance is two miles and a quarter the horses pass along the straight three times. The course is one that brings out the pluck and resource of a jockey, for much is to be done in the way of finding openings and taking one's place. On Roughside last year Sloan gave a good object lesson on the art of shaving the rails, regardless of the heads that protrude, to be drawn back like a wave as the leader approaches. One trembles to think what might happen if pressure on the rails caused them to give way, and perhaps it would be wise if a second line of rails were erected a few feet inside the present one, along the finishing stretch. The waving of a newspaper by an excited woman all but brought about a serious accident amongst the horses. Although carrying 14 lb. extra, Evasit was a good favourite, but the course did not suit him at all, and he and Johnny Reiff had a bad time together. Johnny's brother was on the back of David Garrick, who had taken a violent dislike to Maher, and his disinclination to race was not so pronounced as it had been in the City and Suburban, upon which occasion he was most obstinate in facing the wrong way. He was quite the pick of the field, and when he swooped past Stoccado and May Bruce, who had their Great Metropolitan tussle over again, and treated lightly the subsequent attempts of Lady Penzance to get on terms, it was ad-

mitted that the race had gone to the best horse, foreign bred though he be.

The social side of Chester is an important one, and this year there was sympathetic interest in the fact that the young Duke and Duchess of Westminster were taking up the pleasant duties of entertaining for the meeting which had necessarily received a temporary check. The county rallied in splendid fashion, and never has the county stand been seen to greater advantage. In this respect there is only one Chester. So much is the meeting enjoyed that some are clamouring for an autumn meeting as well; but it is excellent counsel to let well alone, and this applies to proposals that have been made to move the meeting a few miles out where a greater extent of land is available for the course. Some of the balance that remains after paying ten per cent. will, I hear, be expended in an extension of the improvements in the stands.

The Kempton Park Great Jubilee Handicap.—Unlike several races with high-flown titles that could be mentioned, the Jubilee Handicap (formerly Stakes) has always acted up to its name, and the success of this and the Eclipse Stakes shows that popularity awaits any happy hitting off of the need of the moment. Where the Great Jubilee has scored so is in being won by so many good horses, and it would take a long series of moderate years to efface memories of such popular favourites as Bendigo and Victor Wild. But there is small sign of a moderate year making its appearance, and a splendid average of class was seen in the first of the series of the century, to say nothing of the record as to size of the field being passed. That the increase in the distance to a mile and a quarter

is an improvement no one ever doubted, and it is a good sign that the number of starters should improve instead of fall off. Possibly there was not a Minting in the field, and the top weight was carried by Kilmarnock II., whose connections were so satisfied with his chance that he became a firm favourite. But more than one party was "going for the gloves," and there was plenty of choice amongst what are known as "good goods," all of which cannot be regarded as otherwise than satisfactory. Whatever the result of this race there are always plenty of people able to show that, were it run over again, the result would have been otherwise. Those who argue this way consist mainly of the backers of the second and third, and with Santoi unexpectedly winning by a neck from Caiman, with Alvescot a good third, there were plenty to point out what bad luck each of them met with. We all know that there is a bend in the Jubilee course, and probably no one would know better than Rickaby how to come round it well. At that point General Peace looked like bringing off another *coup* for his party, but it seems as though he has become artful and will no longer give his best running when it comes to the pinch. The next thing we saw was Santoi pushing through to the front with Caiman after him but not able to get through at first. But he came along on the outside in good time, I thought, to win, if he was able, but Santoi was not to be caught, and though Caiman made a final effort close to the post, he was beaten by a neck. Santoi had won quite enough good races to give him a chance second to none, and he would not have started at half the odds he did (25 to 1) had his connections not been dissatisfied with his trial. We have been

authoritatively told that the owner had a solitary 1,000 to 40 about him, and he certainly refused a bet of 5,000 to 200 just before the fall of the flag, but somebody else did not forget to help himself pretty freely. Rickaby has won two years in succession on an outsider, Sirenia running last year at 33 to 1.

A mild sensation was associated with the May Auction Plate, which Mr. Frank Gardner won with Omaha II., a Watercress colt, for whom anyone would be glad to give £1,000. The stake was £200, and Omaha II. was entered to be sold for £100, so he could be claimed for £300 in the event of not winning. This seemed to be an extraordinary risk to run. Omaha II. won all right, but the owner had to go to 1,350 guineas to buy his colt in, a very determined effort being made to purchase him.

Newmarket Second Spring Meeting.—This practically consists of the Newmarket Stakes, in most years reviled as an interloper. When the Derby is regarded as a walk over for one, as is often the case, the Newmarket Stakes, in which the three-year-olds meet at a mile and a quarter, is called superfluous; but we heard nothing on these lines this year. The Derby winner might come from anywhere, such was the dead level of mediocrity; the question to be decided was, which stable sheltered him? Of course there is no reason why the issue of the race should be practically decided beforehand, but I think the public prefer a meeting between two or three proven first-raters to a sort of lottery draw amongst a field of indifferent ones. In the Newmarket Stakes the fillies were meeting the colts, Doricles, second in the Two Thousand, representing that race, the

One Thousand being represented by Aida and Fleur d'Été, first and second respectively. But the real interest in the race lay in the antagonism of William the Third, the St. Simon colt that came upon the scene a month previously when very backward, and had been improving every day since. Newmarket had not lost faith in Doricles, and the race was considered to lie between these two, which it eventually did, though that is as much as can be said, for Aida and Ian made matters very warm for them. The four drew ahead of the others somewhere about the Bushes and came in an almost exact line, which was unbroken till they were half way out of the Dip. Doricles then got a trifling lead, but a final effort made by William the Third gave him the race by a short head. Aida was a head further off, and another head behind came Ian. Such a finish at even weights is rarely seen, and the pity of it was that it was not what is called Derby form.

"Monmouthshire."—We regret that in the article under this title last month, owing to a mistake of the printers, the statement of our contributor, that Lord Llangattock's Park was 1,200 acres, was inaccurately printed as 12,000 acres, the author's revised proof having been accidentally overlooked. Also that in the paragraph relating to the salmon fishing in the Usk, owing to a similar oversight, an error occurred, as the sentence should have read: "next to a forty minutes with hounds, a twenty minutes with a salmon," etc., the printing of the word "or," instead of the letter "a," making the remark unintelligible.

Polo—Ranelagh.—The season at this club has opened with a series of most brilliant games. On two consecutive Saturdays we

have had polo matches of a class we do not often see so early in the season. Those who looked on at Old Cantabs v. Ranelagh and Warwickshire v. Ranelagh will not soon forget them. Apart, however, from the brilliance of the play, these matches assure us that our best players are in good form. To the writer it seems that some players have even improved. Certainly Mr. Mackey has never been seen in such force. The once somewhat fitful brilliance of Mr. George Miller's play has steadied down into a consistent excellence of form, like that shown by his brother. Mr. George Miller has too the advantage of being a good horseman. Captain Daly has come back to first-class polo with much of his old form and all his old gift for leading his side. The return of Captain Daly, apart from his personal popularity, is a distinct gain to polo. He is one who is not only good himself, but, like Mr. Buckmaster and Captain E. D. Miller, has the art of bringing out the best play of those in the same team with him. I now turn to the two great games.

Old Cantabs v. Ranelagh.—

This was played on a good ground, but in a bad light, on May 4th, at Barn Elms, the sides being:—

OLD CANTABS.	RANELAGH.
Mr. W. McCreery.	Mr. G. A. Miller.
Mr. F. Freake.	Mr. Foxhall Keene.
Mr. W. Buckmaster.	Captain E. D. Miller.
Mr. L. McCreery.	Mr. E. B. Sheppard.
Umpire: Lord Shrewsbury.	

A brilliant game with plenty of hard hitting, and good pace all the way through. It was played with notable fairness. Every kind of polo was shown us: steady and moderate defence, quick attack and careful passing by each side in turn. There were many instances of notable play, Mr. Buckmaster's first run for the posts (which ended in a score), the defence of Mr. G. A. and

Captain E. D. Miller at a critical point in the game and the combined work of Mr. George Miller and Mr. Foxhall Keene, which resulted in the final goal. After the scores had been equal, the Ranelagh Club won by 4 goals to 1.

Warwickshire v. Ranelagh.

This game, good as was the one above described, quite equalled the earlier match in interest. It was played in a failing light, late on May 11th, on the New Ground at Ranelagh. The sides were:—

WARWICKSHIRE.	RANELAGH.
Mr. F. Hargreaves.	Lord Shrewsbury.
Mr. F. Mackey.	Mr. A. Rawlinson.
Mr. F. Freake.	Mr. W. Buckmaster.
Capt. St. G. Daly.	Capt. E. D. Miller.
Umpire: Mr. C. D. Miller.	

A short list of some of the ponies will tell that it must have been a fast game:—Matchbox, Patricia, Mulatto, Santana, Springhill, Mr. Mackey's chestnut and his black, and a new chestnut thoroughbred mare, Seaside, belonging to Mr. Rawlinson. This mare can gallop and will turn, and is quite a gem. She showed up well, even in such company, and in an exceptionally fast game. The leading features of the play, so far as the game could be seen, were, first, the resolute, well-carried-out runs by Mr. Mackey, who was the cause, if not exactly the hitter—and he may have been that, too—of half the four goals made by his side; secondly, the return to form of Captain Daly. He has, naturally, not quite the control of the ball that he had before his retirement, but that will come with time and practice. Mr. Buckmaster played splendidly, and fairly roused the spectators to enthusiasm by several of his strokes. We felt a little injured when, at 4 all, a draw was proclaimed. Perhaps the annoyance was unreasonable, for it was only a practice match, after all. The entries for the

Hunt Club closed on May 15th, and it seems likely that the victory of the Pytchley will be recorded in the next BAILY.

The Handicap Tournament.

Just before the great game noted above, the final of the Annual Handicap Tournament was brought off. Two teams had worked their way through a moderately interesting series of forty-minutes' matches to the final. These were:—

G.	D.
Lord Montgomerie.	Mr. Breckinridge.
Mr. Wigan.	Mr. Guy Gilbey.
Mr. W. B. Court.	Mr. Wormald.
Mr. G. A. Miller.	Capt. V. Thynne.

Lord Montgomerie is a new player, and with patience and practice will doubtless do well. Mr. Guy Gilbey made his first appearance after his two years' abstinence from polo. He was beautifully mounted, and did most of the work for his side, but was not able to break through Mr. George Miller's defence. With these exceptions, the teams were not as good as we have generally seen in the final of this tournament.

Hurlingham.—Like Ranelagh, the Fulham club has been able to show good play and good attendances. As, however, they did not use their best ground until a week after Ranelagh, their matches did not clash with the latter. The Trial Tournament, with which Mr. St. Quintin opened his season, was distinctly a good one, and if the quality of the polo in the final on May 4th was not equal to the Old Cantabs' match on the same day at Ranelagh, the interest of the game was hardly less to the spectators. The teams were as follows:—

D.	E.
Mr. G. Curtis.	Mr. A. Suffert.
Mr. W. R. Court.	Mr. H. Spender Clay.
Mr. H. Scott Robson.	Mr. A. Rawlinson.
Mr. A. Suart.	Mr. T. B. Drybrough.

It was in all respects a curious game, for E team had all the best

of it at first. They pressed hard all through the second period, and by the fifth ten the score stood at E 5, D 1. D then began to play up, and with such success that just before the last bell rang Mr. Suart made the scores equal. Two more periods had now to be played, and it was not till the eighth ten that Mr. Scott Robson, with a carefully-placed stroke, decided one of the longest polo matches on record, in favour of D team.

The Social Clubs.—This is a tournament that has steadily improved. This year the entries were very good, so were the games. I had an opportunity on Monday, May 13th, of seeing the opening game at Hurlingham, when White's just defeated the Bath Club. The latter team included Mr. Buckmaster, who after a beautiful run, owing, I think, to his stick slipping, missed a fair shot at goal, and thus lost the match. The Bath Club had, if anything, rather the best of the game all the way through, and were perhaps unlucky not to win. The Orleans Club, with a strong team, defeated the Cavalry Club rather decisively, and the tournament was won on Saturday, May 18th, by the Orleans Club after a fine match with Wellington Club.

The Fetcham Park Club's occupation of their ground having expired, they are playing at Eden Park pending the selection of a new ground by the committee.

The London Polo Club.—This club, familiarly known as The Crystal Palace, opens its season with good prospects. They have more than fifty playing members, and efficient and popular polo managers in Mr. Eustace Blake and Major Cecil Peters. I noted the last time I was there, the way the visitors to the Palace trooped

down to the ground to see the polo, and we certainly owe Major F. Herbert and the Crystal Palace Company a good word for the share they have taken in making polo popular in England.

Liverpool.—This old-established and very flourishing Club opened its season on the ground at Childwall on May 4th. The ground has been well cared for by Mr. Herbert Pilkington, the late President of the County Polo Association. They played a galloping match, Veterans v. Juniors, on their opening day, before a good crowd of people. The Childwall Club is a kind of small Hurlingham and provides a good tea-room and croquet lawns of the best, for its lady members. The Horse and Pony Show held there, which is well known to be one of the very best polo pony shows in England, will come off on June 8th, entries to close on June 3rd, to Mr. Pilkington, at Wheathill, Huyton, Liverpool.

Pony Sales.—Something like four hundred polo ponies have been sold during the last month, and purchasers have been forthcoming for good ponies at fair prices. The more expensive ponies, such as Secondhand and Moonstone, the pick of Mr. John Watson's basket; Seaside, Mr. Rawlinson's gem; Lord Shrewsbury's beautiful Venus, and some others were bought in. Ladylove which was bought in at the Springhill Sale has been privately sold. Captain Renton, retiring for the season, sold Matchbox, Langosta, Jess, and Nipcat, to Captain Miller, privately.

The Plymouth Polo Club.—With the Hon. Lionel Lambert, the flag-lieutenant, as secretary, this club is having a very good season, and has already brought off a tournament on the American system, Commander Lyon's team

being defeated by Lt. Lambert's team, after a capital struggle. The Club is being well supported by Captains Bishop, Jendon, Owen and other officers of the R.A. stationed at Plymouth.

County Polo.—Of the other county clubs which are now playing *Catterick Bridge* may be noted. This Club, which owns a very good ground, was not able to play much last year, so many members being away at the wars. *Oxford University* is another club which, in the nature of things, varies a good deal. It has, however, a strong lot of players. Among others, the Rajah Kuman, of Cooch Behar, whose father, the Maharaja, was so well known on polo grounds in India a few years ago. If the young Rajah makes as good a player as his father he will do well. The Holderness Club sent out a good team to play on the Liverpool ground. They were defeated, but quite held their own till half time, when the superior combination of Liverpool told. Midland mayors seem to take kindly to the game of polo; few players are better known in *Warwickshire* Polo grounds than Mr. Bland, the late Mayor of Leamington. Now Mr. Flower, the reigning Mayor of *Stratford-on-Avon*, has taken to play, and was No. 3 in a capital match on the Warwickshire ground the other day.

Bending Competitions at Pony Shows.—It is a sign of the times and a favourable one from the point of view of the lovers of the polo and riding pony that "Bending Competitions" are becoming a recognised attraction at horse shows. Camelford is the latest show to adopt the change. Certainly nothing could better exhibit the cleverness and handiness of the polo pony than a well carried out competition of this kind. The

writer would strongly recommend to judges the method of judging adopted by the P.P.S. at Islington this year, which is at once fair to the competitors and interesting to the spectators. The credit of the improved method is due to Mr. Charlton, the secretary of that society.

The Polo Pony Society and Native Breeds.—The council have definitely determined to extend every encouragement to the native breeds. The regulation of conditions for prizes and the inspection of ponies, the definition of what constitutes a Welsh, Exmoor or other native pony, will be left in the hands of a local committee, the interests of the society being entrusted to a number of the P.P.S. interested in the breed. For Welsh ponies, Mr. John Hill; for New Forest, Lord Arthur Cecil; for Exmoor, Lord Ebrington; Dartmoor, Mr. O. Pease; Island Ponies, Mr. Mackenzie of Calgary, have been invited to act.

The New Stud-Book Regulations.—It will be remembered that at the Dublin Show last year Major O'Hara drew attention to the fact that young ponies were entered in the P.P.S. without any security that when they reached full age and growth they might not be over height. The vice-president, Mr. John Barker, who was in the chair, promised that this should be inquired into. After careful inquiry by a committee, and a thorough sifting by the council, it was decided that no pony should be registered and given a number until it was four years old, all pony-bred produce under that age being admitted without a number to an annual supplement of the P.P.S. Stud-book. This should make the Stud-book more of a reality and of far more value to breeders than it has hitherto been. The Stud-book

will soon make it plain how the majority of 14.2, or under, registered ponies are bred, and valuable data will be thus acquired.

The Hawkestone Otter Hounds.

—It was a sight that carried us back some weeks when the foxes broke from an osier bed at Crudgington. Probably they were astonished at the unseasonable disturbance, and at the unusual volume of music. But the otter hounds had not come to the covert on the drag of a fox. It needed but a crack of the whip to steady some of the youngsters to their proper quarry, and in a few minutes the otter was viewed. After an hour of splendid and most interesting hunting, Mr. Wardell tailed a fine dog otter.

Staghunting in Bucks and Berks.

—The proposal to hunt stags in Berks and Bucks has taken definite shape. The promoters hope to have Sir Robert Wilmot as master, and to raise a subscription of some £2,000 a year. The Berks and Bucks Hounds, which Mr. Barthropp has resigned, are to be taken over.

The Enfield Chase.—Mr. Hills Hartridge has resigned the mastership of this pack, which was for a long time known as Colonel Somerset's. The committee hope to induce the gallant colonel to take the horn of office once more.

The Royal Buckhounds.—It is stated that, by special invitation of the King, Mr. C. D. Seymour, Master of the West Norfolk Foxhounds, has been offered an opportunity of selecting seventeen couples of the Royal Buckhounds. His Majesty has presented the remainder of the pack to Lord Chesham, who is serving in South Africa as Inspector-General of Imperial Yeomanry. Passages have been secured for the hounds, which are intended for the benefit of the troops at the front.

The Peterborough Hound Show.—The Duke of Leeds is president for the year, and the date fixed is July 10th.

A May Fox.—Very few packs kill one nowadays, not even the Duke of Beaufort, or in the New Forest, but Mr. Wharton not only killed one, but two, on May 2nd and May 4th, in each case after a good and useful hunt. The first one took two hours, the second one only five minutes less time before he yielded up his brush.

The Essex Otter Hounds had a good day on May 4th, killing an old bitch otter of 18 lb. from Hartford End Mill.

The King's Regiment Otter Hounds.—This pack of 18 couples of hounds, which owes its origin to that keen soldier and sportsman, Captain F. Sheppard, is—since the master is still in South Africa—hunted by Captain Hastings. The hounds are partly pure otter and partly foxhounds. They opened their season at Kilcullen on May 4th.

The Hertfordshire Hounds have not had a single blank day during the past season. In a country like Herts this speaks volumes for the good feeling of the owners and occupiers of land, and not a little for the keepers and the earth-stoppers.

Irish Notes.—There can be no question about the improvement in the condition of the Irish Turf in the last few years nor in the effect that this improvement has had in stimulating horse breeding in Ireland. Even those who look coldly upon racing and smile at the idea of "improving the breed of racehorses" by means of the course have been obliged to admit that the extraordinary demand for Irish bloodstock has created fresh interest and more skilful endeavour in the matter of horse breeding, and the gentlemen who have the

management of the principal race meetings of Ireland in their hands are warmly to be congratulated on the success that they have attained. It seems to us also that the *morale* of the Hibernian Turf has likewise improved; there is any amount of wholesome competition, and the doings of the "Irish Brigade" are not talked of in England as they used to be at certain meetings some years ago, when the Saxon seemed to believe that every Irish horse hailed from, or was managed by, one establishment on the Curragh of Kildare.

The great success of Punchestown, Leopardstown, Baldoyle and Cork Park in drawing together large fields, tempted by the prizes offered, is doing more to forward the production of well-bred horses than any amount of Government premiums or legislation; nor when mention has been made of the success of the above meetings—where cross-country events excite, perhaps, the principal interest—must the Curragh be forgotten, the headquarters of the Irish Turf, the Newmarket of Erin. Here also the same marked improvement in the meetings is observable, but sadly wanted are a few more gentlemen of assured influence and position to take a prominent part in the sport, which at the present time is by no means unworthy of their patronage for its own sake, as well as for the effect that it has upon a great national industry.

The stakes that are being run for at Cork while these notes are in the printer's hands are probably the richest, in the aggregate, that have ever been known at a two-day meeting in Ireland, and there will be an attempt, we may be sure, to find out the price of every good-looking animal that carries silk, and most of them have their price in Ireland. And as for the

winners, not only will their own values be enhanced and their sires and dams be inquired about, but the little brothers and sisters now gambolling in the greenest of green pastures in Limerick, Tipperary, Cork or Meath will receive the attention of many visitors before the summer is over.

Punchestown.—Perfect weather was vouchsafed to the happy racegoers who never miss the annual journey to Punchestown, and the delights of the great cross-country gathering must once more be briefly touched upon in the "Van." Court mourning and the war doubtless had the effect of making the Stand enclosures appear a bit empty on the first day, but upon the second the warmth of the air and the brilliant sunshine tempted many more smart folk to appear; and if we lamented the absence of Royalty and Viceroyalty from the scene, there was no falling off in the numbers of horses that competed, for big fields ruled on both days. But though the fields were big, we may question if they contained many good 'chasers, and both Saxon and Celt would have wished for a stronger opposition to Covert Hack in the Conyngham Cup, who gave two stone and no end of a beating to everything in the race, and strode in an easy winner for the third time in succession. He was in the hands of his old Punchestown pilot, Major Hughes Onslow, who steered him in '99, while last year Mr. Saunders Davies had the mount; needless to say that the 10th Hussar took him the shortest way round, and Mr. "Tommy" Lushington never looked anxious for a single instant.

The number board showed a field of eighteen for the Prince of Wales' Plate, a race which a few years ago seldom brought half-a-dozen competitors to the post; the winner turned up in Albert

Edward, an old enemy of Covert Hack in the Conyngham Cup two years ago, when he ran a good second. He has been amiss since then, we fancy, and the handicapper only gave him 9st. 8lb. to carry, so the victory does not count for much, as old Sweet Charlotte was steadied with 12st. 9lb., and Elfrida and Princess Hilda carried 12st. 2lb. and 11st. 12lb. respectively.

The Maiden Plate, which is now perhaps the most interesting race at Punchestown, was won by a game little four-year-old filly named Johnstown Lass, who ran very straight at the finish and jumped to perfection, but will have to grow a bit to be more than useful. Cohilltown, who was the pick of the basket, perhaps, as regards appearance, met with disaster, and one or two other highly fancied candidates shared the same fate.

The Kildare Hunt Cup, a race which excites an immense amount of local interest, fell to an English visitor to those happy hunting grounds, but when Mr. Lucas, on the good-looking Earthworm, rattled in a pretty easy winner, the Irish cheering was good to hear; a good sportsman winning on his own horse, be he Saxon or Celt, is always sure of a warm reception in Kildare.

A military race on each day used to be in the bills of fare for Punchestown, but in these times of war and tumult it was not surprising to find that our warriors had contented themselves with the Irish Military on the first day, and had abandoned the Military Hunters' contest. Truth to tell, they seemed but a slow lot of hunters that took part in the race this year, and to those who remember Cloister, Soarer, Ford of Fyne, and many another crack that used to sweep past the stand in by-

gone years, the field that powdered round the course seemed changed indeed; but the riding was good, and so was the jumping. It was a treat to watch Captain Beresford's Hussar dispose of the obstacles, and to note how well his owner handled him, but the speed was with the well-trained Wild Violet, who won easily.

The National Hunt Cup, which ought to be from its conditions a very genuine hunters' race, was won by Holly Hedge, the property of that well-known breeder, Mr. P. J. Dunne. Holly Hedge is a good mover, and in the last part of the race jumped with conspicuous freedom; he was beautifully ridden by Mr. H. Persse, who certainly is an artist in the saddle, if not a very lucky one. A melancholy interest hangs over the winner, for under the name of Dunlough he gave poor Mr. Leonard Shiel his death ride last year.

The Downshire Plate, which always closes the meeting, was run at a merry pace after the big wall was jumped, and those in the second brigade at that fence had little chance of closing with their leaders, of whom the winner, Merry Lass, was always to the fore and never needed a pull.

During the meeting there were sinister rumours in the air that a somewhat ungenerous attempt was on foot to interfere with Mr. Percy La Touche's control of the affairs of Punchestown, which have been so wonderfully successful under his able administration. Happily the attempt has ended in a warm vote of confidence in Mr. La Touche, whose resignation would have been nothing short of a calamity. It is now thirty-three years ago since the late Mr. Comyns Cole in the pages of this magazine waxed eloquent in the praises of Punchestown

and the administrative ability of the late Lord Drogheda, who raised the meeting from a countryside gathering to the proud position of the finest steeplechase meeting in the world. His lordship had the assistance of Mr. T. Waters as engineer, and kept control of Punchestown on the understanding that his authority was to be supreme and unquestioned. A very few years before his death he called in Mr. Percy La Touche to assist him in his labours, and at his decease there were no suggestions as to the possibility of any other successor but that gentleman, though there were many who at the time thought that with Lord Drogheda the great meeting would decay.

His mantle, however, could not have fallen upon worthier shoulders; and, with the son of the late Mr. Waters as his first lieutenant, Mr. La Touche has vastly improved Punchestown in every way; more horses compete, larger stakes are run for, the requirements of the public are catered for in the most up-to-date fashion, and there never seems to be a hitch in the very perfect arrangements. When this is universally acknowledged to be the case, surely "ungenerous" is not too strong a term to apply to the malcontents who questioned Mr. La Touche's management. In the eyes of the world Punchestown has for long been something more than the Kildare Hunt Meeting, and would at once lose its importance if it sank to that level, while the large prizes that are offered are necessary to its existence as the premier steeplechase meeting of Ireland; for trainers will not specially prepare horses over fences of the natural style and dimensions which are to be found only at Punchestown, for the chance of winning a few £50 stakes in the two days.

Leopardstown.—Although the sun still shone brightly all through the busy week in the Irish capital, yet when we reached the pretty Sandown of Dublin we found a very searching north-easterly wind blowing in upon the enclosures on the first day, when the crowd was by no means as large as we have seen it at this meeting. Nor was the sport very deeply interesting, though we got a look at Tipperary Boy, of whom so much has been heard, in the Castle Plate when he had a very easy task to perform; for Bould Derry having fallen he had scarcely to gallop to win with consummate ease. Kieton continued his winning career by taking the Regulation Plate, and was sold after race, and on the whole backers seemed mighty well pleased with themselves on the journey back to Dublin.

The course looked its best on the following day which was much warmer, and the stands were thronged with a very happy-looking crowd, for it seems to us that they by no means take their pleasure sadly in Ireland, and the racing was good and interesting all through the card. Indeed we seldom witnessed a more exciting finish than that for the Lawn Plate when the apparently beaten Thomond came again on the post and just got his nose in front. Great interest, too, prevailed when the Irish International Steeplechase was being run, and here we saw Tipperary Boy again, and a rare taste of his quality he gave us. Carrying 12st. 7lb. he defeated ten others, a couple of Punchestown winners being among the vanquished, and Castleblake, who has since won a good race, and who was in receipt of 12lbs., could not get within three lengths of him. Castleknock was a good third, and Atheling's Pride, Albert Edward, and Moral Mary

were in the beaten division. Mr. F. Cullen trains Tipperary Boy, who belongs to Mr. Treherne Holmes, and it is difficult to say how good a horse this may be; he was an old opponent of Covert Hack, and a meeting between the pair would be very interesting, though it must be remembered that the Leopardstown race is but three miles, while the tiring Conyngham Cup course is a very honest four.

Hunting.—There is a dearth of hunting gossip in Ireland at present, and there will not be many changes for the Editor of BAILY'S H.D. to record in his next volume. Popular feeling seems to have turned against those who would stop hunting in Westmeath, and we may probably hear no more of opposition.

The contemplated changes in the E. Galway, Muskerry, and S. Union countries will be duly noted when arrangements are completed. *Apròpos* of the S. Union a stupid error crept into these Notes in last month's "Van," when Fermoy was said to be a centre which commanded some of their best country. Of course the United and not the South Union country was meant; it would certainly be a very far cry from Fermoy to the Kennels at Carrigaline.

The Spring Field Trials.—The series of trials of sporting dogs which commenced in Easter week, as mentioned in last month's "Van," terminated on the fine estate of Sir Walter Corbet at Acton Reynald, near Shrewsbury. The final fixture was that of the National Pointer and Setter Society, one of the oldest of the series and, as was only to be expected, considering the character of the ground over which the dogs were to be tried, and the fact that the committee went out of the

beaten track in its selection of judges, the entry was most flattering. The gentlemen deputed with that delicate task were Mr. Teasdale-Buckell, an old owner and handler, he having charge of one of the strongest strings in the country before many of the present-day followers of field trials were born, and Mr. G. Davies, better known as a successful breeder of retrievers, but a man thoroughly versed in shooting usages. The selection turned out a very wise one, for at none of the previous trials were the dogs—particularly the young entry—so conscientiously tried. On the final day, indeed, one brace, Captain Heywood-Lonsdale's Rigo and Mrs. W. L. Nicholson's Sally Brass, were down three-quarters of an hour before a definite award could be made. Even then the decision giving the first-named, a grand-nosed English setter, the championship, was not popular; in fact, it was the one judgment during the meeting at which the self-constituted critics kicked. Why they did so was not very clear, for although the setter refused to hunt, he gave proof of possession of fine scenting powers, for on at least two occasions he located birds before his opponent, although the latter was, at the time, the nearer. The fault of the pointer was that she did not back at all readily, but so far as the crowd saw, she was the better worker, hence the expression of disappointment that she did not win. At least one visitor thought her the best puppy out at the meeting, that being Mr. Simon C. Bradley, an American sportsman, for before leaving Shrewsbury he bought her for £50, and, should all go well, she will run at the autumn trials in the United States. Being a particularly free ranger, she should be very suitable for prairie work.

The Derby 'winner, Stylish Ranger, the Gordon setter mentioned last month, did not cover himself with glory, there being little doubt, however, that his rejection in the first round of the all-aged stake was due to his being drawn against a bitch not quite herself. He was unsteadied immediately the two were slipped, and although he proved under splendid control, he lacked spirit and flushed brace after brace, although on each occasion he was perfectly steady to wing. At Newport, on the Aqualate estate, which is over-run with hares, and also at Ipswich, he had proved so steady that his display at Shrewsbury was a great disappointment; but, everything taken into consideration, the judges could not have done otherwise than reject him on his running in the first round. The winner of this stake, the championship event, for only pointers and setters who had won first or second prizes at any of the previous meetings were eligible for competition, was Syke of Bromfield, one of Mr. A. E. Butter's very fine string. At Newport he had won the brace stake with Faskally Brag, and the latter was running in the single event at Shrewsbury, but he was quite outclassed, despite the brilliancy of his working. On point, Brag cannot be beaten, his attitude being described as statue-like, but as a game-finder he had to play second fiddle to his less distinguished kennel mate. Mr. Buttar also won second prize in the pointer puppy stake with Banner Faskally, who at Shrewsbury ran with Brag in the brace competition, and won readily enough. All in all, indeed, the Scottish sportsman—proprietor of the Faskally shooting, by the way—had a very good innings.

The first of the autumn trials is

to take place over Sir Watkin William Wynn's moors near Bala, North Wales, late in July.

The Berkeley Stud Ponies.

Mr. Alfred Day, proprietor of this famous stud of hackney ponies, sends us an artistic booklet containing portraits of some of the numerous ponies which have made their mark in the show-yard. Among those whose successes have made their names familiar, we notice excellent pictures of Berkeley Model, Lord Berkeley, Magic and Winnal George. The majority of the portraits have been engraved by Mr. F. Babbage from paintings by Mr. Palfrey, and render to the ponies the justice which their established merits deserve. The booklet forms a charming souvenir of a visit to the Berkeley stud.

The Old Family Packs of Harriers.—Owing to an unfortunate misapprehension, the name of Mr. T. DEANE appeared under the portrait of MR. EDWARD EAMES on page 329 of last month's issue.

Cricket.—No sooner had May commenced than county teams were busied in their efforts to avoid losing points in the County Championship. Yorkshire, the victors of last season, did not make a very confident start, and after gaining a victory over Gloucestershire, they proceeded to Taunton, a ground where champion teams have frequently come to grief. Somerset made a capital show, and the finish of the match was quite sensational, as Yorkshire just managed to win by one wicket within two minutes of time. Mr. Lionel Palairet opened his season well with 103 and 38, and was well supported by Mr. Woods (60 and 90), whilst Braund made a very successful appearance for his adopted county by taking 10 wickets in the match.

Yorkshire, in the last innings, were left 240 runs to get in three hours and a quarter, and lost six wickets for 119 runs: a fine stand by Lord Hawke and Wainwright then yielded 93 runs, the captain making 52 and Wainwright 70. There will probably not be a more exciting finish seen to a match this season; it seems almost a pity that such good sport should be wasted upon the small handful of persons who attend the Taunton cricket. Yorkshire next journeyed to Dewsbury, and made a bad enough start against Worcestershire, who, however, were ultimately beaten by 90 runs, only Bowley, with scores of 63 and 70 odd, and W. H. Wilkes, 109, being able to score at all heavily for them. Lancashire have made a good start, and should prove a formidable side, as they have a good variety of bowling and plenty of batting; Messrs. Eccles and Hartley especially look like making runs for them. Surrey has shown a bold front, and Richardson has been getting his share of the wickets, whilst Lockwood has been bowling as well as ever. Hampshire were fortunate in drawing their match at the Oval, their two last men succeeding in playing out several minutes of time after one of them had been missed from an easy catch. This missing of catches obviously becomes a more and more serious matter as the grounds improve, and there are fewer chances given to the fieldsmen; a statistician has reckoned that in the third week of this season the Leicestershire eleven lost nearly five hundred runs through missed catches alone; it is rather dreadful to think that before long there may be a chronicle kept of all the chances missed by each individual and the price which had to be paid for each mistake. It was

certainly a costly error to miss Mr. G. L. Jessop with his score at 4 only, seeing that he made 165 runs afterwards by some of the best hitting ever seen at Lord's. Mr. Jessop is in brilliant form this season with the bat, and when Mr. C. L. Townsend can join the team Gloucestershire ought to do very well; they had an exciting finish in their match against Notts at Bristol, as when "time" was called they had only one wicket to fall. The veteran Fred Roberts, however, was equal to the occasion, and, as he has done before when called upon, blocked up his end and saved his side.

The Universities are midway through their brief season, but now the Oxford and Cambridge match is always left unfinished, we find it hard to take our former interest in the relative merits of the teams. It would seem that there is no very great player at either University, and, so far as one can hazard a conjecture so early in the season, Cambridge may be represented by a rather stronger side than Oxford. Amongst the "choices" the Etonians, Howard Smith and Longman, are going strong at Cambridge, and the Harrovians, Wyld and Medlicott, at Oxford. We think that Mr. Findlay, the Oxford wicket-keeper, will please the critics when he is again seen in London; his performances for Eton were admirable, and he keeps on "getting into print," as an old wicket-keeper styled it.

The South African team made a terribly bad start of their tour at Southampton, when Hampshire scored 538 from their bowling; the visiting team made 346, M. Hathorn scoring 103 and A. Bissett 94. The cruel part of it all was that Llewellyn, who scored 216 for Hampshire, is himself a South African who was

"imported" a couple of years ago. Mr. Sinclair, the "star" of South Africa, had a great bowling success only a day or two before, when playing for London County against Derbyshire, which made his failure against Hants the more noticeable. However, he is a great cricketer, and is sure to demonstrate that fact repeatedly in the next few weeks.

Sport at the Universities.—Light and Dark Blues are now right in the thick of preparations for (1) a long list of Isthmian tussles, and (2) the final sequence of Inter-'Varsity contests for 1900-1901. If coming events *really* cast their shadows before, is not that shadow speculative thought? Anyway (from a cricketal point of view) it does not require any large amount of prescience to anticipate another triumph of batting over bowling this season. It is remarkable that no really class bowler has been unearthed at either 'Varsity so far, as the result of the Trial matches. Outside the "Blues," only Messrs. Ernsthausen, Woodward, Dillon, White (Oxford), and Howard-Smith, McCorquodale, Watson, Sewell (Cambridge), have shown anything above ordinary college form. As usual, capable batsmen abound both ways:—Messrs. Voss, Hollins, Adamson, Williams, Dillon, Sampson, Boissier, Ernsthausen, Sanderson (Oxford), and Keigwin, Robertson, Boddington, Longman, Harper, Marsh, Ebdon, Scott-Murray (Cambridge), all being well in the running for their colours. Up to date the general fielding has been fairly sound, while in Messrs. Aspinall (Oxford), and W. P. Robertson (Cambridge)—the Middlesex crack—a couple of excellent wicket-keepers are to the fore. Both teams started their open season in promising fashion, and next month we shall

give a brief *résumé* of these contests ere final comment on the Lord's match. So far, it looks as if 1900 history will repeat itself in this fray, *i.e.*—huge scores, mediocre attack, and a draw.

"Wetbobs" have been exceptionally busy since our last. Writing upon the very eve of the Oxford summer eights, we incline to the opinion that New College (stroked by Culme-Seymour) will attain "Head of the River" honours on the Isis, and subsequently distinguish itself at Henley. For the rest, we fancy University, Balliol, Lincoln, Christchurch, Queen's and Hertford will all improve their positions. For the 'Varsity Sculls, W. W. Field (Exeter), the holder, should take a lot of beating; and the 'Varsity pairs should go to Messrs. Hale and Warre (Balliol). We may add that the Oxford crews this year are well above the average, and some fine racing should be witnessed. Hardly so much can (at present) be said of the Cambridge "May's" crews. First Trinity should easily retain premier position once again, and we fear that—as last year—some three of the eights will be head and shoulders above the rest in exposition. "Hall" and "Third" are fairly sound at this stage; and, of the others, perhaps Pembroke, Christ's, Lady Margaret, Emmanuel and Caius are about the best. President Taylor and E. F. Duncanson (the "Blues") easily won the 'Varsity Pairs this year, and Messrs. B. C. Cox and C. W. H. Taylor the Lowe Double Sculls. To universal satisfaction, H. J. Hale (Eton and Balliol) has been elected President of the O.U.B.C., and C. W. H. Taylor (Eton and Third Trinity) as his *confrère* at Cambridge. Hearty congratulations both ways! It is satisfactory to learn that both

'Varsities, Oxford in particular, will be strongly represented at Henley next month.

As anticipated in BAILY last month, the Sister 'Varsities fully held their own with the Combined American Universities in the International cable chess match, the result being a draw (two wins and two draws each). The contest was most interesting and exciting throughout. As Oxford and Cambridge had won on the two previous occasions, they still hold the Rice trophy. Negotiations are still going on (as we write) *re* the return Oxford and Cambridge v. Harvard and Yale athletic contest in New York. A meeting is now practically assured, however, and we are glad to state that the English team will visit Canada *en route*, and antagonise the leading Canadian Universities' team also in Montreal. Full details shall be presented in due course. We are also glad to say that the Cantabs will meet Oxford at polo this year, the contest at Hurlingham being provisionally fixed for the end of June. Judging from current form, the Light Blues have a rosy chance of avenging their crushing reverses of recent years—a consummation, for very sport's sake, devoutly to be desired! *Per contra*, it is uncertain whether Oxford will be able to raise lawn-tennis and cycling representative teams this year. Both clubs are on their last legs, and the latter-day system at the Classical City of supporting college organisations and caring very little what becomes of the University ditto, is to be decried. "My college before all" is an admirable aspiration in the main, yet the old-time opinion was that one's *Alma Mater* should come first. Judging from the present parlous condition of several branches of sport at Oxford,

the sooner the latter opinion asserts itself again the better! Happily, a better state of things exists at Cambridge.

General items of interest may briefly be permitted. Since our last, Death, alas! has claimed many notable sportsmen, viz.:—Capt. D. H. Forbes (Royal Scots Militia), the old Oxford cricket "Blue"; Mr. "Dan" Legge (the old Oxford Rugby football "Blue")—both having succumbed to enteric at the front. Dr. Perkins (Cambridge) has also solved the great mystery. *Per contra*, Messrs. W. A. L. Fletcher and W. A. Bolitho (Oxford), the famous running and cricket "Blues," have been mentioned in Lord Kitchener's despatches from the front. Many prominent Light and Dark Blue sportsmen have also returned from the war, and are now in residence again. Under this category we may include Messrs. Lambert, Blake, Drinkwater (Oxford), and Chapman, Russell, Elphinstone (Cambridge). Hopes and fears make up the game of life, and we note that Lord Grimston (Oxford) has come of age; that Mr. C. B. Fry (Oxford) lately attained his 29th birthday, and became a happy father almost simultaneously; that Messrs. C. Wreford-Brown, A. C. Wesbitt (Oxford) have been "given in marriage"; and that Messrs. H. R. Blaker, A. C. Sinclair (Cambridge), with several less known Oxonians, are now members of the noble army of Benedicts. We may conclude by saying that the "Commem." and "Mays" festivities at Oxford and Cambridge are to be abandoned this year, owing to the death of Queen Victoria the Good. Some exception has been taken to this on the ground that general mourning closed over a month ago, which is right enough. All the same, *noblesse oblige* still obtains at our great Universities,

and is as true now as ever it was!

Aquatics.—The general outlook for the season of 1901, now fairly inaugurated, is altogether rosy. By common consent it is going to be one of the best on record, socially and otherwise. Happily, the racing outlook is good. Class regatta fixtures and other river functions of this nature are more numerous than ever, while the bold experiment of holding Walton Regatta *before* Henley has certainly given a marked fillip to practice and preparation. This old-time meeting will act as a sort of dress rehearsal for the Royal Carnival, to which end almost a similar programme has been arranged.

Another reason for the exceptional activity displayed thus early is the entry of the Pennsylvania University crew for the "Grand" at Henley. It is recognised that at last English oarsmen will have foemen worthy their steel, and—taking the line of last year's prowess—the Americans are a very dangerous combination beyond doubt. Other French, Dutch, and German crews are expected to compete in the various events also, so that the foreign element will again be a feature of the Royal meeting. By the way, we have no patience with sundry who have again raised the question of tabooing foreign entries at Henley for the future. Together with Sir John Edwardes-Moss, &c., we regret that the Royal meeting ever developed into an international ditto; but having done so it is idle to talk of going back to old-time conditions. Colonial and foreign crews now look upon Henley as the *ultima Thule* of amateur oarsmanship, and rightly so. Moreover, there is no doubt that such international competition tends to intensify those amicable relations which at present exist

between oarsmen of every country and every clime. In passing, we deeply regret that the Henley stewards have had to face a serious deficit—some £1,000—this year. Some attribute this to one thing, and some to another, but what is the use of splitting straws? The real reason of the conspicuous absence of houseboats and launches last year on the course was the law recently passed forbidding the re-letting of craft. Whether it would be wise to return to the old plan is a moot point, in which opinions differ greatly. Personally, we object to the Royal Regatta becoming—what the shrine of Diana was to the Ephesians—a unique source of profit in this direction to certain enterprising ones. All the same, the Royal meeting cannot be run at a loss, and what is the remedy? It has been suggested, and we agree, that the ever-increasing club laws and enclosures should be taxed more heavily!—but this by the way. It is refreshing to note that the Leander, London, Thames, the leading Oxford and Cambridge College Clubs are already preparing to dispute supremacy with all comers for the "Grand," &c. Of the crews generally, their prospects and other matters germane we shall speak fully next month as usual. Suffice now to say that rarely has such excitement evinced itself, all down the line, at this stage as this year. Sailing, punting, and canoeing—the corollaries of rowing, as they have been called—are also being pursued, with truly refreshing zeal. The Royal Canoe Club will also be engaged in the international fray in August, a challenge for a series of races from the Winchester Boat Club (Boston U.S.A.) having been accepted. Skiff racing on the Thames has now acquired a new and deserved importance, and we

ail with satisfaction the formation of a Skiff Rowing Association this year. It has received the sanction of the A.R.A., and (judging from current events) its success is assured; regattas under its auspices will take place at Bourne End, Windsor, Cookham, Thames Ditton, Wargrave, Henley, Teddington, &c., during the season.

The sensational Inter-Varsity Boat Race this year was followed by another sensational rowing feat on the part of Messrs. Spencer Gollan, G. Towns (English Champion), and T. Sullivan (ex-Champion). This trio sculled in a shortened craft from Oxford to Putney, a distance of 101 miles, 7 furlongs, in the marvellous time of 13 hours, 56 minutes. This beats all records, ancient or modern, and will doubtless stand for many a long year. *A propos* of Towns, there is now every chance of his shortly sculling Jake Gaudaur (Canada), in America or Canada, for the proud title of Champion of the World. Without at all wishing to detract from Gaudaur's undoubted ability, we certainly think that the Anglo-Australian will, at last, bring the proud title and trophy to London.

A list of Regatta fixtures is added:—

June 15.	Walton.
" 24-29.	Bourne End Sailing Week.
July 3-5.	Henley.
" 13.	Kingston.
" 18.	Metropolitan.
" 20.	Staines.
" 20.	Royal Canoe Club.
" 20.	Bourne End.
" 23.	Amateur Punting Championship.
" 26, 27.	Molesey.
" 30.	Professional Punting Championship.
Aug. 3.	Goring and Streatley.
" 3.	Windsor and Eton.
" 5.	Reading.
" 8.	Cookham.
" 10.	Marlow.

Golf.—Satisfactory though the Amateur Championship Meeting at St. Andrews was in most respects, there was at least one circumstance which occasioned regret, and that was the absence

of Mr. John Ball, junior, and Mr. Robert Maxwell. In the amateur ranks there are not more than half-a-dozen players who can be spoken of as serious rivals of Mr. H. H. Hilton, and these two are of the number. Mr. Maxwell had entered and had offered sufficient proof of his good form by winning the Silver Cross at the Spring Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, but just as the tournament was on the point of commencing he had to return home on account of the illness of a relative, while Mr. Ball is, of course, still in South Africa with the Yeomanry. In the absence of Mr. Maxwell, Scottish players pinned their faith to Mr. John E. Laidlay, who, in spite of increasing years, shows no diminution in form, and who, in the match between the Royal Liverpool and the Tantallon Clubs, had played a magnificent game in the second round against Mr. Hilton. As it happened, the two men met in the third round of the Amateur Championship, when the latter won somewhat easily. The hopes of Scotland dwindled steadily, until, in the semi-final, she found herself with Mr. John. L. Low as her only representative. It was, of course, something to have Mr. Low, for in the minds of all golfers this young gentleman is associated with the late Mr. F. G. Tait, whose most intimate friend he was and whose life he wrote for the benefit of the golfing community, and the name of Tait recalls victory time after time against the redoubtable Mr. Hilton. By beating Mr. John Graham, junior, of the Royal Liverpool Club, Mr. Low found himself confronted with Mr. Hilton in the final round. There were two rounds to play, and at the end of the first the latter stood three up, his score being 80.

After a weak start, Mr. Low came away with a strong game and succeeded in getting level at the sixteenth hole. He drove well away from the station-master's garden, but with his approach shot he overran the green and found his ball on the King's highway in an almost impossible position, the result being that he lost the hole, and as a half at the home hole was all he could do, he lost the championship by a single hole. The sympathies of the large crowd following the match were naturally with Mr. Low, but, taken as a whole, Mr. Hilton played the better game and was entitled to his success. The latter enjoys the distinction of having won both Open and Amateur Championships twice, a distinction not even enjoyed by Mr. John Ball, junior, who has only one success in the Open Championship to his credit. The entry at St. Andrews this year was 116, the largest in the history of the competition. It included very many young players of local reputation, but scarcely any of these won matches against the veterans accustomed to figure well in the great competition.

The Bogey Competition, which

qualifies for admission to the Sixteen in the Parliamentary Tournament, took place this year at Deal, and was favoured, as last year at Sandwich, with good weather and a large entry. The Bogey score at Deal is 80, though the round is quite as long, and almost as difficult, in the matter of hazards as Sandwich. It was not, therefore, to be expected that the invisible Colonel would be put to much disadvantage, even by the large field that ran against him. The best score of the day was that of Mr. Eric Hambro, the well-known Sandwich player, who sits in the new Parliament as the representative of the golfing constituency of Wimbledon. He had to give Bogey a stroke at two holes, but in spite of this he finished all even with him, his score being 78 for the round. Mr. Hambro was an easy winner of the first place in the Sixteen. Mr. A. J. Balfour, Lord Newton, Mr. A. J. Robertson and others, who have won the tournament in former years, were, every one of them, left outside the Sixteen, so that this year a new name must appear on the record of the competition.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During April—May, 1901.]

While returning from hunting with the Ledbury Hounds, on April 17th, the last day of the season, Mr. Blackwood, of the Wells Brewery, near Malvern, was thrown from his horse and broke his neck.

Complaints having been received at the kennels respecting extensive depredations by a fox or foxes amongst the lambs in the neighbourhood of Tilton, the Cottesmore Foxhounds were taken out early in the morning of April 17th with the object, if possible, of destroying the marauders.

Whilst in Skeffington Wood, one of the best-known coverts in the Cottesmore Hunt, seven of the hounds were poisoned through eating a dead sheep, and three—Tearful, Revel and Tempest—succumbed.

The Quorn season finished on April 20th. There were 134 hunting days without a blank; forty-nine brace of foxes were killed, and twenty-six brace run to ground.

Mr. Spencer Gollan, the New Zealand sportsman, owner of Australian Star and

her racers, and a member of the Thames Rowing Club, accomplished a fine performance on April 22nd, when, accompanied by the professionals Tom Sullivan and George Towns, he sculled from Oxford to Putney in thirteen hours and fifty-six minutes, the distance being 104 miles $6\frac{1}{2}$ mirlongs.

The well-known stallion Juggler, the property of Mr. H. J. King, died at the Leath Stud Farm, Newmarket, on April 22nd. Bred in 1885, by Touchet—Enchantress, Juggler was an excellent racer, and has since done well at stud, his progeny (according to *Horse and Hound*) having won 123 races of the total value of £27,965.

The death of Mr. Andrew John Scott Johnstone occurred at his residence, Hallowths, Dumfriesshire, on April 23rd, in his forty-fifth year. Mr. Johnstone held the mastership of the Dumfriesshire Hounds between 1889 and 1893, and for two seasons previously he formed one of the Committee that hunted the pack.

The Duke of Beaufort's Hounds finished the season on April 27th. Hounds were out 180 days, and only had one blank; one hundred and fourteen and a half brace of foxes were accounted for, and thirty brace were run to ground.

In the absence of the President, the Earl of Stradbroke (Master of the Henham Harriers), Mr. J. S. Gibbons (Boddington Harriers) presided over the annual general meeting of the Association of Masters of Harriers and Beagles, which was held at Messrs. Tattersall's, Albert Gate, on April 30th. The following members were present:—Colonel Robertson Aikman, M.H., Mr. G. J. Dumville Lees (Tanatside Harriers), Mr. A. Blain (Cheshire Beagles), Mr. T. C. Armitage (Hulton Beagles), Mr. E. H. Humphreys, Mr. Howard-Vyse (Stoke Place Beagles), Mr. J. Simpson (Worcester Park Beagles), Mr. Amcotts Wilson (Craven Harriers), Mr. J. Otho Paget (Thorpe Satchville Beagles), Rev. Sir William Hyde Parker, M.H., Captain Delaval Astley (Bath and County Harriers), Mr. C. J. G. Hulkes (Pettings Beagles), Mr. A. G. A. Turner (Surbiton Beagles), Mr. W. E. Chaplin, and Mr. C. W. M. Kemp (Foxbush Harriers) (Hon. Secretary).

Mr. C. W. M. Kemp was elected President for the ensuing year, and was re-elected Hon. Secretary. The appointment of Mr. E. H. Humphreys as Hon. Secretary of the Beagles Committee was confirmed by the meeting. The vacancies in the Harriers Committee were filled as

follows: Mr. Steyning Beard (re-elected), Mr. J. F. Mason (in the place of Mr. J. P. Bourne Price), and Lord Stradbroke for Lord Hopetoun, whose duties in the great office he is now filling in Australia will keep him out of England for at least five years. The Beagles Committee vacancies were filled by the re-election of Messrs. J. Simpson and Howard-Vyse and Mr. Otho Paget in the place of Mr. Gould Smith.

The Hon. Secretary's report and financial statement, which was unanimously passed, stated that the Association was progressing satisfactorily. There was an increased balance, the membership had reached 170, and since last year five fresh packs had been added to the Stud Book.

The late huntsman of the Southdown Foxhounds, Fred. Funnell, was, on May 1st, presented with a cheque for rather over one hundred pounds on the occasion of his leaving the country.

The time for the Two Thousand Guineas, run at Newmarket on May 1st, and won by Handicapper, was 1 min. 42 sec., the distance being 1 mile 11 yards.

The sale of blood stock in connection with the Newmarket First Spring Meeting was held on May 2nd by Messrs. Tattersall in the presence of a large company. The catalogue opened with several animals owned by the late Captain Bayley, the only lot making three figures being Vanity, foaled 1887, by Hagioscope—The Swan, together with a bay colt foal by Oriflamb, purchased by Mr. D. Fraser for 125 gs. Mr. Vigors secured Capricieuse, by St. Serf—Lady Blankney, at 115 gs.; Eulogy, the property of Sir Edgar Vincent, sold to Mr. W. F. Smith for 200 gs. Of Captain Michael Hughes' lot, Keen Blade, by Bread Knife—Lady Halsbury, made 440 gs. from Mr. F. Webb; and Dancing Wave went to Mr. Van der Pole at 130 gs. Mr. R. Sievier sent up a number of horses in training; of these King's Courier, 4 yrs., by Kingston—Stylitene, was purchased by the Earl of Ellesmere for 5,300 gs.; Consort, by Orme—Console, went to Mr. G. Faber at 2,000 gs.; Mr. W. Raphael bought St. Louvaine at 1,200 gs.; Carae made 1,150 gs. from Colonel McCalmont; Mr. A. M. Singer gave 1,000 gs. for Egg Plum, by Persimmon—Ornis; Mr. A. Portman paid 800 gs. for St. Paulus; Leonid went to Mr. Cunningham at 300 gs., and Kaffir Queen to Mr. J. Hare at a like figure.

The following appears in the *Field* of May 4th:—"Curious Capture of Sparrow-

hawk.—The other day, over at the salmon bothy by Reedhythe, there was a sparrow-hawk got a rare death. The fishermen had a barrel and tar in it for tarring their boats, the lid had been off, the hawk had been chasing a bird, which took refuge in the barrel. Not to be baulked of his prey, he boldly dived into the barrel, but stuck fast in the tar and was killed; so was the little bird.—A. GORDON (headkeeper, Roseacre, Portsey, N.B.)”

The time occupied by David Garrick in covering the Chester Cup course, two and a quarter miles, on May 8th, was 4 min. 6½ sec.

A presentation was made, on May 8th, to Mr. F. R. Sutton, who has given up the Penton Harriers. The testimonial took the form of a silver cup.

The Rugby Hound sale was held on May 10th by Messrs. Tattersall. There was a representative gathering, and keen competition resulted. Sir Everard Cayley gave 80 gs. for two and half couples of the Dartmoor; the Duke of Leeds paid 74 gs. for two couples of the Southdown, and 52 gs. and 40 gs. for other two couples from the same pack. Two couples of Mr. Pennefather's went to Mr. Compton at 63 gs.

The Southdown bitch pack averaged for 18 couples of entered hounds 23½ gs. per couple, and for 19½ couples of unentered, 12 gs. The Dartmoor 14½ couples of entered made 22 gs., and 9 couples of unentered, 15 gs. Mr. Fernie's lot averaged 10 gs. per couple for the old draft, and 11 gs. for young hounds.

The death occurred, on May 11th, of Mr. W. J. Dore, of Bishopstone, near Swindon. The deceased, who was a successful breeder of racehorses, was a keen all-round sportsman, and was well known with the V.W.H. (Cricklade) and Old Berks Hounds.

The kennels, offices and sheds of the Foxhound Show at Peterborough were destroyed by fire on May 11th. The outbreak was caused by boys playing with matches. It is stated that the damage is covered by insurance.

In recognition of Mr. A. N. Hornby's captaincy of the Lancashire County C.C., and his long connection with cricket, he was presented on May 13th with a portrait of himself painted in oils by Mr. Oules, R.A., together with a piece of plate for Mrs. Hornby. The presentation was performed in front of the pavilion of the Old Trafford Ground by the Bishop of Manchester in the presence of a large company. In an eloquent and humorous speech the Bishop spoke of cricket as developing some of the finest points of the human character,

and paid a tribute to the courage, tenacity and sportsmanship of Mr. Hornby, to whom he professed to discern all the alertness of the animal that gave him a nickname without any of the creature's knavery or crookedness. Mr. Hornby having acknowledged the presentation, the crowd accorded him musical honours, and the proceedings terminated amid great enthusiasm.

A presentation has been made to R. Sherwood, on the completion of twenty years' service with the Hunt now under the mastership of Sir Everard Cayley. The present consisted of a bicycle, an illuminated address, and a purse containing £30.

At the close of the season Mr. and Mrs. F. Pennefather were entertained to dinner at Chester by those who had participated in the sport promoted by Mr. Pennefather's hounds during the last three seasons. Colonel Sheringham presided and presented to Mr. Pennefather, on behalf of the subscribers, a handsome silver bowl mounted on an ebony stand on which was engraved, "Presented by a few ladies and gentlemen in appreciation of the sport which has been provided for them by Mr. Pennefather's hounds in Delamere Forest during the past three seasons." Mrs. Pennefather was also presented with a handsome gold hunting scarf-pin.

The Cleveland Foxhounds, who killed a brace of May foxes, have hunted, during the past season, 87 days, and killed thirty-eight and half brace of foxes, running twenty-nine and half brace to ground.

Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds hunted on 104 days during the past season, and lost twenty days owing to the national mourning and frost. Fifty-seven brace of foxes were killed, and thirteen brace run to ground.

At the point-to-point races of the Crawley and Horsham Foxhounds, General Godman, in the absence of his brother, Colonel Godman, the master, presented the first whip, James Dawson, with a cheque for £38, subscribed to by the members of the Hunt, as a small memento of his ten years' service with these hounds.

Several good salmon have been taken from the Shannon recently. Mr. St. John Sperling killed one weighing forty pounds, Mr. Wray got a thirty-pounder, and Mr. E. Ingham got one of twenty-four pounds.

In English waters a twenty-one pound fish was taken by Mr. H. Winton in the Hampshire Avon, and Colonel Chaloner got a seventeen-pound fish in the Usk.

TURF.

NEWMARKET.—CRAVEN MEETING.

April 16th.—The Fitzwilliam Stakes of 15 sovs. each, with 200 added; for two-year-olds; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. f. Gunilda, by Ladas—Galloping Queen, 8st. 13lb.	K. Cannon	1
Mr. J. B. Joel's b. c. His Lordship, 8st. 12lb.	F. Wood	2
Lord Dunraven's b. colt by St. Simon—Molly Morgan, 8st. 12lb.	O. Madden	3
9 to 4 agst. Gunilda.		

The Forty-second Newmarket Biennial Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 500 sovs. added; for three-year-olds; B. M. (one mile eleven yards).

Colonel H. McCalmont's b. c. St. Maclou, by St. Simon—Mimi, 8st. 7lb.	J. Dalton	1
Mr. Arthur James' b. c. Magic Mirror, 8st. 7lb.	M. Cannon	2
Mr. W. C. Whitney's b. c. Volodyovski, 9st. 5lb.	L. Reiff	3
6 to 1 agst. St. Maclou.		

The Crawford Stakes (Handicap) of 15 sovs. each, with 300 sovs. added; Brethby Stakes Course (six furlongs).

Mr. C. S. Newton's ch. c. Lord Earnest, by Enthusiast—Lady Kendal, 5 yrs., 9st.	Maher	1
Major Eustace Loder's b. f. Lutetia, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb.	J. Reiff	2
Mr. J. Craig's ch. c. Carlekemp, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb.	Clemson	3
100 to 7 agst. Lord Earnest.		

April 17th.—The Babraham Plate (Welter Handicap) of 500 sovs.; last mile and a half of the Cesarewitch Course.

Mr. Elliot Galer's br. c. Beautiwick, by Childwick—Lady Beauty, 5 yrs., 9st. 11lb.	S. Loates	1
Mr. Daniel Cooper's b. f. Ardmore, 4 yrs., 8st. 6lb.	Maher	2
Sir E. Vincent's b. c. Stoccado, 5 yrs., 9st. 2lb.	Halsey	3
7 to 2 agst. Beautiwick.		

The Column Produce Stakes of 20 sovs. each, with 400 sovs. added; for three-year-olds; R.M. (one mile 11 yards).

Mr. Arthur James' b. c. Cynical, by St. Serf—Satirical, 8st. 6lb.	H. Jones	1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's ch. c. Royal Majesty, 8st. 11lb.	S. Loates	2

Mr. A. Henderson's ch. f. Water Lily, 8st. 3lb. Halsey | 3 || 100 to 15 agst. Cynical. | | |

April 18th.—The Craven Stakes of 500 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for starters; An.M. (one mile 22 yards).

Mr. Russell's b. g. Rigo, by Buccaneer—La Gitana, 9st.	O. Madden	1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Champagne, 8st. 2lb.	S. Loates	2
Mr. Theobald's ch. c. Petronius, 8st. 13lb.	L. Reiff	3
3 to 1 agst. Rigo.		

DERBY.—SPRING MEETING.

April 19th.—The Doveridge Handicap of 600 sovs.; the straight mile.

Mr. J. Rowson's b. c. Ichiban, by Best Man—Galinne, 4 yrs., 6st. 4lb.	J. Reiff	1
Mr. F. Hardy's br. c. St. Beune, 4 yrs., 6st. 10lb.	Heppell	2
Sir A. Lockhart's Fiume, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb.	S. Loates	3
8 to 1 agst. Ichiban.		

EPSOM.—SPRING MEETING.

April 23rd.—The Great Metropolitan Stakes (Handicap) of 1,000 sovs.; about two miles and a quarter.

Mr. H. J. King's b. c. Evasit, by Adieu—Ultima Thule, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb. (10lb. ex.)	J. Reiff	1
Lord Penrhyn's b. h. King's Messenger, 6 yrs., 9st. 11lb.	M. Cannon	2
Sir E. Vincent's b. c. Stoccado, 5 yrs., 7st. 13lb.	W. Halsey	3
9 to 2 agst. Evasit.		

The Great Surrey Handicap of 500 sovs.; five furlongs.

Mr. A. Stedall's ch. f. La Lune, by Despair—Moon Flower, 5 yrs., 7st. 11lb.	Clemson	1
Mr. G. G. Tod's b. f. Melete, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb.	G. McCall	2
Mr. H. J. King's b. f. Esmeralda II., 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb.	L. Reiff	3
10 to 1 agst. La Lune.		

April 24th.—The City and Suburban Handicap of 2,000 sovs.; about one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Spencer Gollan's bl. c. Australian Star, by Australian Peer—Colours, 5 yrs., 7st. 10lb.	W. Halsey	1
Mr. H. J. King's b. c. Amurath, 5 yrs., 7st. 2lb.	J. Reiff	2
Mr. Jas. Joicey's ch. c. Alvescot, 4 yrs., 6st. 13lb.	G. McCall	3
9 to 2 agst. Australian Star.		

SANDOWN PARK.—SECOND SPRING MEETING.

April 25th.—The Tudor Plate of 1,000 sovs., for three-year-olds which had not won any race up to entry; one mile.

Mr. George Faber's b. c. Pietermaritzburg, by St. Simon—Sea Air, 9st.	M. Cannon	1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. or br. c. Desaymar, 9st.	S. Loates	2
Mr. Richard Croker's br. g. Viper, 9st.	L. Reiff	3

5 to 1 agst. Pietermaritzburg.

The Esher Stakes (Handicap) of 1,000 sovs.; one mile and one furlong.

Duke of Portland's b. c. William the Third, by St. Simon—Gravity, 3 yrs., 6st.	J. Childs	1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. or br. f. St. Nydia, 4 yrs., 7st. 8lb.	S. Loates	2
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's ch. c. Cracko, 4 yrs., 7st. 2lb.	W. Lane	3

7 to 4 agst. William The Third.

April 26th.—The Princess of Wales' Handicap of 500 sovs.; 5 furlongs.

Mr. H. J. King's b. f. Esmeralda II., by Rightaway dam by Galopin—Braw Lass, 5 yrs., 8st. 5lb.	L. Reiff	1
Mr. R. Croker's b. g. Harrow, 5 yrs., 7st. 11lb.	J. Reiff	2
Mr. Warren's bl. c. Nahlband, 3 yrs., 6st. 9lb.	Heppest	3

9 to 4 agst. Esmeralda II.

April 27th.—The Great Sandown Hurdle Race (Handicap) of 500 sovs.; two miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. F. Bolland's b. g. Goldfinder, by Jock of Oran—Ardlment, 5 yrs., 10st. 1lb.	A. Nightingall	1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's br. g. Childwickbury, 5 yrs., 11st. 7lb.	Horan	2
Mr. R. Gore's br. c. St. Jacques, 4 yrs., 10st. 9lb.	Mason	3

5 to 2 agst. Goldfinder.

The Grand International Steeplechase (Handicap) of 500 sovs.; three miles and a half.

Colonel H. T. Fenwick's bl. m. Sarah, by Ascetic—Guiding Star, 6 yrs., 10st. 13lb.	Mr. H. Nugent	1
Captain H. A. Johnstone's ch. g. Cushendun, 6 yrs., 12st. 1lb.	Mr. G. S. Davies	2

Mr. W. H. Pawson's b. h. The Sapper, aged, 11st. 6lb. Owner; 7 to 4 agst. Sarah.

NEWMARKET.—FIRST SPRING MEETING.

April 30th.—The Hastings Plate of 500 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds; one mile and a half of T.M.M.

Duke of Portland's br. c. Mannlicher, by Carbine—Memoir, 8st. 3lb.	M. Cannon	1
Mr. W. Raphael's b. c. Ruskin, 8st. 3lb.	K. Cannon	2
Mr. Russel's b. g. Rigo, 8st. 12lb.	O. Madden	3

5 to 1 agst. Mannlicher.

The First Spring Two-year-old Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 200 added; Rous Course (5 furlongs).

Mr. J. B. Joel's b. c. His Lordship, by Ayrshire—Emita, 8st. 12lb.	L. Reiff	1
Mr. P. Lorillard's b. g. Ali II., 8st. 9lb.	Maher	2
Mr. Arthur James' br. c. Satyr, 8st. 12lb.	M. Cannon	3

3 to 1 agst. His Lordship.

May 1st.—Three-year-old Welter Handicap of 400 sovs., for three-year-olds; R.M.

Mr. L. Brassey's b. c. Portcallis, by Royal Hampton—Field Azure, 7st.	Childs	1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Compliment, 8st.	S. Loates	2
Mr. J. D. Wardell's b. c. Newtown, 7st. 11lb.	Maher	3

100 to 8 agst. Portcallis.

The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes of 100 sovs. each, for three-year-olds; R.M. (one mile 11 yards).

Sir E. Cassel's br. c. Handicapper, by Matchmaker—Agnes Osborne, 9st.	W. Halsey	1
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. c. Doricles, 9st.	K. Cannon	2
Lord Wolverton's b. c. Osboch, 9st.	H. Jones	3

33 to 1 agst. Handicapper.

May 2nd.—The March Stakes of 25 sovs. each for starters, with 500 added; A.F.

Prince Soltykoff's b. h. Ninus, by Sheen—Nina, 6 yrs., 8st. 7lb.	Jenkins	1
Captain Eustace Loder's b. f. Sibola, 5 yrs., 8st. 4lb.	J. Reiff	2

Mr. T. Simpson Jay's b. c. Garb Or, 3 yrs., 7st. 12lb. K. Cannon 4 to 1 agst. Ninus.
ay 3rd.—The Bretby Handicap of 296 sovs.; Bretby Stakes Course.
 Mr. D. Cooper's br. g. London, by Donovan—Lucosta, 5 yrs., 8st. 8lb.D. Maher 1
 Sir J. B. Maple's b. c. Compliment, 3 yrs., 7st. 21lb.Vetter 2
 Sir D. Gooch's br. g. Killaine, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb.S. Loates 3
 7 to 1 agst. London.
 The One Thousand Guineas Stakes of 100 sovs. each; for three-year-old fillies, 9st. each; R.M.
 Sir J. Miller's b. f. Aida, by Galopin—Queen Adelaide D. Maher 1
 Sir E. Cassel's b. f. Fleur d'Été W. Halsey 2
 Lord Derby's b. f. Santa Brigida J. Reiff 3
 13 to 8 agst. Aida.

HURST PARK CLUB.—SPRING MEETING.

May 4th.—The Hurst Park Spring Handicap of 1,000 sovs.; one mile and a half.
 Mr. L. Brassey's b. f. Greenaway, by Blue Green—Merry Miser, 4 yrs., 7st. 3lb.Childs 1
 Mr. T. Southall's b. c. Kingthorpe, 5 yrs., 7st. 8lb.McIntyre 2
 Mr. Romer Williams's b. c. Duckingstool, 3 yrs., 6st. 9lb. Broom 3
 7 to 1 agst. Greenaway.

CHESTER MEETING.

May 7th.—The Wynnstay Handicap Plate of 400 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; one mile and a half.
 Mr. F. H. Hardy's b. f. Strawberry Leaf, by May Duke—Velum, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb.Broom 1
 Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. h. Avidity, 6 yrs., 8st. 9lb. S. Loates 2
 Mr. E. H. Barnes's b. h. Kentshole, aged, 7st. 5lb.W. Lane 3
 9 to 2 agst. Strawberry Leaf.
May 8th.—The Chester Cup (Handicap) of 2,000 sovs.; Cup Course (nearly two miles and a quarter).
 Mr. P. Lorillard's b. c. David Garrick, by Hanover—Peg Woffington, 4 yrs., 8st. 10lb. L. Reiff 1
 Mr. R. W. B. Jardine's br. f. Lady Penzance, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb. O. Madden 2
 Sir E. Vincent's b. h. Stoccado, 5 yrs., 7st. 13lb.W. Halsey 3
 10 to 1 agst. David Garrick.

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May 9th.—The May Plate of 300 sovs.; for three-year-olds and upwards; a mile and a quarter.
 Lord Buchan's br. or bl. f. Rose of Jeddah, by Kendal Royal or Gallinule—Rose d'Amour, 3 yrs., 7st. 21lb.J. Reiff 1
 Duke of Westminster's gr. c. Greybird, 3 yrs., 7st. 10lb. (car. 7st. 12lb.)K. Cannon 2
 Lord Penrhyn's ch. f. Malatesta, 3 yrs., 7st. 21lb.Cowman 3
 9 to 4 agst. Rose of Jeddah.
 The Eighty-ninth Year of the Dee Stakes of 20 sovs. each, with 500 sovs. added; for three-year-olds; about one mile and a half.
 Duke of Portland's b. c. Sir Edgar, By Kendal—Semolina, 8st. 7lb. M. Cannon 1
 Mr. Vyner's ch. c. Syneros, 9st. F. Finlay 2
 Sir E. Vincent's b. or br. c. Council of Trent, 8st. 7lb.W. Lane 3
 13 to 8 agst. Sir Edgar.
 The Ormonde Two-Year-Old Stakes of 200 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs.; five furlongs.
 Mr. F. Alexander's br. f. Abbott's Anne, by Rightaway—Sister Lumley, 8st. 8lb.M. Cannon 1
 Mr. M. Gurry's b. g. Somerled, 8st. 4lb.S. Loates 2
 Mr. J. Barker's br. colt by Grey Leg—Bright Alice, 8st. 11lb. O. Madden 3
 7 to 2 agst. Abbott's Anne.

KEMPTON PARK.—MAY MEETING.

May 10th.—The Stewards' Handicap of 830 sovs.; six furlongs.
 Mr. R. Croker's b. g. Harrow, by Orme—Lady Primrose, 5 yrs., 7st. 13lb.J. Reiff 1
 Mr. Foxhall Keene's ch. f. Noonday II., 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb. J. Childs 2
 Mr. C. D. Marne's b. c. Veritas, 4 yrs., 7st. 5lb.W. Lane 3
 4 to 1 agst. Harrow.
 The May Plate of 835 sovs.; for three-year-olds; New Jubilee Course (one mile and a quarter).
 Mr. A. Cunliffe's b. c. Ypsilanti, by Galore—Stefanette, 9st. 11lb. Halsey 1
 Mr. G. Faber's b. c. Pietermaritzburg, 9st. 5lb.M. Cannon 2
 Mr. W. Raphael's br. c. Ruskin, 8st. 12lb.F. Rickaby 3
 10 to 1 agst. Ypsilanti.
 The Spring Two-Year-old Plate of 394 sovs.; five furlongs.
 Mr. S. Darling's ch. c. Happy

- Bird, by Gallinule—Le Joie, 8st. 9lb.F. Darling 1
 Mr. P. Lorrillard's b. g. Ali II., 8st. 6lb.D. Maher 2
 Lord Falmouth's ch. c. Cerillo, 8st. 9lb.F. Rickaby 3
 11 to 8 agst. Happy Bird.
 May 11th.—The Hampton Handicap of 500 sovs. (5 furlongs).
 Mr. F. Stokes' b. h. Master Willie, by St. David—Fraulein, 5 yrs., 7st. 12lb.O. Madden 1
 Mr. W. B. Purefoy's b. m. Umbrosa, 5 yrs., 7st. 2lb. W. Lane 2
 Mr. E. Foster's b. c. Blue Diamond, 4 yrs., 7st. 2lb.J. Reiff 3
 2 to 1 agst. Master Willie.
 The Fifteenth Year of the Kempton Park Great "Jubilee" Handicap of 3,000 sovs.; New Jubilee Course (one mile and a quarter).
 Mr. George Edwards' b. or br. c. Santoi, by Queen's Birthday—Merry Wife, 4 yrs., 8st. 9lb.F. Rickaby 1
 Mr. R. Marsh's ch. h. Caiman, 5 yrs., 8st. 4lb.M. Cannon 2
 Mr. Jas. Joicey's ch. c. Alvestock, 4 yrs., 6st. 11lb.Saunders 3
 25 to 1 agst. Santoi.

NEWMARKET.—SECOND SPRING MEETING.

- May 14th.—The Somerville Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 200 added, for two-year-olds; Rous Course.
 Lord Derby's b. f. Konigswinter, by Rightaway—Drachenfels, 8st. 12lb.F. Rickaby 1
 Lord Penrhyn's b. f. Poplar Grove, 8st. 7lb.Cowman 2
 Sir E. Cassel's b. f. Chevreuil, 8st. 7lb.Halsey 3
 4 to 1 agst. Konigswinter.
 The Newmarket Handicap of 300 sovs.; last mile and a half of the Cesarewitch Course.
 Mr. E. Corrigan's b. f. Semper Vigilans, by Carbine—Semprona, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb.J. Reiff 1
 Colonel H. McCalmont's ch. f. Jeunesse Dorée, 4 yrs., 7st. 5lb.Clemson 2
 Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. h. Avidity, 5 yrs., 7st. 13lb.S. Loates 3
 9 to 2 agst. Semper Vigilans.
 May 15th.—The Spring Two-year-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each, with 200 sovs. added, for two-year-olds, Rous Course (five furlongs).
 Lord Derby's b. f. Konigswinter, by Rightaway—Drachenfels, 9st.F. Rickaby 1

- Duke of Devonshire's b.Amphion—Leveret, 8st. 7lb.M. Cannon
 Mr. J. B. Joel's b. c. His Lordship, 9st. 5lb.L. Reiff 2 to 1 agst. Konigswinter.
 The Newmarket Stakes of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., with 2,000 sovs. added for three-year-olds; colts, 9 fillies, 8st. 11lb.; A.F. (one 2 furlongs, straight).
 Duke of Portland's b. c. William the Third, by St. Simon—Gervy, 9st.M. Cannon
 Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. c. Doricles, 9st.K. Cannon
 Sir James Miller's b. f. Aida, 8st. 11lb.D. Maher 2 to 1 agst. William the Third.
 May 16th.—The Bedford Two-year Stakes of 2 sovs. each, with 2 sovs. added; Rous Course.
 Sir E. Cassel's b. f. Chevreuil, by Speed—Cheveronny, 8st. 2lb.Halsey
 Mr. P. Lorrillard's b. f. Pallas II., 8st. 11lb.Maher
 Mr. C. J. F. Fawcett's b. f. Hannah Lightfoot, 8st. 11lb.C. Leader
 Evens Chevreuil.

CRICKET.

- May 2nd.—At Lord's, M.C.C. and ground v. Nottinghamshire, latter won by 11 innings and 90 runs.
 May 8th.—At Lord's, M.C.C. and ground v. Yorkshire, latter won by six wickets.
 May 8th.—At Portsmouth, Hampshire v. Lancashire, latter won by eight wickets.
 May 10th.—At Bristol, Gloucestershire v. Yorkshire, latter won by ten wickets.
 May 11th.—At Lord's, M.C.C. and ground v. Lancashire, former won by seven wickets.
 May 11th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Mr. A. J. Webb's XI., latter won by 107 runs.
 May 15th.—At Taunton, Somerset v. Yorkshire, latter won by 1 wicket.
 May 15th.—At Leicester, Leicestershire v. Surrey, latter won by 10 wickets.

TENNIS.

- May 9th.—At Queen's Club, Mr. C. E. Sands v. Mr. V. Pennell, former won by 3 sets to 2.
 May 13th.—At Queen's Club, Mr. J. B. Gribble v. Mr. C. E. Sands, former won by 3 sets to 1.

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